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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

EDITED BY

E. KRUISINGA, P. J. H. O. SCHUT AND R. W. ZANDVOORT

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E. F. WILSON, P. J. H. O. SCHOT AND R. W. ZANDVOORT

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¹⁾ Cf. Vol. III, 180.

Notes on Methods of Narration in some English Novels.

In W. H. Hudson's excellent *Introduction to the Study of Literature* we find a sentence which indirectly reveals the difficulty of giving a satisfactory definition of the novel.

'A novel', he says in a chapter on prose fiction, 'whatever else it is or is not, is at any rate a story'. This meagre, prudent statement may seem a truism, and we can indeed hardly imagine a definition of the novel that could ignore the element of story-telling altogether, and yet this seemingly vital element has of late years more and more dropped into the background. Criticism is almost universally concerned with the 'whatever else' and the novelists themselves seem to neglect the technical management of their plots or what comes perhaps nearer to the truth: they are striving to reform the old time-honoured narrative technique. For the apparent disparagement of careful plot construction is not an independent phenomenon in the history of novel-writing. It is only the outward, easily discernible aspect so to say of a far deeper and far more important development. The interest in epic literature has undergone a complete change. What was originally the chief attraction for the hearers or readers of a romance: the strange adventures, the tension of the intrigue being kept up to the last moment, the hero's splendid behaviour and superhuman deeds, is now no longer necessary, rather it is usually detrimental to the success of epic art. We do not in the first place expect from the artist power of invention, of plot-building, of creating thrilling situations, but we do expect from him that he shall show the nicest psychological discernment, the all-important power to create character; we are no longer satisfied with a naïve distribution of rewards to the virtuous and punishments to the bad, we want to see in the novel a deeper philosophy revealed, a sincerer and more original view of life.

The change has been admirably typified by Professor W. Raleigh's witty contrast between two extremes of epic art: a minstrel's song and the work of Henry James. 'If a mediaeval minstrel', he says in *The English Novel*, 'had been requested to embody all the novels of Mr. H. James in his narrative, he would have put them into a single line:

— When twenty years were come and gone —
and hurried on to the next giant.'

But these 'storms in teacups' as Henry James's novels have been called, which a minstrel and his audience would treat with amazed contempt, engross us and satisfy our artistic sense, whereas the giants and their offspring, the romantic heroes, the paragons of virtue, the monsters of vice and all their thrilling blood-curdling adventures have been banished from the domain of serious literature and relegated to the limbo of the cinema.

From the middle ages onward there has been a gradual awakening to a sense of fact, a process which was suddenly intensified and accelerated in the middle of the 19th century. This mental growth, engendering a more sceptical attitude on the part of the audience, has made the task of the story-teller ever so much more difficult.

No artistic appreciation, no enjoyment of a tale is possible without a temporary belief in its reality. The reader of a novel, the listener to a romance unconsciously begins with an act of surrender. He subdues his will, he switches off as it were the current of the thoughts, impressions, joys, sorrows, hopes, fears that constitute his own daily life, to live for some time

with the greatest possible concentration in the imaginary world the artist creates for him. And he is quite willing to do so. No less nowadays than in the Middle Ages. Only it was probably much easier for the minstrel's audience to make the act of surrender, to enter heart and soul into the magic domain. We moderns have become less imaginative, less credulous, incomparably more fastidious and critical. The least little shock of improbability or inconsistency makes us wake up with a start from the spell under which we had willingly allowed the artist to put us. If these shocks are repeated, they soon prove fatal to the success of the work of art. The novelist has failed in what should be his first object: to make us believe in the reality of his creation.

Success or failure in this respect depend of course upon a complex variety of factors all closely interrelated. When for convenience sake we try to detach a few of the more marked, we shall find that by far the most important are the author's power of creating character and the depth, sincerity and originality of his interpretation of life.

Descriptive passages, the felicitous choice of characteristic detail by which the outward appearance of the personages and their surroundings flashes as if by magic before the mind's eye, may also greatly contribute to the coveted illusion of reality.

And lastly then we think of the method of narrating, the manner and order in which the author — consciously or unconsciously — has chosen to present his subject-matter.

As might have been expected, the change in the nature and the chief object of the novel has involved a change in this more purely technical element as well. Nothing seems more natural. Yet it is a fact, that the first signs of a change in this particular respect have been remarkably long delayed. By the time when the interest of the foremost novelists and their readers had almost exclusively concentrated itself on creation of character and truth to life, we find these writers still using the same methods of narration as their brothers-in-art — predecessors and contemporaries — who depended for success mainly on their skill of inventing surprising adventures and keeping the readers in suspense by intricate and clever intrigues. On the whole this similarity of method has detracted but little from the merit of the work of art, yet there are cases in which it has decidedly played the author tricks. A device successful in a story of adventure may fall flat or even do positive harm in a psychological novel, and thoughtless imitation has often led a writer to applying it in passages, where it was quite out of place. A few examples from well-known books may make our meaning clearer.

The Devil's Garden by W. B. Maxwell is a novel which without opening up new vistas of thought, without revealing great originality or a profound vision of life, is saved from mediocrity by excellent descriptions, very good characterisation and a powerful, interesting story which holds the reader from the beginning. There is, however, one flaw in the construction of the plot, a flaw which having probably arisen from the desire to lead up to a strong final effect, shows how the old devices of the story of intrigue may impair a complete realisation of character in a psychological novel.

The hero, Mr. Dale, postmaster in a small town, has been shamefully ill-treated by the squire. One day when Dale is said to be in London on business, the squire who had gone out riding alone, is found dead. Apparently the horse, known as a spirited and dangerous animal, has thrown its rider on the rocky ground. All the circumstances point to this and the coroner's inquest immediately results in a verdict of accidental death.

The fatal event has a far-reaching influence on the lives of the chief personages and the story proceeds accordingly, until towards the end we are suddenly told the real cause of the squire's death. The postmaster had murdered him under circumstances of such extreme provocation as to make the deed almost excusable. That this vital fact is withheld from the reader so long has a disturbing effect; it blurs the impression he had received of the hero's personality. A trained reader of romance might have had an inkling of the facts from the outset, he could not be sure; he was purposely left in the dark until the truth was sprung upon him as a surprise. Such a tardy revelation of a most important event may do very well in a story of adventure, in a book like this, where our attention is chiefly directed to the character-description, we feel tricked, deceived. For now that the secret has been divulged to us, the behaviour of Dale on previous occasions appears in a very different light. We want to reread the story, to revise our impression of the hero's character, we feel that in many details the mental image we had formed of his personality will prove to have been a false one. The author himself has apparently felt his, for after the revelation he recapitulates in a few words the past incidents in the form of reflexions of Dale, a makeshift which cannot adequately restore the disturbed unity and clearness of the character-description.

The interests of psychology have here to a certain extent been sacrificed to the interests of suspense, surprise and a strong dramatic climax.

Another old device to excite the reader's curiosity and to keep his interest in a story awake, is to refer in a few casual words to important events before they are actually told. We find e. g. Stevenson use it to excellent purpose in *Treasure Island*. When the captain disapproves of the generosity of the squire who had put a barrel of apples on deck for any one to help himself that had a fancy, and he says he had never known good come of such kindness, Jim, the narrator, continues: 'But good did come of the apple barrel as you shall hear, for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery'. Again, when he tells how he — Jim — goes on shore alone with the pirates, he is careful to add, that this mad impulse will afterwards prove to have been one of the causes of his friends' rescue.

Such hints at coming events, thrown out as if quite casually, may be very effective in a lively narrative of adventure, because the reader's attention is there chiefly directed to the course of events. But when used in a novel in which the creation and development of character has been the writer's main concern, the device may have a disturbing and even an irritating effect.

Frank Swinnerton — who wrote a book on Stevenson — occasionally uses this device in *The Chaste Wife*, a novel of his first period, when he had not yet attained the perfect craftsmanship he afterwards displayed in *Nocturne*. In one place e. g. he breaks off an interesting character sketch with the bald statement: 'The story of his friendship with Minnie is a part of this tale and will appear in its due course'. But the reader badly wants to know this story to complete his impression of the man's character; he was beginning to understand him, to feel, to live with him and now the author suddenly interrupts this process and tries to play upon his curiosity. The promise is here moreover so awkwardly worded that the unlucky sentence really constitutes a double fault.

As is well known, we may distinguish three methods of narration: the direct or epic, the autobiographical and the documentary. 'In the first and most usual way' — I am quoting here from Hudson — 'the novelist is an

historian narrating from the outside; in the second he writes in the first person, in the third, the action is unfolded by means of letters, diaries etc.'

When using the first method — as Swinnerton does in *The Chaste Wife* — the author assumes omniscience. This has the advantage of assuring a smooth and easy flow of the narrative, but there is a slight drawback. Omniscience may be very convenient, no one can lay claim to it in real life and so its assumption causes an element of untruth to enter into the story from the beginning. There is always a tacit understanding that the reader shall overlook this one impossibility, and indeed it is not very difficult for him to do so. As a rule he will remain perfectly unconscious of having connived at a bold and false assumption on the part of the narrator. But then the author should never abuse of the privilege granted to him. He must hide the incriminating fact, keep his own person as omniscient narrator in the background, let the story tell itself, so to say. If he does not, if he steps too boldly into the stream of the story, showing abruptly that it is he, the almighty creator, who really directs its course, the reader's illusion of reality suffers a severe shock. And the more critical the age for which a novelist writes, the more serious the consequences of this apparently innocent mistake will of course become.

A sentence as the one quoted above, loudly proclaiming the author's directing power and at the same time betraying the clumsiness of his narrative technique, will not be found in his maturer work.

In this case the author has made too free with the privilege of omniscience which is part and parcel of the direct method of narration. He has been too bold. He must not be too diffident either. Suppose a writer has described a lady reading a letter. As we all remember, he will sometimes go on sweetly: If we could have looked over her shoulder, we should have seen that this letter etc. But this is insincere. By adopting the method of direct narrative the author had gained a right, the precious privilege of knowing everything he should want to know. The reader had silently consented to overlook the impossibility involved. And now the writer shams ignorance of the compact and by doing so he again needlessly reminds his reader of the fact, that in reality he could never know all the things he still must needs tell. Fortunately this childish attitude is now seldom found outside third-rate fiction.

It has frequently been pointed out that Thackeray was a sinner against the spirit of the direct narrative form, notably in *Vanity Fair*. Indeed there is hardly a chapter or a passage even of that famous book, in which he does not interrupt the action, stepping in personally to comment, to criticise, to meet imaginary objections on the part of the reader, to tell him that his characters are but puppets, that he the author is the inventor and ruler of them all. Yet *Vanity Fair* is one of the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction. But this does not necessarily mean that its method of narration is beyond blame. At most it proves once more that the gift of characterisation is always by far the most important desideratum for a novelist and that a genius may triumph over unfortunate peculiarities of technique which, if indulged in by a lesser man, would very probably mean his undoing as an artist. Furthermore it must not be forgotten that besides being a brilliant psychological novel, *Vanity Fair* is a social satire. From the beginning we are conscious of moving in an atmosphere of irony. The personages, true to life and individualized though they may be, are at the same time seen as types representing groups from a certain part of the society of the times. As such they do come nearer to that qualification of puppets the author

chose to apply to them, than if they had been meant as individuals pure and simple. They are always played with in a spirit of gentle irony, there is always behind the creation of character and action the desire to satirize, in these social types, social conditions and events. Such a novel must needs contain a strong personal element; its story can stand some meddling and interrupting. That the author takes away our belief in the reality of his fictitious world 'an und für sich' is not so serious here, because the suggestion of this illusion was not his chief object. We may become conscious of the fact that the personages are but puppets at the mercy of their creator, if only we are always convinced that they faithfully represent the classes of society he wants to satirize. Whether after all this end might not have been attained without the author's more or less disturbing personal comment, whether the indirect dramatic method of characterisation would not have served the purpose and secured a higher artistic unity, is another question which we cannot attempt to answer here. ¹⁾

But we have here touched on an important point: the obvious fact, to which we already alluded, that between the artist's aim, the subject matter, the general atmosphere of the work and his method of presentment there should be a close relationship, and that therefore we might expect to see the great change in the character of fiction accompanied by experiments in a new narrative technique, a technique subservient to the ever increasing desire of suggesting strict reality and truth to life.

In the latter part of the 19th century some novelists are becoming impatient of the machinery of the old complicated plot. A story perfectly complete in itself, a unit in spite of all its ramifications, with a promising beginning, a long elaborate middle leading up to a forcible crisis, a definite end, the whole told by an omniscient narrator, seemed unfit as a medium for their strictly realistic art, because in real life such complicated, yet perfectly balanced, well rounded and conclusive stories are practically unknown.

The change they made in the form of the novel was a radical one. The telling of an artistically complete story appearing impossible or difficult to couple with the coveted impression of reality, the easiest solution was not to tell a story at all. And something very near to this was attempted by the adherents of the theory of the 'tranche de vie'. The novel was to offer no more or no less than a 'slice of life', a phase of reality observed or experienced by the artist and rendered without any effort at introducing a regular intrigue, at building up a complete story leading to an impressive climax. A similar change soon affected the drama where the theory evinces itself especially in the unemphatic last act, in the care of the playwright to avoid an old-fashioned 'curtain'.

But the emancipation from the old expedients of narrative technique, the striving to eschew at all cost anything that might smack of artificiality, did not stop here. If the narrator of a more or less intricate story had been turned into a recorder of a simple phase of life, he had still retained the privilege of omniscience with its inherent unreality or impossibility.

Against this convenient, time-honoured practice some also turned their attacks. They began to favour the *I* form. They wrote purely autobiographical novels or caused the action to be revealed by a character not the author himself, but either the hero or a person who played a subsidiary part in the story, a device R. L. Stevenson had occasionally used and on which Mr. H. James in his later work so often relied.

¹⁾ It might be interesting to study in this respect the differences of technique in Thackeray's novels, to compare e. g. *Vanity Fair* with *Esmond*.

Whether the omniscient method really tends to disappear altogether, as Mr. Wilson Follett¹⁾ thinks, may be doubted, certain it is, that the *I* form is beginning to play a very important part in modern fiction.

A recent novel, in which the two tendencies indicated above are found combined, is the curious *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* by James Joyce. As the title suggests it is an avowed autobiography, and although written in the third person the expedient does not alter its character, as the 'he' is here to all intents and purposes a pure 'I'. It opens with the earliest recollections of childhood and is carried on to the years of his life as a student. But it is rather a series of impressions and incomplete recollections, a haphazard choice of incidents from the chain of events, than a regular story or full account of his youth. The author does not describe the past as he sees it from the viewpoint of his present consciousness, he tries to live back again in the old days and to render their peculiar essence as faithfully as possible without the least comment, with a complete elimination of the deeper insight afterwards gained. He makes the boy, his past ego, tell the story himself without help from his present wiser and more complicated personality.

The method secures an unusually strong suggestion of reality, but it has its disadvantages. Firstly the artist can hardly use it quite consistently; however sincerely he may strive to let the boy unfold his own mind, communicate his impressions in his own words, there are always occasions on which he must needs be aided in his utterance.

There is an inherent impossibility even in this seemingly so strictly realistic method of narration. And whenever the reader feels the artificiality beneath the apparently crude, spontaneous and natural expressions, whenever he feels too clearly, that it is after all only the grown-up man who speaks, the impression of sincerity and truth is impaired, not because he would grudge the artist his privilege of telling the story from his own point of view, but because the author had all along pretended that he would keep aloof and let the child, the boy, the student speak. A striking example is afforded by the description of Stephen's first Christmas dinner, where the author reports pages full of conversation on politics, religion and kindred subjects among the grown-up people at table, giving their exact words and the impression they make, a wealth of matter impossible for a boy to remember or to understand, too obviously carefully re-created by the artist from vague impressions. The inconsistency is accentuated by the fact that immediately afterwards the boy resumes his rights and unfolds his life from his own youthful, limited consciousness, as e.g.:

"He thought of the dark silent sacristy. There were dark wooden presses there, where the crimped surplices lay quietly folded. It was not the chapel but still you had to speak under your breath. It was a holy place. He remembered the summer evening he had been there to be dressed as boatbearer, the evening of the procession to the little altar in the wood. A strange and holy place. The boy that held the censer had swung it lifted by the middle chain to keep the coals lighting. That was called charcoal: and it had burned quietly as the fellow had swung it gently and had given off a weak sour smell. And then when all were vested he had stood holding out the boat to the rector and the rector had put a spoonful of incense in it and it had hissed on the red coals" etc.

How different is this excellent page from the long verbatim report of the Christmas conversations with which the boy's mind had hardly anything to do!

¹⁾ W. Follett, *The Modern Novel*. See *E. Studies* II, p. 55.

Yet this almost unavoidable inconsistency — a kind of technical double-dealing — constitutes after all but a minor blemish. The greater disadvantage of the method is the lack of form and unity, resulting not from negligence, but from the all-conquering desire to produce the effect of real life. The utter disregard of structure in *The Portrait* is noticeable from the beginning, but if the confusion, the formlessness of the narrative, are perhaps not improper in the rendering of the years of childhood, they become objectionable towards the end of the book.

After the reminiscences from the boy's early years there are two events in his school-life which stand out clearly from the rest: the undeserved punishment and the account of his sin and subsequent conversion; both are told more or less regularly as 'stories' in a more old-fashioned way and it is remarkable, that they form by far the best part of the book, although in the last-mentioned the monk's sermon on hell — an excellent, insinuatingly satirical piece in itself — is out of all proportion with the rest. But after this powerful and occasionally brilliant part, the book brings but some slight, loosely connected incidents and then dozens of pages of students' conversation, in which there are a few interesting remarks, but which on the whole are of the ordinary kind, not a wit better we fancy than those which years ago George du Maurier with wiser modesty and a nicer sense of proportion compressed into a few lines, as: "What jolly talk we had into the small hours! . . . Good, honest, innocent artless prattle — not of the wisest perhaps, nor redolent of the very highest culture, nor leading to any very practical result. . . ." (*Trilby*).

And then after this redundancy of conversation we are suddenly for the first time granted some ten pages of rather obscure and insignificant jottings from the hero's diary.

Such amorphous structure can hardly be defended even in an autobiography; a little more art and less conversational matter would have done no harm to the impression of reality. The mistakes of thinking that photographic exactness in painting would be a form of realistic art or that a verbatim report of actually spoken words would be effective in conversational parts of a novel, have often been signalled. They find a parallel in Joyce's narrative technique. The desire to render the confusion, the incompleteness, that characterize events in real life, has betrayed him into an inartistic, slavish imitation.

It goes without saying that the dangers and disadvantages incident to a consistent adherence to the principle of the 'tranche de vie' are of even graver consequence outside the domain of real or fictitious autobiography. And as has been indicated by many critics, the reaction has gained considerable strength. The desire for some sort of unity and form has made itself clearly felt.

But the serious artist could of course not fall back upon the old method of elaborate plot construction, with its arbitrary use of incident and intrigue, without making attempts at improvement, at eliminating its inherent improbability and untruth. The victory of realism had been too decisive for such a resigned return. The anxiety to ensure strict life-likeness has remained as strong as ever and the problem for the novelist is how to combine this with the wish to attain a greater unity in his story than is possible by the mere slavish copying of the irregular, shapeless flow of incidents of real life.

Several modern artists have consciously or unconsciously tackled this problem. Without ever losing their dread of the unnatural, elaborate plot, they have been giving more attention to construction, to balance and harmony, as may already be inferred from such a trifling peculiarity as the careful

division into 'books', 'parts', 'sections', 'chapters', each usually with an adequate headline, which one often meets with nowadays. It is, however, especially two types of novel that testify to the renewed desire for a stricter unity. The first kind we mean is that in which the author traces the life of his hero from the very cradle to the grave or at any rate to an advanced and definitely closed epoch in his career. He writes a 'life' and however varied the hero's adventures, however many persons he may meet, the story never breaks up into a series of loosely connected incidents, everything is carefully subordinated to the single theme: the personality of the hero, the steady progress of his life, definitely rounded off by birth and death, which makes for a clearly perceptible unity, an artistically complete story. Of course this sort of novel is very old. But that of late it has found so many adherents is certainly noteworthy. In some cases the author has given such abundant detail, he has so minutely expounded the development of the hero's character as to cause his work to distend to inordinate length, so so that two, three or even a whole series of volumes have become necessary, as for the classic example of this species: *Jean Christophe*.

A few other authors have sought for unity in a quite different direction. Simplification of theme and plot has been their watchword. The author treats a single episode or the events of a short period, some days, an evening, and limits his characters to a very few, thus making his novel in many respects resemble the short story. There is indeed but one important difference: this new kind of fiction — of which that little masterpiece: *Nocturne* may be cited as an almost perfect example — treats the scanty matter of the short story with a fulness of detail which gives it the length of a novel, a method well in keeping with the shifting of the interest from adventures to psychology and character description, from the mere outward happening to their impression and influence on the minds of the personages concerned.

The reaction against the principle of the 'tranche de vie', the instinctive aversion from the diffuseness to which it led, the desire for a complete story, have also caused a reconsideration of the potentialities of the more complicated plot for strictly realistic art. Some modern authors have as it were discovered that a more or less complex, carefully constructed story was after all not such a redoubtable enemy to an impression of lifelikeness and reality, that it was mainly the vague, ghostly, omniscient narrator with his external, undefinable viewpoint that had been at fault.

As Mr. Percy Lubbock in his very interesting, recently published book: *The Craft of Fiction*¹⁾ puts it: "In the fictitious picture of life the effect of validity is all in all and there can be no appeal to an external authority; and so there is an inherent weakness in it, if the mind that knows the story and the eye that sees it remain unaccountable. At any moment they may be questioned, and the only way to silence the question is somehow to make the mind and the eye objective, to make them facts in the story. When the point of view is definitely included in the book, when it can be recognized and verified there, then every side of the book is equally wrought and fashioned." Hence the predilection of so many modern authors for the *I* form or for the creation of a subsidiary character who unfolds the action.

Mr. Lubbock makes many penetrating observations on the 'means that a novelist will adopt to authenticate his story — to dramatise the seeing eye', as found in the work of Dickens, de Balzac, Stevenson, Henry James

¹⁾ P. Lubbock, *The Craft of Fiction*. London, Jonathan Cape, 1921. 277 pp. 9/—

and others. He does not mention Joseph Conrad. Yet this master-novelist whose importance is still too little recognized in, but especially outside, England, except perhaps in France, has gone furthest of all in this 'dramatizing of the viewpoint'.

When the novelist employs one of his characters to reveal the action he has indeed, by including the point of view in the story, by changing the vague external narrator, the almighty showman behind the scenes, into a visible comprehensible character, gained the great advantage of naturalness and authenticity, but the lack of omniscience of this new, concrete narrator often causes the author fresh difficulties. For this personage, who plays some part in the story, can make us see the character only from one side; some incidents, many motives must needs have remained unknown to him and can only be guessed at. So far as the hero is concerned the necessary, intimate knowledge may be very well supplied by a diary, to which the narrator in some way or other has had access, so that the method of direct narrative is then combined with the documentary, a device already used by older writers. Conrad has employed it with great effect in *Under Western Eyes*. In several other books he makes the story unfold itself through the consciousness of Marlow, a philosophically inclined man past middle age with manifold experience, but Conrad always takes care to supplement Marlow's own story by that of other witnesses, and Marlow makes his informants speak for themselves, so that we are shown the personages and events from other viewpoints too. In *Chance* he has used this method more consistently. The story is here built up as it were by several narrators working together, the majority of whom also play an active part in it themselves. Of course this intricate way of communicating the events to the reader has its disadvantage: the smooth easy flow of the narrative must occasionally be broken, an incident will be considered more than once out of its proper place in the sequence of events. But this drawback, which greatly increases the difficulties of the novelist as a story-teller, is more than outweighed by the possibilities it procures for him of ensuring an almost perfect suggestion of reality. The incidents are shown under various aspects, coloured and illuminated, shaded and toned down by the different personalities of the narrators, so that they stand out in strong relief and a strikingly natural atmosphere is created round them. These narrators have not remained mere vague mouthpieces, we see and know them as we do acquaintances in real life, they reveal themselves and each other by their words, actions, interrelations and they have also some influence on the chief figures of the novel, whom accordingly we get to know not from the onesided account of one particular person, but from the recorded impressions of divers clearly drawn individuals, each of whom gives his own characteristic colouring to the heroes' deeds and adds details unknown to the others.

By this complicated method — which we must not forget very closely resembles the way in which we get to know people in real life — the personages are so to say not seen flat against a background, they are seen from a variety of positions, plastic, in the midst of a clearly perceptible atmosphere. Conrad himself has said it should be the ideal of fiction to aspire to the plasticity of sculpture and in *Chance* and several other books he has certainly attained remarkable results in this direction. It would be foolish to think, that this is entirely due to matters of technique: we need hardly repeat, that the mysterious gift of creating character, the power of understanding and describing the most diversified individuals, is of

incomparably greater importance than any technical device, but that the method of presentment has something to do with the success achieved in the creation of an intense impression of reality, and that it is therefore worth while studying the new experiments in the art of novel-writing, can hardly be denied.

A. G. VAN KRANENDONK.

War Words and Peace Pipings.

(Materials for a Study in Slang and Neologism.)

According to plan, in accordance with plan, English rendering of the German word *planmäßig*, well-known from the translations of the *Tagesberichte* announcing some retreat or retrograde movement — used in a wider sense now, as appears from the following quotations:

This is a farce “according to plan”. But the plan is of a distinctly old-fashioned and familiar order. Hustle and bustle, hurry and scurry, equivocation and recrimination, errant husbands and suspicious wives, a more than usually liberal supply of doors and tables, and a general sense of unreality — these, mainly, are the elements out of which “A Week-end” is fashioned. (*Daily Tel.*, 13 Sept. 1918.)

It gives one the impression of being written not “according to plan” but out of a random fancy, with so hurried a pen that not merely have irrelevant incidents, absurdities of diction, and indubitable *longueurs* escaped excision, but such lapses from the King’s fair English as “save you and I” and “I shoot with my own hand he who refuses”. (*Punch*, 24 Oct. 1917.)

acceptance officer, an officer in the Air Force who takes delivery of flying machines forwarded by the factories:

From the day it is born, delivered new, fresh, and glistening from the maker’s works to the critical care of the “acceptance” officer, until the end of its life — perhaps still new, fresh, and glistening, a “crash” on the aerodrome — every minute of the aeroplane’s life is recorded in a little brown-covered book, the “Aeroplane Logbook”. (*Daily Mail*, 19 June 1918.)

ace, the rank given to an airman, when he has destroyed five enemies (E. S. Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*). This is an adaptation of the French word *as*, which means: 1 *havresac*; 2 *cavalier du premier peloton*; 3 *aviateur virtuose* (A. Dauzat, *L’argot de la guerre*, p. 242). In the latter meaning it has passed into English, the *ace of aces* corresponding to the French *suprass*. As to the origin of the term I may quote G. Esnault, *Le Poilu tel qu’il se parle*, p. 47: “notre métaphore n’est pas issue des jeux de cartes où l’as est de valeur très variable, mais du jeu de dés où il vaut toujours l’unité; c’est l’idée de numérotation qui est essentielle, la métaphore est une métaphore d’ordre”. Though written in 1918, Mr. Farrow’s book is not up to date, in support of which assertion I can quote again from Esnault’s *Le Poilu* where it says on p. 45: “Le pilote qui avait abattu cinq Boches était déclaré “as” jusqu’à la fin de 1917, où le commandement décida de réserver ce nom aux “chasseurs” qui auraient dix pièces à leur actif”. Mr. Farrow ought to have written: five or more, as does the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in the following paragraph about the Allied Air Supremacy (18 Dec. 1918)

BRITISH “ACES” FIRST.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Monday. — Figures compiled by Mr. Laurance Driggs, from Governmental records, and published in his “Heroes of Navigation”, give some idea of the magnitude

of the score in the air for the first four years of the war. The total number of Germans brought down by the Allies can only be guessed at, because Mr. Driggs deals merely with the performances of the aces — men with five or more victories to their credit — but the score must be large, because 227 Allied aces obtained 2,895 victories.

The author pays a glowing tribute to the heroism of the British flyers, and proves by cold statistics that your men led the world in aerial feats. Britain's 111 aces scored 1,629 victories, compared with the nearest rival, France, with a record of 77 aces and 847 victories; Italy, 14 and 193; the United States, 14 and 121; Belgium, 8 and 77; Russia, 3 and 28.

For *ace of aces* see the following quotations:

If you can keep all that in mind you will understand something of what skill goes to the making of "an ace of aces", a destroyer of many German planes, and you will see that Jack Bull has a good deal to learn in his six weeks at the Armament School. (*Daily Tel.* 27 Sept. 1918.)

Cp. also the following heading from the *Daily Tel.*, 20 Sept. 1918:

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. A. BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.
THE "ACE OF ALL THE ACES" WRITES AS WELL AS HE FIGHTS. HIS BOOK
WINGED WARFARE.

ac emma, A. M. = 1 ante meridiem; 2 air-mechanic:

After a bit 'e comes out an' tells me to come on wi' him up to the Observation Post. This was about eight ac emma [A.M.], an' just gettin' light enough to see (Boyd Cable, *Between the Lines*, p. 260).

acrobacy class, explained in the following quotation:

After getting through with this we went to the acrobacy class, as distinguished from the spiral class. Here we were given thirteen-meter machines — about fifteen feet wide — to fly. These seemed much smaller than the fifteen-meter planes and were known as Baby Nieuports. They were of eighty horse power and not particularly fast — capable of doing about ninety miles an hour. (*Sunday Pictorial*, 15 June, p. 18.)

Action Front, the title of a now famous war-book, is an artillery word of command to a battery preparing for action. The term *action* (without either front or rear) is commonly used in artillery exercise when guns are brought into or change position. The word *action* is used in another sense in the phrase *for necessary action forthwith*, for which see the following quotation from *London Opinion*, 3 Dec. 1921:

Mr. George Robey is endeavouring to obtain an option on the Army copyright of the phrases "Passed to you, please", and "For necessary action forthwith", for use in pantomime.

adopter, who adopts a war prisoner:

"ADOPTERS" WANTED.

When prisoners are placed on the fund an "adopter" is sought. An adopter is a patriot who is willing to subscribe 5s. weekly, and thus become responsible for the welfare of a particular prisoner. Sometimes the adopter is able to take over several prisoners, sometimes several persons join together to supply one prisoner. In this way *The Evening News* Prisoners of War Fund has arranged the adoption of 620 of the prisoners it has taken over. There are, however, a number — 384, to be precise — who at the moment of writing are unadopted. (*Daily Mail*, 9 May 1916.)

aerial, substantive, the antenna-like collecting wire in wireless telegraphy, from *aerial wire*, another name for the air-wire. In our dictionaries the word occurs but as an adjective only = of air, gaseous; ethereal; existing, found, etc. in the air. As a noun it is to be found in Cassell's *Engl. Dict.* (1919). As early as July 25th 1914 it occurs as such in *The Times*:

Before he could send another message, part of the Marconi house was blown in and came right on top of him. The Marconi "aerial" was also blown in. He got out and saw the captain outside, and he told him to send out the "S.O.S.". Witness told him that the "aerial" had been blown away, and asked him if there was time to rig up another. The captain said "No, you had better get into the boat".

aerial destroyer, a super-fighting 'plane :

NEW "AERIAL DESTROYER" BEATS BEST R. A. F. MACHINE.

A new monoplane "aerial destroyer" was demonstrated against the standard fighting aeroplane of the Royal Air Force — Bristol Fighter (a 2-seater biplane) — in the presence of the British Air Minister, Capt. F. E. Guest, and members of the Air Ministry at Northolt Aerodrome, Middlesex. (*W. Daily Mail*, 22 Oct., 1921).

aerial port, another word for *air-port*, q. v.

aerial sickness, a sickness affecting aëronauts, due to high speed of flights and rapidity in changing altitudes, combining symptoms of mountain sickness and of seasickness; also, a somewhat similar sickness caused by the rolling and pitching of an aircraft, especially by that of an aeroplane (Webster, *Dict.*).

aerial skid, see quotation :

The art of "Aerobatics" . . . has become a necessity in modern aerial warfare. Looping, stalling, nose-diving and similar tricks all have their special use to a resourceful pilot in a tight corner . . . The "aerial skid" is, perhaps, the most interesting "stunt" of the lot. It is said to have been originated by pilots of Albatros "Chasers". E is being attacked from behind by a fast fighter F. The pilot of E, in order to avoid the fire from F, swings his rudder hard round to the right, and simultaneously lowers his right "aileron". This causes his machine to swing round on a pivot in an exactly similar manner to a motor car skidding on a slippery surface. (*Graphic*, 24 Nov. 1917).

aerial smoker, see quotation :

Aerial "smokers" are the latest feature of aeroplane construction for the London-Continental service. Specially placed smoking compartments are under consideration, with floors, walls, and roofs of fire-resisting material. (*W. Daily Mail*, 29 Oct., 1921).

aerial torpedo, a large winged bomb for aircraft use, designed to obtain the greatest weight with the smallest cross-section so as to reduce air resistance (Cassell's *Engl. Dict.*).

aero, an aëroplane, airship :

Then it's up for a run, and it's down into cover,
With the ping of his bullet and bang of my rifle,
And the whir of the range-finding aëros that hover,
As shy of a gun as the shyest old plover,
A snatch of a ditty, some music-hall trifle —

(*Answers*, 11 Dec., 1915).

aerobatics, see *aerial skid*.**aeroboat, a flying boat (Webster, *Dict.*).****aerobomb, an airbomb (*Daily Chronicle*, 1914.)****aerobus, slang for *aeroplane* (*Pocket Oxford Dict.*) ¹**

aero-camera, a special form of camera used vertically for photographing the ground from an aeroplane or other aircraft. (Cassell's *Dict.*).

aerodonetics, the name given to the science of soaring or gliding flight (E. S. Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*).

aerodrome, a course or area for racing by flying-machines.

aerodynamical, belonging to aerodynamics or the science which treats of the force exerted by gases in motion.

aero-engine, a flying machine :

Mr. Handley Page was appointed vendor of this stock, which consisted of about 10,000 war aeroplanes, 35,000 aero engines, immense stocks of spares, and a large number of hangars (Hazell's *Annual* 1920, p. 720).

¹) Not yet published.

aerofoil, a kind of attachment to a flying-machine in the shape of an arched surface :

The first-named [i. e. the Handley Page] in its present early form is an attachment of a very narrow aerofoil near the leading edge of the plane and extending from wing-tip to wing-tip (*Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 719).

aerogram, a message sent by wireless (*Cassell's Engl. Dict.*).

aerogun, an anti-aircraft gun (*Cassell's Engl. Dict.*).

aerohydroplane, a flying boat (*Pocket Oxford Dict.*).

aeromechanic, a mechanic expert in the art and practice of aeronautics (*Webster, Dict.*).

aeroplane neck, see quotation from the *Sunday Pictorial*, 28 May, 1916 :
EVER HAD AEROPLANE NECK ?

Another war complaint from which civilians sometimes suffer is known among medicos as "aeroplane neck". It is contracted, of course, through gazing up into the ether for long periods at shiny, whirling specks.

aeroplanist, a flier who uses an aeroplane (*Engl. Rev.*, 1914).

aeroshed, a hangar for aeroplanes.

aerostamp, a stamp for letters sent by air-mail.

after-care, see quotation, an advertisement from *The Times*, 4 May, 1917 :
WHAT IS AFTER-CARE ?

When a blinded man leaves St. Dunstan's Hostel he has been trained to a useful occupation. A blinded worker, however expertly trained, however competent, still cannot compete with his sighted comrades on equal terms. The After-Care Branch, then, endeavours to reduce to a minimum the blinded man's handicap. The blind worker's plant and raw material are bought for him at a fair price; he is helped to keep abreast of up-to-date improvements; and in every way possible continuity of employment is secured for him. To do this with complete thoroughness is costly, and the whole object of St. Dunstan's great Bazaar is to swell the After-Care Fund and to place it upon a permanent and satisfactory basis. (*Times*, 4 May, 1917).

agony-waggon, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 24 Sept., 1918 :

When she took the dressing, the trolley bearing the medicaments and appliances well deserved its nick-name of "the agony-wagon." Her not unskilful hands had no soothing power in them. The glow of sympathy was absent.

aid-post, a post where first medical aid is administered to wounded soldiers :

The doctors selected their regimental aid-posts, where first aid is administered to the wounded. (G. V. Williams, *With our Army in Flanders*, p. 54).

aileron, an auxiliary plane, flap or wing tip, placed near the extremity of the main wing on either side and operating so as to prevent overturning sideways and to assist in steering (E. S. Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*).

air-base, a place used as a base of operations or for the housing of aircraft (*Cassell's Engl. Dict.*).

air-bomb, a bomb dropped from aircraft.

air-board, see quotation :

It is stated that the Air-Board now consists of the Chairman, Lord Cowdray, who will presumably become Air Minister when the Board becomes a Ministry; two representatives of the R. F. C.; two representatives of the R. N. A. S.; two representatives of the Ministry of Munitions; a Technical Director; and a Parliamentary Secretary (*Times*, 5 Jan., 1917).

air-bump, an air-disturbance causing a flying machine to bump :

Lieut. Chater did not give evidence and Mr. Mellor pointed out that the jury had heard nothing to convince them that what happened was due to gross negligence. He

suggested that an "air bump" might cause the machine to drop lower than was intended. Lieut. Chater was only 18½ years old, and had done only about four months flying. Mr. Mellor expressed the deep regret of Lieut. Chater at the fatality. (*Daily Mail*, 29 March, 1919).

air campaign, a campaign in which aircraft are used:

The general plan of the air campaign was prepared under the directions of the Air Staff (Hazell's *Annual*, 1920, p. 720).

air-candidate, see quotation:

The idea of an "air candidate" for Parliament to advocate an air policy for the defence of London seems already to have caught on.

Letters and telegrams of congratulation and good wishes poured in. After a busy morning he received a deputation from Mile End, who went away smiling and gratified.

Mr. Pemberton-Billing in his address says his object is to obtain for his country a strong fighting policy in the air. (*Daily Mirror*, 15 Jan., 1916).

air-car, see quotation from *W. Daily Mail*, 10 Sept., 1921:

AIRWOMEN.

BY HARRY HARPER.

It is quite clear already that women do not intend to be content for one moment to remain on the earth during the dawn of the great new era of the air.

More and more women passengers are being booked by the Continental "airways". Quite often they outnumber the men. Nor are they going to be content to play a merely passive part and simply sit in a machine that someone else is piloting. They are going to handle for themselves some of the neat, swift "air-cars" that are now forthcoming.

air Chief-Marshal, title of a general in the Royal Air Force.

air circus, explained under *circus*; cf. quotation:

The same sort of thing is observable even in the air service. The Richthofen air circus fell to pieces immediately its leader was killed, like a company that loses its star actor. (*Daily Mail*, 15 July, 1918).

air-commodore, a commodore in the Royal air Force, ranking next to an air-Vice-Marshal.

air-communication, communication between two countries, towns, etc. by air-service:

The development of air-communication in the Italian colonies is also receiving attention (Hazell's *Annual*, 1920, p. 721).

Air Congress, self-explanatory:

The Air Ministry arranged an Air Congress, held at the Guildhall, London, on Oct. 12—14. (Hazell's *Annual*, 1920, p. 720).

Air Council, see quotation from Hazell's *Annual*, 1920, p. 719:

In October the constitution of the Air council was changed, and it now consists of the following: "One of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State (who shall be President of the Air Council) the parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air, the Chief of the Air Staff, the Controller-General of Civil Aviation, the Director-General of Supply and Research, and the Secretary of the Air Ministry. Of the members of the Air Council (other than the President) the Chief of the Air Staff shall be appointed by his Majesty and the other members shall be appointed by the Secretary of State. There may be included in the Air Council such additional members (if any), not exceeding two, as may be appointed by the Secretary of State. The Secretary of State is to be responsible to his Majesty and Parliament for all the business of the Air Council".

air craft, 1 aeroplane(s), or balloon(s); 2 airmanship (*Concise Oxf. Dict.*). With *aircraft* we have the following compounds: *aircraft arrow*, a winged dart dropped from aircraft (Cassell's *Engl. Dict.*); *aircraft carrier*, a specially built vessel with a very extensive upper deck for flying-machines to go up from and land upon; *aircraft factory*, a factory where aeroplanes are made.

air crash, same as *crash* q. v.

airdrome, same as aerodrome (Webster, *Dict.*).

air-eddy, an eddy in the air-currents of the atmosphere (Cassell's *Engl. Dict.*).

air-express, an express flying-machine on the service of an air-line.

air-fleet, 1 a group or assemblage of aircraft; 2 esp. a large group of military aircraft under a single command; 3 also, the collective military aircraft of a nation (Webster, *Dict.*).

Air Force, the Royal Air Force of England.

FUTURE OF THE AIR FORCE.

The Prime Minister, when asked in Parliament whether it was intended to abolish the Air Ministry and the Air Force as a separate service, replied: "No such decision has been taken by the Government". (*W. Daily Mail*, 19 Nov. 1921).

air hole, a local region in the atmosphere having a downward movement of the air and offering less than normal support for the aerofoils of a flying machine (Webster, *Dict.*).

air-lane, a path through the air made easy for aerial navigation by steady winds (Webster, *Dict.*).

air-line, no longer exclusively a straight line through the air, a bee-line (see the dictionary), but also the regular service of a number of flying-machines flying between certain places:

The volume of traffic by the air-lines from London to the Continent is steadily increasing, although mail matter is not yet very great. (*Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 720).

air-liner, a flying-machine put on the service of an air-line.

Air Lord, jocularly formed, as a companion to *Sea Lord*.

air machine, a machine for going up in the air.

air mail, or aerial mail, the mail carried through the air by flying-machine:

By connecting up the ordinary mail services the air mails save twenty-four hours in the delivery of correspondence to Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal (via Paris), and Germany, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, Denmark, etc. (via Brussels). *Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 720.)

Compounds as, e.g., *airmail letter* and *airmail service* are quite common already.

airman, 1. aviator in general; 2. a man belonging to the Royal Air Force, especially a pilot:

There are no longer either "ratings" or "men" in flying; the official decree has gone forth that henceforward these old R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. terms are to be substituted by the word "airmen."

It follows, therefore, that to speak of those commissioned officers who do actually fly machines and airships as airmen is now incorrect. Officially they are pilots or observers, as the case may be. (*Daily Mail*, 24 Aug. 1918).

Air Marshal, title of a Lieutenant General in the Royal Air Force.

air mechanic, a mechanic employed on the repair of aircraft (Cassell's *Engl. Dict.*); 2 also a grade in the Royal Air Force (*Pocket Oxf. Dict.*).

air merchant, slang term for balloon officer, flying man:

In a little estaminet some way from the front several officers had finished dinner and were dawdling over their liqueurs. The conversation had turned upon what it felt like to go over the top.

Smithson had been holding forth, and he turned chaffingly to Clarke, a balloon officer invited in to make up a four, and remarked, "Anyhow, you air merchants escape *that!*" "Do we?" answered the balloon officer, removing his pipe. "I'll just tell you what it feels like for us to make a forced parachute descent." (*Daily Mail*, 1 July, 1918).

Air Ministry, a ministry consisting of the Secretary of State for Air, an Air Secretary and Private Secretary, an Assistant Private Secretary.

air navigation, another word for aerial navigation.

Air Officer, an officer in the Royal Air Force.

air pilot, a person directing the course of an airship, aeroplane, etc.:

FIRST WOMAN AIR PILOT.

The first Englishwoman pilot to land an aeroplane at Croydon Aerodrome is the Hon. Mrs. Poppy Wyndham (daughter of Lord Inchcape), a well-known film actress, who flew over to Croydon from Stag-lane, Cricklewood. She had as passenger Captain Horne, her instructor. He never controlled the machine during the flight, and expressed absolute confidence in the ability of the pilot. (*W. Daily Mail*, 15 Oct., 1921.)

air padre, a chaplain in the Royal Air Force.

air plane, soldier's word for aeroplane.

air-pocket, abrupt local alteration in atmospheric conditions, causing an aeroplane to drop suddenly as a ball into the billiard pocket (*Concise Oxf. Dict.*)

air port, a place provided with mooring posts, hangars etc., from which airships start and where they can land after their flight:

The air-terminus for London has been changed from Hendon to Croydon, but Cricklewood is also an air-port with its Customs office (*Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 720).

air-post, conveyance of mail-matter by means of flying-machines:

The granting of the subsidy is conditional on the maintenance of air-communication and of an air-post (*Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 721).

Both words seem to be mechanical translations of the German *Luftpost* and *Luftverbindung*.

air-power, aeroplanes, balloons, etc. as means of defence:

THE USES OF AIR-POWER.

Almost every day seems to develop new and unexpected capacities in the usefulness of aeroplanes (*Daily Mail*, 1915)

air-raid, an attack on a town, camp, factory, and by aircraft throwing bombs, hence *air-raider*, one taking part in an air-raid and *air-raid shock*:

IN COMMEMORATION OF ARMISTICE DAY.

Punch has already pleaded for the little children who have suffered from air-raid shock and are being cared for at St. Nicholas' Home, Chailey, and he takes no shame to plead again. (*Punch*, 11 Dec, 1918, p. 388)

air regulations, regulations anent aerial navigation:

Germany possesses a Ministry of Air and Transport. The Department for Air supervises general questions concerning air regulations, aerodromes, aerial photography the distribution of material, the classification and testing of types, inventions, meteorology and intelligence, wireless telegraphy, and the control of aerial organisations. (*Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 721).

air-route, route followed by flying-machines:

The Cairo-Cape air-route was declared open on Dec. 26, 1919 (*Hazell's Annual* 1920, p. 718)

air-scout, an airman employed as a scout (*Cassell's Engl. Dict.*).

air-screw, propeller of an aeroplane.

air-service, the regular plying of flying-machines carrying passengers goods, mail-matter between certain places:

The air-service between London and Paris has become almost a common-place of modern life (*The Graphic*, 21 Febr., 1920).

air speed, see quotation from the Sketch :

An aeroplane is designed to travel at a certain maximum speed in still air, according to the power of its engine and the set of its planes. This maximum is known as the "air speed."

air-squadron, an aeroplane squadron, a squadron of fighting 'planes.

air-staff, a staff of the Royal Air Force.

air-station, a place where airships are stationed :

SEAPLANE FISH HUNT.

The seaplane provided by the air station at Felixstowe for experiments in viewing shoals of herrings from the air has made its first flight, with a scientist from the Lowestoft marine biological laboratory on board (*W. Daily Mail*, 21 Oct., 1921)

air-terminus, terminal station for flying machines, see *air-post*.

air-torpedo, see *aerial torpedo*.

air-tractor, an aeroplane with any number of main planes, having its propeller in front (also called *tractor machine*).

air-traffic, traffic of flying-machines.

air transport company, a company carrying on transport of passengers and goods by means of flying-machines :

Each pilot is obliged to hold a pilot's certificate issued by the State Air Department and, except in the case of flights carried out by air transport companies a permit issued by the police authorities for each flight (*Hazell's Annual*, 1920, p. 721)

airway, another word for air-route, see quotation under *air-car*.

Air-Vice-Marshal, title of a Major-General in the Royal Air Force, cp. *Air-Chief-Marshal*, *Air-Vice-Marshal*, and *Air-Commodore*. In *Hazell's Annual* 1920, however, the gradation list is as follows: *Air-Marshal*, *Air-Vice Marshal*, *Air-Commodore*.

air-work, the manœuvring of aeroplanes :

Keeping very high, the German aeroplanes came over General Favart's army. Manœuvring superbly, they extended in open order in one long line, long enough to take the whole front of the French advance. It was a masterly piece of air-work, beautiful in its perfect precision (*Sketch*, 1915, p. 124)

air-woman, a female aviator, see quotation under *air-car*.

airy, the air-fleet in contradistinction to the Navy, but the word has not caught on :

Nobody pointed out to him that our Navy was even more powerful now than when war was declared ; that our huge new Army was still intact, whilst the Expeditionary Force was up to, if not beyond, its original strength ; that our Airy—one can't keep on saying "flying Department" until the end of time—did precisely as it chose ; that the German commerce was stopped ; that German food-supplies had been cut off ; that the German navy was utterly useless ; that the flower of the German Army had perished ; that the German Airy was the laughing-stock of the world. (*Sketch*, Febr., 1915.)

airplane, a vulgar corruption of *aeroplane*.

Albatros(s), type of heavy German warplane with an enormous tail plane and a rather small vertical fin and wings that can be staggered as desired.

Aldis, part of a machine-gun :

I now got a good opportunity, as he was coming towards me nose on and slightly underneath, and had apparently not seen me. I dropped my nose, got him in my Aldis, and pressed both triggers. As soon as I fired, up came his nose at me, and I heard tick-clack-clack-clack as his bullets passed close to me and through my wings (*Daily Mail*, 13 July, 1918).

All clear, the bugle call announcing that the danger from air-raiding flying-machines was over:

I do not know how many bugle calls are familiar to the Army of to-day. A rough calculation tells me there must be at least 50—and that is quite enough for any recruit to remember.

Going straight from London to a south of England camp the difference strikes one forcibly. Except for the "All Clear" on raid nights and the Sunday route marches of the Boy Scouts, London has never known the beauty of the bugle.

Alleman(d), Allemande, German:

You must not share or even sympathise with the contempt of one incorrigible in my platoon who, as soon as the rapid fire ceased, was heard to call over the parapet in that peculiarly raucous and penetrating voice of his, "Put another shilling in the meter, Allemand!" (*Punch*, 9 July, 1915).

It is a pity we mayn't shoot now... Sure, the Allemans is always potterin' about here. (G. V. Williams, *With our Army in Flanders*, p. 201).

"Next time," said he, "we shall go a lot farther, next time farther again. We keep plugging at it. The Allemande can't scrap like our chaps" (*Weekly Disp.* 5 Dec. 1915).

Are you ready for a sortie among the Alleymans, Bill? Those that are in favour, hold up their hands. (*Canada in Khaki*, II, p. 58b.)

All-Frightfullest, a nickname for the Kaiser:

Indeed, I suppose we have most of us dreamed it for ourselves more than once during the War, as an alternative to exploding Essen with a secret ray, or capturing the All-Frightfullest, or any other of the flattering tales that sleep can whisper to the pillowed patriot. (*Punch*, Dec., 1917).

All-Highest, the-, the German Emperor, also called the Lord High Hun and after his ignominious flight, the *All Lowest*:

The Emperor's passion for display, for self-advertisement, is well known. We are told that even during war time the letters of the All-Highest must never be folded and that the articles snipped out of newspapers must be "pasted on stiff sheets of gilded and ornamented paper, and placed in a portfolio decked with the Imperial Arms." (*Daily Tel.*, 3 Sept., 1915)

As most of the world knows, Wilhelm II. styles himself *Der Allerhöchste*—The All Highest. Each time he returns to his capital the fact is announced in the following outrageous and ungrammatical formula:—"His Majesty are returned to Berlin. All Highest the Same Ones (*Allerhöchstdieselben*) rejoice themselves in possession of blooming health," etc. (*Daily Mail*, 27 July, 1918).

allotmentitis, the craze for allotment-gardens during the great war:

The "father of the House of Lords," the Earl of Ducie, who enters his ninetieth year to-morrow, takes a great interest in "allotmentitis"—the patriotic excitement of the hour. (*Sunday Pictorial*, 24 June, 1917).

Ally Sloper's Cavalry, military slang for the Army Service Corps:

BRAVO, ARMY SERVICE CORPS!

Those who used to laugh at the Army Service Corps as the Army "Safety" Corps have long since found out their mistake. Yesterday I met a corporal who was in what the "Tommies" call "Ally Sloper's Cavalry." He had been wounded three times and had been awarded the D.C.M. and the Russian Order of St George. (*Daily Mirror* 23 Sept. 1916)

all-round traverse, a machine-gun mounted on a swivel so that it can be turned in any direction (Cassell's *N.E.D.* 1919, *Supplement*)

Amex = American Expeditionary Force.

ammo, the gunner's abbreviation of *Ammunition*:

A train-load of ammunition [a gunner calls it "ammo"] has first to be divided into dumps for 13-pounder, 18-pounder, or 4.5 howitzer, and these are subdivided into dumps for high-explosive, shrapnel, lachrymatory, smoke, or gas shells of their respective size. Thus, an urgent order for shells arrives, sometimes in the dead of night, and it is instantly supplied without confusion. (*Daily Mail*, 24 Sept., 1918)

amphibian, a kind of flying-machine, see quotation:

The Air Ministry competitions included a division for "amphibians", or machines with a boat or floats provided also with a wheeled landing-device that can be drawn up out of the way in flight and for descents on water or let down for alighting on land. (Hazell's *Annual*, 1921, p. 719b.)

Andrew Miller, a nickname for the British Navy:

The nautical nickname for the British navy is "Andrew Miller," and occasionally "Merry Andrew," and British sailors still describe themselves occasionally by the word "matlo." This word, however, is falling into disuse and is only recognized by the older men. It is really a corruption of the French "matelot," and dates from the Crimean War, when English and French sailors worked together. (*Manchester Guardian*, 8 June 1916.)

angary, the confiscation or destruction by a belligerent of neutral property, esp. shipping, subject to claim for compensation.

angel's whisper, *the* ~, the bugle call for defaulters. The translation of it runs: "Be a defaulter as long as you like — as long as you answer your name".

anti = anti-conscriptionist:

At the time of writing (as for many days previously) our twenty-two supermen are trying to make up their minds. The delay has been caused, it is alleged, by the efforts of the "Antis" to persuade Mr. Asquith that his Snark was a Boojum. "Let us have delay," the "Antis" cry: "let us give the slackers another chance. To save our faces do not let us confess that the voluntary system has failed." (*W. D.*, 2 Jan., 1916)

(To be continued.)

F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.

Contributions to English Syntax.

XII.

The Nominative with Infinitive and Participle.

When we have a noun with an infinitive, as in *I persuaded him to go out*, we may speak of an accusative with infinitive, but it is only an apparent accusative with infinitive when we compare such a sentence as *I wanted John to go out*¹⁾. It would be inconvenient, however, to distinguish an apparent from a real accusative with infinitive, because it would sometimes be doubtful which of the two was presented in a given case. Even verbs that regularly have an apparent accusative with infinitive may occasionally be construed with a genuine one: see *Handbook* § 490.

It is well-known that many verbs that can take an accusative with infinitive can also be construed with a nominative and infinitive: *He was persuaded to go out*, where *he* may be looked upon as a real subject, but also *Records of proceedings were ordered to be kept*, where *records* is, of course, not the subject of *were ordered*, but of *were ordered to be kept*, so that we have a genuine nominative with infinitive here. It is worth noting, however, that the nominative with infinitive does not occur with verbs that have a genuine accusative with infinitive only. I am referring to the verbs of wishing (not those of will i.e. of causing): *to wish*, *to want*, *to like*, *to prefer*, *to hate*. I purposely leave out *to desire* and *to mean*, for these if construed with an accusative with infinitive belong to the verbs of causing.

¹⁾ It is significant that there is not a single O.E. or M.E. example of an accusative with infinitive after verbs of wishing in Jacob Zeitlin's dissertation or the subject.

The question is naturally asked how it is that the nominative with infinitive is not used with verbs of wishing. The answer cannot be that the nominative with infinitive in English is only an apparent one, for the genuine construction has been shown to occur. But it seems to follow from the facts mentioned that the genuine nominative with infinitive is only used in the case of verbs that can take an apparent (i.e. analysable) accusative with infinitive. The construction, therefore, is one step behind the development of the corresponding active construction.

It is natural to consider, in this connection, the similar constructions with the present participle. Such a sentence as *I saw him looking at a dead flower* may be turned into the passive: *He was seen looking at a dead flower* (*Handbook*, 695). But it is clear that the nominative with present participle occurs only in the case of verbs that have an apparent accusative with participle, i.e. in cases when the accusative can be analysed as an object. At any rate I have not observed the construction with *to have*, *set*, *like*, *want*, etc. (*Handbook*, 694). As far as I know, therefore, the nominative with participle is one step behind the corresponding infinitive-construction: the genuine nominative never occurs at all.

A third construction that might be examined is what has been called the *accusative with gerund*, whether plain gerund (*Excuse me getting up*) or prepositional gerund (*Excuse me from getting up*)¹⁾. It is evident that a passive construction is possible here, so that an apparent nominative with gerund is certainly quite common. But I hardly think the genuine construction is found in English, although a construction like: *The Bill was prevented from becoming law by the factious opposition of irresponsible men*, might be passed as correct English. If this should be true, we could conclude that the nominative with gerund is as far advanced as the nominative with infinitive.

E. KRUISINGA.

Lewis Theobald.

Lewis Theobald: His Contribution to English Scholarship with some Unpublished Letters by RICHARD FOSTER JONES, PH. D. New York, Columbia University Press, 1919. \$ 2.00.

This book, a volume of the Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature, is the latest tribute²⁾ to the work of the Porson of Shakespearean criticism, as Theobald was afterwards called, when his reputation as a scholar had recovered from the virulent and slanderous attacks of the "little crooked thing", Alexander Pope. It also sets up the thesis that the basic principles of critical editing in English were derived directly from the method employed by Bentley in the classics.

I could a tale unfold, an enormous, labyrinthine, extensive one, like the tail of a long lost saurian of palaeontologic fame, if I attempted to follow the subject of Dr. Foster Jones's study throughout all the vicissitudes and adventures of his busy life as they are depicted in the more than two hundred and fifty pages,

¹⁾ *Lessons in English Grammar* by E. Kruisinga and J. H. Schutt, p. 71.

²⁾ For earlier works recognizing the merits of Theobald as a textual critic the reader is referred to Karl Elze, *Grundriss der englischen Philologie* (2e Aufl. 1889); Bülbring, *Wege und Ziele der englischen Philologie* (1893); Lounsbury, *First Editors of Shakespeare* (1906); Dennis, *Age of Pope* (1909), etc.

minus the four appendices which give a sum total of 355 pages, of the volume before us. Avoiding all irrelevant details I hope to give the main features of Theobald's labours and experiences.

To begin *ab ovo*, Lewis Theobald was born in the early part of 1688 in Sittingbourne, Kent, where according to a contemporary biography his father was an eminent attorney. He was named after a friend of the family, Lewis Watson, Earl of Rockingham, who made his namesake companion to his son, Viscount Sondres, at a school conducted by the Rev. Mr. Ellis at Isleworth in Middlesex. The apparently thorough instruction received here was improved by a sojourn passed under the roof of his kinsman, John Glanville of Broadhurst, Wiltshire, and in appreciation of this kindness Theobald dedicated to him his first attempt at poetry, a Cowleyan Pindaric in praise of the union of Scotland and England, as well as his translation of Aristophanes' *Clouds*.

At some date not later than 1708 Theobald removed to London, where he followed his father's profession. His practice, however, which was more profitable in the latter part of his life, was neither so interesting nor extensive as to prevent his engaging in various literary activities, the most noteworthy of which were translations. In 1713 Bernard Lintot paid him five guineas for a translation of Plato's *Phaedo*, and in the same year he entered into a contract with Lintot to translate all the tragedies of Aeschylus for the modest sum of ten guineas. Though none of the plays was published, evidence seems to show that the work was completed a year or two after the contract was made, the only results however of this enterprise that are left us are a few selections in *The Censor* and *The Grove*, contemporary periodicals, some emendations contributed to a magazine of the day, and those of his notes written in his edition of the dramatist by Stanley, which Bloomfield¹⁾ inserted in his edition of Aeschylus. In the spring of 1714 he entered into another contract with Lintot to translate the whole of the *Odyssey*, and the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *Oedipus Coloneus*, *Trachiniae*, and *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, together with explanatory notes, into English blank verse. He also contracted to translate the satires and epistles of Horace into English rhyme. For the translations of Homer and Sophocles he was to receive fifty shillings for every 450 lines, while for Horace the price was one guinea for every 120 lines. While Theobald may have translated the four tragedies mentioned above, only one, the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, was published, (1715). The next year, however, Lintot published a translation by Theobald of Sophocles' *Electra*, a play not mentioned in the contract. This was dedicated to Addison, whose friendship the translator enjoyed. Then Theobald turned from tragedy to comedy, and in 1715 appeared his English versions of Aristophanes' *Clouds* and *Plutus*. Of the satires and epistles of Horace no translation appeared, and Theobald's only work in the Latin poets was a version of the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a poet who was almost as popular as Horace. His next work in the classics is an historical romance garnered from Galen, Appian, Lucian, Julian, and Valerius Maximus, entitled *The History of the Loves of Antiochus and Stratonice*, London, 1719, the last translation of Theobald, the *Hero and Leander* of the mythical Musaeus, appearing in *The Grove*, 1721.

A modern critic, John Churton Collins, calls Theobald's translations meritorious, and speaks of the "free and spirited blank verse" of the version of Sophocles and the "vigorous and racy colloquial prose" of the rendering of the two plays of Aristophanes. But not long after his death there was an

¹⁾ I believe this should be Blomfield.

attempt to depreciate the worth of his work. The effect of *The Dunciad* grew with the years, and Pope's slanders were perpetuated by Warburton and Johnson. In 1753 Professor Thomas Franklin issued a long poem called *Translation*, in which amongst other things the following occurs:

The great translator bids each dunce translate,
And ranks us all with Tibbald and with Tate.

The Genius of Greece is invoked against the ravages and misdeeds of "Tibbald", as Theobald was called by his persecutors:

Genius of Greece, do thou my breast inspire
With some warm portion of the poet's fire,
From hands profane defend his much-lov'd name,
From Cruel Tibbald wrest his mangled frame.

In 1707 Theobald's first attempt at poetry appeared, a Pindaric ode on the union of Scotland and England. Six years later he published *The Mausoleum*, a poem written in heroic couplets and dedicated to Charles, Earl of Orrery. According to Dr. Jones this is a lugubrious effort, stilted and affected, and full of praise for Pope and Addison. In 1715 Theobald translated Le Clerc's observations on Addison's travels, prompted by his admiration for the subject of the treatise. In the same year he wrote a poem on the recovery of the Duke of Ormonde from a dangerous illness, and in this year likewise his most ambitious attempt in verse was published, *The Cave of Poverty*, in imitation of Shakespeare. Professor Lounsbury in his *Text of Shakespeare*, p. 184, comments as follows upon this poem: "The truth is that the production throughout adopts and reflects Shakespeare's phraseology. There is frequently in it a faint echo of his style, and of the peculiar melody of his versification. Such characteristics could have been manifested only by one who had become thoroughly steeped in his diction, and especially in that of his two principal poems. These were so far from being well known at that time that they were hardly known at all". More influences are apparent in the poem: Ovid and Spenser.

Early in 1715 Theobald began the publication of a triweekly periodical, *The Censor*, fashioned after the *Spectator*. This ran for thirty numbers, from April 11 to June 17. It then suspended publication until January 1, 1717, when it again appeared and continued to June 1, ending with the ninety-sixth number. Theobald attributed the failure of the undertaking to its following "too close upon the Heels of the inimitable *Spectator*". Although Theobald has fared badly enough at the hands of Pope and succeeding generations, yet another attempt has been made to find an attack on him in Parnell's *Life and Remarks of Zoilus* appended to a translation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, 1717. Goldsmith appears to be the original authority for the idea that the satire was written at the request of Parnell's friends to whom Pope belonged, and directed against Theobald and Dennis. But probably Zoilus stands for Bentley, as this nickname was most frequently applied to the great critic. There is nothing in the production satirically appropriate to Theobald at that time, and probably Pope had never heard of him. In 1719 Theobald wrote a life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which seems a rather bald production, and two years later he collected and published a volume of miscellanies, *The Grove; or a Collection of Original Poems, Translations, etc.*, containing his translations from Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Musaeus, and a few of his poems; two prologues, one spoken by Mr. Keene, the other occasioned by his death; and a poem, *To Cloe, upon her Retreat at Fulham*. The collection is remarkable in that it contains Dr. Bentley's only attempt at verse, a poem entitled *A Reply* and dealing with the hardships incurred by scholars.

From the very beginning of his career the future editor of Shakespeare was interested in the drama. As early as 1708 his *Persian Princess* was acted at Drury Lane, when he was only twenty years of age. In 1715 he published a tragedy, *The Perfidious Brother*, which does its author even less credit than his previous play. On December 10, 1719, Theobald's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard II* was performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and met with some success, being acted seven times. In his alterations he omitted Acts I and II, with the exception of some speeches which he transposed, and introduced a love story. Genest points out in his *History of the English Stage* one absurdity into which Theobald fell, and thinks his additions are flat and his alteration on the whole is a very bad one; but considerably more than half the play is Shakespeare's. Some of Theobald's lines seem to be very good; in fact, they form the best poetry he wrote, and show clearly how closely he had studied Shakespeare.

During Theobald's lifetime there arose a new species of entertainment known as the pantomime. The first to claim credit for introducing these performances into England was John Weaver, a dancing master, and in 1716 John Rich followed in his footsteps. In the constructing of these pantomimes Theobald was very closely associated with his friend, John Rich. Previously he had composed several trivial pieces, all presented at Lincoln's Inn Fields. One was a one-act opera, *Pan and Syrinx*, produced in 1717, but he began his pantomimes in 1725 with *Harlequin Sorcerer, with the Loves of Pluto and Proserpine*, which drew crowded houses even after its revival at Covent Garden in 1753. After the production of other works of this nature, amongst which *The Rape of Proserpine* which was extremely popular, Theobald's last pantomime *Orpheus and Eurydice, an Opera*, was produced at Covent Garden in 1740, but had been published the preceding year. It appears to have been very successful. On the whole it is in his translations that the Theobald of this first literary period is seen at his best. Most of his dramatic ventures were adaptations or reworkings. His best poem is an avowed imitation. His interest in the Greek drama was genuine and intelligent.

Theobald marks the beginning of a new era in Shakespearean textual criticism. Adequate recognition of his work on Shakespeare has been slow in coming, but now his reputation is fairly well established. In his method he plainly follows Richard Bentley, the greatest classical scholar of his age, famous for his amazingly clever and thorough *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*, the *Epistle to Mill*, his edition of Horace etc. The pages of his *Epistle* and *Dissertation* are strewn with emendations, and he is *facile princeps* amongst his contemporaries in textual criticism. Bentley may well be considered the first modern scholar, for the elements underlying his scholarship are still operative. The spirit of modern scholarship is the desire to gain with minute accuracy all the information and evidence on the subject of the investigation, arranged and ordered in its proper relations. Imbued with this spirit Bentley, instead of losing himself in a maze of unorganized knowledge, learned to systematize his material in such a way that he could focus upon a point, however minute, almost all that could throw any light upon it. He had perfect command over the materials of his learning, and built up his proofs with all the sureness and accuracy of a master builder. There had been scholars of as great if not greater erudition, but none whose reasoning was so close and clear. Whether he is eradicating a textual error, controverting atheists, or establishing the spuriousness of the *Phalaris* letters, the same powerful analytical spirit is active. Moreover he insists on minute accuracy, and this insistence upon "trifles" was the ground of the

bitterest attacks on him as a pedant. His enemies believed that only the large things, such as sentiment and philosophy, were of importance. Another feature of this minute study that attracted the scorn of the wits was the establishment of chronology to which Bentley had paid considerable attention in his dissertation. Bentley used his extensive learning, not to express a general view of antiquity, but to establish some particular point. He was master of his knowledge, and wielded it with ruthless logic toward the correction of error and the establishment of truth. In comparing Bentley with Scaliger Jebb says: "While Scaliger had constantly before him the conception of antiquity as a whole to be mentally grasped, Bentley's criticism rested on a knowledge more complete in detail; it was also conducted with a closer and more powerful logic." Bentley began an epoch; he established a new school of criticism, to which the greatest scholars of later times have belonged. But like most men who have something to say, Bentley has *les défauts de ses qualités*. While his *Horace* shows his critical method on a large scale and in a most striking form, it illustrates his defects as conspicuously as his strength. The defect was a readiness, doubtless engendered by previous success in corrupt Greek texts, to correct, by strict logic and the normal usage of words, passages which made very good meaning as they stood — a readiness that proved disastrous to Bentley because he possessed a *iudicium logicum* rather than *iudicium poeticum*. I remember my former master of Greek, who was indeed a master of Greek, Professor Cobet, speaking of Bentley in the highest terms of praise and admiration, and holding up to us for emulation the three great R's of English classical scholarship, Richard Bentley, Richard Dawes, and Richard Porson. I also remember how he used to scoff at the exaggerated authority certain scholars would profess for the ancient manuscripts, fearing to alter anything *adversus fidem veterum membranarum*. But he also had his limitations. He had a supreme contempt for the comparative study of languages, which he nicknamed „taalvergelijkerij," and once I heard him say to a student: "If you don't know *that*, you had better go and study English." And to write this in a periodical called *English Studies*!

We should not profess a too great reverence for ancient texts and manuscripts, but approach them with some suspicion; on the other hand the distrust of accepted readings may become a sort of psychological prepossession. Men sought for faults, and because they read texts with this idea in mind, discovered many absurdities that were merely their own hallucinations. They were obsessed with an idea of faulty texts. It became a kind of mania.

There were several factors at work fostering this rage for emending. The success and convincing nature of Bentley's method inspired scholars with a sincere faith in the efficacy of conjectural criticism. Thirlby says in the dedication to his Justin Martyr that he would not place criticism lower than any art either in dignity of matter or utility of gift, and writing in *The Censor*, April 20, 1715, Theobald expresses his regard for antiquity and criticism. He is describing the volumes on the shelves of his study and *inter alia* he says: "In opposite Columns to these stand the Restorers of ancient Learning who are continually snatching delicious Morsels from the Mouth of Time, and forcing that general Robber to a Restitution of his ill-gotten Goods.... When upon stumbling over the first Shelves I have discovered an uncommon Beauty and Strength of Wit in an imperfect Paragraph, I grieve as much that I cannot recover the Whole, as a brave man would for the Amputation of a Limb, from a strong and vigorous Body that had done his country great Services, and seemed to promise it

yet greater. If upon these Occasions any of the learned happen to have supplied that Defect, by restoring a maimed Sentence to its original Life and Spirit, I pay him the same Regard as the ancient Romans did to one who has preserved the life of a fellow-citizen." Emending had also a great fascination, and presented all the attractions of a puzzle in seeing what can be substituted and still satisfy the requirements of the passage. Men engaged in it as a *tour de force*. This fascination grew so strong as to be almost irresistible, as is well testified to by Bentley's *Milton*, which proved as great a failure as his *Horace* had been a success.

Immediately after the publication of Bentley's *Horace* a small host of pamphlets was issued, directed against Bentley in particular and emendatory criticism in general. As long as Bentley had confined his labours to such writers as Malalos, Phalaris, Menander, and Philemon, he was beyond the ken of many of the wits, but when he laid hands upon Horace, he was desecrating the popular idol. Horace was immensely popular in that time, people quoted him freely, travelled with their Horace in their pocket or portmanteau, and one Dr. Douglas is described as regularly Horace-mad. Satires on Bentley's edition were forthcoming, one of them in poetic form containing the lines:

Bentley immortal honour gets,
By changing Que's to nobler Et's:
From Cam to Isis see him roam,
To fetch stray'd Interjections home:
While the glad shores with joy rebound
For Periods and lost Commas found:
Poor Adverbs, that had long deplor'd
Their injur'd rights, by him restor'd
Smil'd to survey a rival's doom,
While they possessed the envied room....

Le Clerc, at this time Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Amsterdam, who had reasons for disliking Bentley, issued a restrained pamphlet against him, which was straightway translated into English and published in London. Bentley's *Horace* awakened the slumbering resentment against conjectural criticism; while attacks at first were generally levelled against him for his boldness, this feeling gradually extended against all performers in the field. And for successive years "the noise of battle roll'd" between the wits and the "pedants", both of them obstinately clinging to their own views, and often heaping personalities and abuse upon one another. But although the opposition to this peculiar study was energetic enough and indulged in by the foremost wits of the time, ultimately their attacks failed, Bentley's labours reaching their flower in Porson, and Theobald's in the later capable critics of Shakespeare.

In an age so obsessed with the idea of correcting and so prodigal of praise, as well as blame, for the corrector, it was only natural that sooner or later the critical spirit should break through classical bounds and seek unconquered worlds beyond. Shakespeare was the first to attract attention. Here was a rich field for the textual critic and the reward promised to be proportioned to the popularity of the poet, the progress of the originally poor text through four folios having left the plays in a worse condition than many manuscripts of the classics. Here then was an opportunity of reaping fame and distinction, and it was as if the spirit of the time urged the learned scholars to devote their energies to him who was for all time. Dr. George Sewell remarks after mentioning the critical care expended upon classical authors: "What then has been done by the really Learned

to the dead languages, by treading backward into the Paths of Antiquity and reviving and correcting good old Authors, we in Justice owe to our great Writers, both in Prose and Poetry. They are in some degree our Classics; on their foundations we must build, as the Formers and refiners of our Language." But if the similarity between the classics and Shakespeare's text was noticed, it was not until two editions had been printed that the classical method was applied. Rowe suggested comparing the text with earlier editions, but seems to have based his chiefly on the fourth folio. While some of his emendations have proved satisfying, and while he rendered real service in giving the lists of *dramatis personae* to the plays lacking them, as well as dividing some of the plays into acts and scenes, his edition was not a critical one. Pope's edition, 1725, represents a more critical treatment of the text. One portion of an editor's duty, the most important, he recognized and clearly stated, that of collating the text with the old copies. But this for the greater part he failed to do although possessing, according to his own word, the means. When it came to the removing of obscurity either by explanation or conjecture, he failed signally. For this task there is needed the most critical spirit and the broadest knowledge of Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan literature. Pope lacked both. Emendations he did make, but the majority were adopted to reduce Shakespeare's metre to eighteenth-century regularity. He evidently felt nothing of the rugged grandeur of Shakespeare's rhythm. For the rest of his conjectures he was wholly dependent upon his judgment, and anything that did not appeal to his taste ran the risk of being relegated to the bottom of the page. Unwilling as he was to collate carefully, he must have been all the more unwilling to investigate, analyze, and study corrupt passages, or undertake to become familiar with the literature current in Shakespeare's time. Nor does he seem to have made any study of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's grammar or diction. The only supports of his critical method are collation, carelessly followed, metrical skill, and taste. A few of his emendations based upon taste have found their way into most modern editions, as well as a larger number of his metrical emendations; yet these are upheld by no evidence, and draw on no authorities. Elsewhere we find even his judgment unsafe, and we perceive no inclination to scrutinize carefully every doubt and draw out stores of knowledge to remove it. But of course there were found, as always, interested persons and flatterers, belonging to a special literary set or clique, willing to hail Pope's edition as a sort of master-stroke, and William Broome, who was employed by Pope in making extracts from Eustathius for the notes to his translation of the *Iliad*, broke forth into a rapturous, not to say hysterical panegyric,

Shakespere rejoice! his hand thy Page refines,
Now every Scene with native Brightness shines.¹⁾

Pope's edition however brought forth the first truly critical work on Shakespeare. This was Theobald's *Shakespeare Restored: or a Specimen of the Many Errors, as well committed, as Unamended, by Mr. Pope In his*

¹⁾ Pope however was not exceedingly grateful, as will happen in circumstances of this kind. All literatures may afford examples of the same behaviour. In his *Bathos* Pope describes Broome as one of those "parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd tone as makes them seem their own", and in *The Dunciad* he has the following reference to him "Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy doom
And mine, translating ten whole years with Broome."

Late Edition of this Poet Designed Not only to correct the said Edition, but to restore the True Reading of Shakespeare in all the Editions ever yet publish'd. The book appeared in March 1726, and is a large quarto volume, dedicated to John Rich and containing 194 pages. The first 132 are in large print, and are devoted primarily to *Hamlet*. The rest, under the title of Appendix, is in smaller print, and contains remarks on nearly all the plays. *The Merchant of Venice* and *Troilus and Cressida* lead the list with five remarks each, while *Macbeth* and *Coriolanus* follow next with four each. A number of the plays are commented on only once. The first half of the Appendix is devoted to showing Pope's mistakes under these heads: emendation where there is no need of it; maiming the author by unadvised degradations; bad choice in various readings and degradation of the better word; and mistakes in giving the meaning of words. Besides this the critic shows Pope's mistakes in pointing and "transpositions", and the inaccuracies due to inattention to Shakespeare and history. The rest of the "Appendix" from page 165 to the end, is devoted entirely to emendations. The nature of each remark is designated in the margin, so that the reader may be apprised of the content, by such terms as "false printing", "false pointing", "various reading", "passage omitted", "conjectural emendation", "emendation", and the like. There are nearly a hundred corrections on *Hamlet* and a few over a hundred on the other plays. The only plays not mentioned by Theobald are *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like it*, and *Twelfth Night*.

Theobald was unusually well equipped for the office of a textual critic on Shakespeare. He was somewhat of a poet, he possessed a tireless industry, he was thoroughly conversant with the stage, he had an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's thought and diction, and last of all he had a wide knowledge of the classics and the methods of classical scholarship. On one phase of classical scholarship, the most prevalent during this time, Theobald placed great value, viz. textual and verbal criticism, and furthermore he was intimately acquainted with the work of the great textual critic Bentley. He models his edition of Shakespeare upon Bentley's Amsterdam Horace. In upholding the value of literal criticism he appeals to Bentley's success. Having recognized the similarity between the state of the text of Shakespeare and that of the text of Greek and Latin authors, Theobald applied the classical method to it, which had been heralded by Bentley. A comparison of a few of Theobald's notes with some of Bentley's shows conclusively that the former was consciously imitating the method of the latter. In following Bentley's lead and example Theobald himself put up an example to others, and it would appear as if he said to himself:

Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

The author gives several instances of the close coincidence and conformity of Bentley's and Theobald's remarks. Theobald's notes easily fall into the divisions made for classical textual criticism — the critical doubt, emendation, and conjectural criticism. He scrutinizes the text with critical care, and produces his proofs with learning and logic. There is no jumping at conclusions, neither is there any blind acceptance of unintelligible passages, but in their stead a careful weighing of evidence, a logical handling of facts towards the ascertaining of a corruption, just as Bentley's grammatical criticism contains the very same elements.

Like Bentley Theobald also uses historical criticism a great deal, and by his knowledge of history and mythology he is able to correct several blunders

of Pope's. Both Theobald and Bentley make bold to engage in aesthetic criticism, the most dangerous of the three: *periculosae plenum opus aleae*. Here it would not be rash to grant the Shakespearean critic precedence over the classical scholar. The logical nature of Bentley's mind, which was of so much assistance in establishing fact and restoring meaning to unintelligible passages, was more of a hindrance than a help in judging literature by artistic standards. He could not overcome the tendency to inject logical consistency into a poetical passage. The shining example in this respect is his edition of Milton, where his notes are logical enough, but with a logic that makes poetry prose. Aesthetic criticism requires more than knowledge, more than logic. It requires a certain innate perception, nourished by a close and sympathetic study of the best in literature. An aesthetic critic must be a potential artist. Here Theobald shows his superiority. He was a poet, poor indeed, but with judgment superior to his accomplishments. His criticisms are worth reading when he speaks of a passage as possessing energy or elegance, as being bald and mean, marred by tautology or indifferent English.

In the actual emendation the two critics both show almost uncanny sagacity. Though Bentley evinces in his notes more learning and sheer mental power, Theobald's emendations give just as clear proof that he was possessed of that peculiar indefinable gift necessary to any great corrector. Furthermore Theobald has more respect for manuscript authority than Bentley (the earlier editions of Shakespeare corresponding to the manuscripts of classical authors). However, as regards manuscript assistance, Bentley was far more fortunate than Theobald in his *apparatus criticus*. Many are the manuscripts and editions of Horace that figure in his notes. Theobald on the other hand had to rely for his remarks on *Hamlet* on the second folio, the 1637 quarto, a 1703 quarto, and Hughes' quarto. For part of his work he had an opportunity of examining the fourth folio. For the rest of the plays he had to content himself with the folios just mentioned, the 1600 quarto of *Much Ado About Nothing*, the 1611 quarto of *Titus Andronicus*, and a 1655 quarto of *Lear*. He also, perhaps, derived some slight help from later alterations of the plays.

Theobald's lack of knowledge of the literature of Shakespeare's age was a serious defect in his method, but it was in overcoming this deficiency that his edition of Shakespeare makes a pronounced advance over his first critical effort.

The work is also unique for its time in that it is permeated by a sincere desire for truth rather than victory, a desire that makes the critic confess and correct a mistake made on an earlier page. There is a ring of sincerity in the statement, "Whenever I am mistaken, it will be a Pleasure to me to be corrected, since the Public will at the same Time be undeceived". Though he speaks of the "Applause of the Readers" and implies that he acted on a "View of Reputation", he did not let his desire for glory overcome his love for truth. Yet the very novelty of the undertaking made him regard the outcome with some trepidation. Knowing of the attacks that had been made upon the mighty Bentley and the Royal Society, it is no wonder he felt that he ran a risk. He was somewhat doubtful of the way Pope would receive his book, but was fatuous enough to rely upon the generosity of a man whose regard for Shakespeare and truth was considerable less than his vanity.

From all these statements and observations it may easily be concluded that Theobald's work was of great significance for the study of Shakespeare: he brought to the study of English letters the spirit and the method of

sound scholarship, and he showed by the favour with which his book was received that English writers were worthy of the same study given to the classics. Later we find him turning his attention to Greek and Latin writers, who from days immemorial had been the source and object of investigation. Yet during the first quarter of the eighteenth century the researches of Bentley had been subjected to the bitterest taunts of the wits. If such were the attitude toward Bentley, what would it be toward one who brought Bentley's method to bear on an English poet? Yet Theobald's effort met with wider and more complete favour than Bentley's *Dissertation on Phalaris*. Only the persistent virulence of Pope and the misrepresentation of his later admirers succeeded in belittling the critic's work. At the time, *Shakespeare Restored* met with great success, and this, together with the convincing nature of Theobald's remarks, influenced others to turn their attention to English writers. Theobald came to be known as "the author of *Shakespeare Restored*", and henceforth work on Shakespeare became his chief interest and delight. Among his friends were Matthew Concanen, a lawyer by profession and literary man by choice, Dennis, James Moore-Smythe, and Thomas Cooke, all of them more or less notable men in their time and members of the so-called "Concanen Club." It was at a meeting of this group that Theobald first met William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, who like himself was an admirer of Shakespeare, but by far not an equally disinterested one. This friendship with Warburton, although the divine proved to be absolutely faithless, was of considerable assistance to Theobald in rendering him sympathy, encouragement, and inspiration to pull through the dark years following *The Dunciad*. In December 1727 Theobald brought forth a drama purporting to come from the pen of Shakespeare, entitled *Double Falshood; or, The Distrest Lovers*, which was by various authorities attributed to different authors: Shirley, Massinger, Fletcher. Others assigned the play to Theobald, and there was a versified reference to it in *The Grubstreet Journal*, with which Pope may have had some connection. Taken all in all the whole affair is the most faint-hearted undertaking with which Theobald has favoured us, as it appears he himself did not really believe Shakespeare was the author.

The period between *Shakespeare Restored* and the edition of all the plays is marked by a tremendous expansion in Theobald's reading of literature which could assist in correcting or illustrating the text. But things did not continue so very smoothly for Theobald. Pope, feeling very keenly the exposure of the defects of his edition, had been nursing his wrath and preparing his counter stroke in silence. The first blow fell with the publication of the third or so-called "last" volume of Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies*, March, 1728. In his volume, devoted to verse, a prose treatise had been inserted, "Martinus Scriblerus ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ; or of the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Written in the year MDCCXVII." It is generally thought now that the treatise was written with the set purpose of calling forth attacks upon Pope, so that he would seem justified in retaliating with *The Dunciad*; the delay in the publication of the "last" volume of the miscellanies is attributed to the desire to have *The Dunciad* ready for publication. The author has no doubt that such was the purpose of the *Bathos*, but he is inclined to attribute the delay in the publication of the "last" volume to the fact that the treatise itself was not ready. In a letter written to Swift sometime in January, 1728, Pope says that he has entirely methodized the *Bathos* and written all of it. Furthermore, it contains strictures on *Double Falshood* which was not published until 1728. The

Bathos gives selections from several poets in order to show how persons may sink in poetry. Under its various chapters there appear as examples three passages from *Double Falshood*. Chapter 6 treats "Of the several kinds of Genius's in the profound, and the marks and characters of each." Here Pope lists the different kinds of writers under various animals, adding the initials of living authors. Theobald appears under the eels and swallows. This example of literary mud-slinging, likewise well-known in our dearly beloved Dutch literature or what must pass as such, could have had but one purpose — to provoke the infuriated victims to retaliation.

But this was not the only attack on Theobald made in the volume. There appeared in the verse a poem entitled "A Fragment of a Satire." After thrusts at Gildon and Dennis, Pope turns to Theobald :

Should some more sober critics come abroad,
If wrong I smile ; if right, I kiss the rod.
Pains, Reading, Study, are their just pretence
And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense.
Commas and Points they set exactly right ;
And 't were a sin to rob them of their Mite.
In future Ages how their Fame will spread,
For routing Triplets and restoring *ed*.
Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel graced these Ribbalds,
From sanguine Sew—¹⁾ down to piddling T—s.
Who thinks he reads but only scans and spells,
A Word-catcher that lives on syllables.
Yet even this Creature may some Notice claim,
Wrapt round and sanctified with Shakespeare's name ;
Pretty in Amber to observe the forms
Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms ;
The Thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the Devil it got there.

This "last" volume of miscellanies succeeded in drawing forth some attacks contained in verses, letters, and the like in the current newspapers, and Pope was evidently satisfied with the rather poor results of the provocative treatise on the *Bathos*, for on May 18, 1728, appeared *The Dunciad*. In 1729 a second and last edition appeared, containing about one hundred lines more, and several appendages.

From the various replies called forth by the poem two deductions are obvious: first, that Theobald was made the hero of the satire because of his work on Shakespeare; and second, that his was the clearest case against Pope in that his criticisms were universally recognized as far superior to his adversary's edition. Dennis came to the aid of Theobald and blamed Pope for abusing "several ingenuous men" in *The Dunciad*, "among whom I am obliged, in Justice, to name Mr. Theobald who by delivering Shakespeare from the Injuries of Time, and of lazy, or ignorant and stupid Editors, has obliged all who are concern'd for the Reputation of so great a Genius, or for the Honour of Great Britain." He claims that Pope libelled Theobald for no other reason than that he had been surpassed by him, and denounces the attack on Theobald's poverty and that of others "who have derserv'd a thousand times better both of the country and the Commonwealth of Learning". Concanen also upholds Theobald against Pope,

¹⁾ George Sewell, a friend of Theobald's, who had been dead some two years. He had been associated with Theobald in the preparation of *Shakespeare Restored*. Pope invariably spells Theobald's name Tibbald. Later, when the poem was incorporated in *An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* "slashing Bentley" was substituted for "sanguine Sew—" and other changes were made.

and likewise other "dunces" rushed to their king's assistance. Concanen said amongst other things that the only crime Theobald committed was in presuming Pope was not infallible like his namesake of Rome, and could be mistaken, and that Pope would have done well in following the method Theobald had laid down. Two poetic attacks on Pope that appeared the same year as *The Dunciad* were *Sawney, An Heroic Poem. Occasion'd by the Dunciad*, from the pen of James Ralph, and *Durgen or a Plain Satyr upon a Pompous Satyrst*, by Edward Ward. Ralph calls *The Dunciad* "an execrable Lampoon". Ward in his preface calls Theobald a man of learning, probity, and distinguishing merits, while in the poem he styles *Shakespeare Restored*, a meritorious work that must meet with the approbation of all good judges. William Duncombe, a person entirely removed from the quarrel, shared the general attitude of the neutral public and competent judges of literary productions that Pope was supreme in poetry and Theobald just as surely the better critic. He expresses this feeling in an epigram entitled *The Judgment of Appollo, on The Controversy between Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald*, 1729:

In Pope's melodious Verse the Graces smile,
In Theobald is display'd sagacious Toil;
The Critick's Ivy crowns his subtle brow,
While in Pope's Numbers, Wit and Music flow.

These Bards, so Fortune will'd, were mortal Foes,
And all Parnassus in their Quarrel rose;
This the dire Cause of their contending Rage,
Who best could blanch dark Shakespear's blotted Page.
Apollo heard — and judg'd each Party's Plea,
And thus pronounced th' irrevocable Decree;
Theobald, 't is thine to share what Shakespeare writ,
But Pope shall reign supreme in Poesy and Wit.

It is well to note that an unconcerned observed attributed the quarrel to *Shakespeare Restored*.

Theobald himself did not reply to the attack on him, but in a letter to *Mist's Journal*, June 22, took occasion to comment on *The Dunciad*. In a poetical war of this kind he held that attacks should only be made on the aults in poetry, and that none should be satirized except those who failed as poets. When a writer drew private character into the quarrel and satirized men whose activities lay outside the field of literature, he became a common enemy to mankind and should consider himself lucky if he was not hunted down as a beast of prey. Here Theobald is defending the other "dunces" rather than himself, but he does defend himself against one unjust attack. In a certain passage of the satire Pope accuses Theobald of taking up party writing on the side of the Tories, "cackling to the Tories", as Pope hath it. This representation Theobald characterized, indirectly, as a malevolent lie of angry wit, and he claimed, justly, that his communications to *Mist's Journal* were not concerned with politics but only with learning or entertainment, and he turned the charge of cackling to the Tories against Pope, who, he said, was shrewdly abused or else made a practise of cackling to more than one party.

(To be continued.)

EDWARD B. KOSTER.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. The most remarkable feature of the autumn session is the way in which the membership total has increased. From about five hundred on September 1st 1921, it rose to approximately *one thousand and fifty* by January 1st 1922. To a large extent this increase is due to the foundation of two new branches, though on the other hand some of the old have had a very fair share in it. This state of things will enable the Association to undertake work on a larger scale than heretofore.

The foundation of the Nijmegen branch was followed by the constitution, on December 13th, of the Hilversum, or rather Gooi Branch. It started with a membership of over 150. Three days after, on December 16th, the new branch was inaugurated with a lecture by Norman Angell on the topical subject of *The Price to be paid for success at Washington*. The trend of the lecturer's observations will be familiar to readers of his famous pre-war book, 'The Great Illusion'.

Chairman of the Gooi Branch is Mr. P. Roorda, while Mr. J. Veldkamp, 5 Asterstraat, Hilversum, is acting as hon. secretary.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie has had to postpone his tour. In his stead, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, Special Correspondent of *The Times*, has undertaken to lecture between 3rd—11th February. As announced, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has promised to come between March 27th and April 4th.

Philological Quarterly. Beginning in January, 1922, there will be issued at the University of Iowa the Philological Quarterly, a journal devoted to the publication of texts, notes, reviews, and original scholarly articles in the fields of English, Romance, Germanic, Latin, Greek, and Comparative Literature. The Quarterly will be under the editorship of Professor Hardin Craig, head of the department of English at the University of Iowa. He will be assisted by an editorial board consisting of Professor Charles Bundy Wilson, head of the department of German; Associate Professor Charles E. Young, of the department of Romance languages; Professor Berthold L. Ullman, head of the department of Latin and Greek; and Professor Thomas A. Knott, of the department of English.

The productivity of American scholars has long since exceeded the available channels of publication. The Philological Quarterly has been founded because it is felt that at present the most effective encouragement of productive scholars is an additional outlet for their productions.

While the subscription price will be set at two dollars a year, the Quarterly will be distributed without charge among all libraries and institutions which are on the exchange list of the University of Iowa Library and for the present, among a limited number of college and university instructors. It is hoped that the journal will, however, prove worthy of the modest support suggested by its subscription price, and will secure enough subscribers to enable it gradually to enlarge its size.

Contributions and business correspondence should be addressed to Professor Hardin Craig, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

Forthcoming articles include: Some Problems in Renaissance Scholarship by Hardin Craig, Professor of English, University of Iowa; Chaucer's Anonymous Merchant, by Thomas A. Knott, Professor of English, University of Iowa; Wudga: A Study in the Theodoric Legends, by Henning Larsen, Assistant Professor of English, University of Iowa; Between the *Shepherds Calender* and the *Seasons*, by Elbert N. S. Thompson, Professor of English, University of Iowa.

Max Kaluza †. We regret to announce the death, on December 1, 1921, of Professor Max Kaluza, of the University of Königsberg. He was the last of the three founders and original editors of the *Zs. für franz. und engl. Unterricht*, and well-known for his handbook of historical grammar, and various studies on literature and metrics.

Report A-Examination 1921. *Staatscourant* no. 3, January 3, 1922, includes the report of the examiners for the A-certificate in English in 1921. It contains no remarks worth quoting, except that the average pass percentage (41) was much higher than that for 1920.

Translation.

1. Those who have lived in a town for any length of time can hardly realize how dull it is to have to spend one's life in a village. 2. There everything is planned on a much smaller scale; much that passes unnoticed in a town there attracts general attention; everybody knows everybody more or less or rather think they do, and what happens to the one affords the other matter for conversation. 3. In a town (in one of any importance at least) young people grow up without anybody taking notice of them but their parents and some family friends, whereas villagers are able to recount the character and history of nearly every boy. 4. Thus, everybody knew that Jan B., the son of the schoolmaster, was one of the cleverest and steadiest boys of the village, nay of the whole neighbourhood. 5. Some looked upon him as one of the most gifted lads of the whole country. 6. To those especially, who had seldom if ever left their village, it was as clear as a pikestaff that Jan had not his equal. 7. At the age of five he read fluently whatever came to hand; when fifteen years old he had out-tripped his father. 8. Yet Mr. B., the schoolmaster, was a scholar. 9. Those who did not know this, very soon became aware of it. 10. His venerable old head with its fringe of yellow curls, his spectacles which he pushed up on his forehead just when one would think he most needed them, that is, when he was going to read; his black (frock) coat which he wore day after day, from morning till night; his lean white hands with their inky fingers; his slow walk, his fine way of speaking, every sound clearly and distinctly enunciated, all these traits made the schoolmaster a man of exceptional importance. 11. He even put the clergyman in the shade and the burgomaster was simply nowhere. 12. The only one who might be said to be his equal approximately was the owner of a neighbouring country-seat, at least he possessed a large library and it is generally supposed that something of the contents must have found its way into the mind of the possessor. 13. It was in this library that Jan had continued his studies and had acquired the knowledge and wisdom that his father lacked. 14. It was secretly a source of pride to the owner that properly speaking it was his books that had made Jan what he was. 15. That is why he liked the lad and occasionally carried his kindness so far as to invite him to dinner. 16. During the night preceding such days Jan could hardly get a wink of sleep, and on the day itself he started much too early, for fear of being late.

Observations. 1. *Those who live long (are living long) in a town.* The Present Perfect should be used because of the connexion with the present. — *To pass one's life.* — *To spend his life* is incorrect, as it would refer to a special case. —

2. *Everything is on a much smaller scale.* Not: *on a m. smaller way.* (In a way!) — *Escapes public notice.* — *Passes unobservedly (unnoticedly).* The adverbial form *unobservedly* is hardly suitable. *Unnoticedly* is not recorded in the dictionaries. — *Arouses general attention (Universal attention).* The beauty and cute behaviour of these creatures attract universal attention. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1899, 484). *Excite* = *wekken* (to excite interest). — *All people* — *All the people.* The definite article is used after *all* when the following noun would require it without *all*. Compare: "All the boys got a prize" with "All boys like to play". The former sentence is an example of a particular, the latter of a universal proposition. Armed with a permit to see *all the* prisoners (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1909, 538). However: I have permission to see *all* parts of the mine. (*Ibid.* Sept 1911, 334). *In town* — *in the town*, See *E.S.* III, p. 178. *Think to know another (each other).* This construction is wrong because *think* can only be followed by an infinitive in the sense of *expect*. — *Everybody knows everybody* or rather *think they do*. Not in accordance with strict grammar, but for all that very usual. The want of a personal pronoun of the common gender in the singular led to the use of *they* in this and similar constructions. See Sweet's *Syntax*, § 2101. Purists would write *he* or *he-or-she*. Every one should respect *his* superiors (colloquially: *their* superiors.). Each member of the little group comfortably pursued *his* or *her* thoughts (Von Hutten: *Pam*, 123). Every one has *their* enemies (Walpole, *Green Mirror*, Book I. Ch. 2). — *What happens to one* The suppression of the definite article is by no means rare: The commissioner plumped down into a chair and stared from *one* to the other of us (Conan Doyle, *Blue Carbuncle*). As a matter of fact *one* husband was just then bashing the other over the head. (*Wide World Mag.*, 1911, p. 33). In literary or rather rhetorical language the article would seem to be regularly used. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; *the one* shall be taken and the other left (*St. Matthew* 24, 41). The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated. (Goldsmith, *Vicar of Wakefield*). — *Is the subject of conversation to (for) the other.* The dative is very often indicated by the preposition *to* but also by *for*. It is impossible to lay down a definite rule. Examples: *To* a great mind nothing is little (Doyle, *Study of Scarlet*). *To* the pure all is pure (*Bible*). *To* most German Hausfraus the dinners are of paramount importance (*Elizabeth and her German Garden*). *Law* *to* him was one of those things that every member of an ideal community should have (*Rapid Review*, 1906, p. 126). *To* him the Rector with his shovelhat and stores of scholarship was a godlike man. Quiller-Couch *Hetty Wesley*, p. 58). I shall be at home *to (for)* nobody. This undertaking spelt ruin *to (for)* him. It means a pound *to (for)* me. I have not an hour *to (for)* myself. In our sentence *to* seems preferable.

3. *While (Whilst)* — *Whereas.* According to Poutsma, I, § 123, *whereas* has the same meaning as *while*, but is more dignified. Krüger (*Syntax* § 336) holds that *whereas* marks an emphatic contrast. It is true that *while* implies less of contrast in the parallel, often indeed implying no contrast at all. *Whereas* may open the sentence or introduce the parallel, the latter position is the usual one. — *Of some significance.* Not indefinite enough! We want to express: of any significance, however small. *Any* has strong stress, *some* would be medium- or weak-stressed. — *The youth grow(s) up (are growin*

up). *Youth* may mean 1) the state of being young 2) young people collectively 3) a young man. In the last sense it may have a plural form. In sense 2 it may have a plural or a singular construction (Jespersen, *Syntax*, 4. 94). A plural verb seems to be the rule. Poutsma quotes from Thackeray's *New-comers*: "The innocent dancing *youth* who pressed around her, *were* rather afraid of engaging her". Of course the article is regularly found in this sense. There is no reason why the Periphrastic Form should be used, the continuance of the action not being emphasized. — *Without drawing the attention of anybody*. — *Without anybody minding them* would convey an altogether different idea. — *Besides their parents* is wrong: *besides* includes, *except* excludes. *Besides* the mate three passengers were saved. Nobody was saved *except* the mate. — *Intimate friend* is right. *Friend of the family*, *Housefriend*, not given by N.E.D. or Century Dictionary. The second word I found in Leys, *Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, p. 193, the third in *Pearson's Magazine*, March 1915, 242. — *The villagers know to tell*. *To know* is no longer immediately followed by the infinitive; *how* is inserted, but even then the rendering does not suit. He knew *how* to tell a good story = was a good story-teller.

4. *The teacher's son*. *Schoolmaster* is better, *teacher* might imply a whole staff. — *Most reliable lads*. — *Aye, of the whole neighbourhood*. — *Surroundings*. The town is pretty and its *surroundings* are very attractive, the one drawback being a defective watersupply (*Wide World Magazine*, Aug. 1902.). For the difference between *neighbourhood* and *vicinity* see E.S. III, 82.

5. *Some considered him (to be) one of the most gifted lads*. The infinitive may be omitted (Krüger, *Syntax*, § 2556. Poutsma I 230, 566). *Took him for*. N.E.D. observes: Often with implication of error; to mistake for. — *Most accomplished lads*. The word differs from *gifted* in that study and art are combined to produce skill or adroitness. An accomplished painter, poet, musician, orator. *Most talented men*. Rather absurd, seeing that Jan is represented as a boy.

6. *Seldom or ever* is a blending of *seldom or never* and *seldom if ever*. *Never or seldom* is probably the result of translating the Dutch too literally — *It was as sure as eggs is eggs* is a trifle too colloquial — *Was second to none* is correct. *J. did not find his double* = *dubbelganger*.

7. *On his fifth year makes nonsense*. *When five years old is right*. — *Such books as came within his reach*. *Everything he set eyes on*. — *At fifteen he had surpassed his father* = *overtroffen*. *Outwitted his father* = *zijn vader om den tuin geleid*.

8. *A learned man*.

9. *Perceive it on him* is incorrect. You may know a soldier from (by) his bearing. — *That could everyone who did not know it observe directly*. Inversion should not take place in this sentence.

10. *His respectable bald head* is impossible. A respectable merchant. *Respectable Lads Wanted* (advertisement) = *Nette jongens gevraagd*. *His venerable bald skull*. The skull proper is the cranium or brain box. The word is sometimes applied to the head as the seat of intelligence but generally in a disparaging sense: *Skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn*. (Cowper). — *His spectacles which he pushed up to his forehead*. *Moved to his forehead* is not right. *His black frock-coat (dress-coat)*. A frock-coat is what we call een gekleede jas. *Dress-coat* (rok) is out of the question, of course, waiters wear them. *His black frock* is another howler (*jurk*, *apron*). A priest or clergyman is said to be *unfroked* when he is deprived of ecclesiastical rank. The reference is probably to a monk's frock. —

Clear-skinned implies that the skin is free from botches. — *Inkstained fingers* is good English. — *His slow gait*.

11. *Overshadowed*. — The burgomaster could bear no comparison with him. Mayor is wrong, the chief magistrate of a Dutch or Flemish town is called a burgomaster. (Oxford Dictionary). — When the Doctor tried his hand against the crack shots at Wimbledon Prize meeting he was simply *nowhere*. (*Strand Magazine*, 1894, p. 14). In that year no one talked of anything but the war, cricket and that sort of thing was nowhere. (*Ibid.*, Jan. 1915, p. 23). But he had scarcely succeeded in procuring my attendance as a pupil in previous times, and now he was *nowhere* (had hij heelemaal geen kans.) (De Morgan, *Joseph Vance*, Ch. IX.)

12. *Who stood on about a level with him* is quite right. — The possessor of a neighbouring country house. A nice distinction is made between *possessor* and *owner* which is well illustrated by the following quotation from Bennett (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1916, 668): You may *own* a fine picture, but you will not *possess* it until you can appreciate it. To *own* without possessing is to be a mere figure of ridicule.

13. *Proceeded his study*. *Proceed* is an intransitive verb. We might say: *proceeded with his studies*. The plural *studies* is required. See Krüger, *Syntax*, § 160. *Study* = *Studium* (das studieren). For purposes of *study* this edition is the best. My brother is going to pursue his medical studies at Paris. It is the lads who, like Shelley and R. L. Stevenson, decline to cease to be themselves, who resolutely retain their natural tastes and *pursue the studies* in which they are born to excel, that become men of genius (*Illustrated London News*, Oct. 2, 1909) He pursued his studies, or his amusements, without persecution, molestation or insults (Quoted in N.E.D.) *Continue his studies* is correct. — *The knowledge that his father missed*. Wrong: to *miss* is obsolete in the sense of *to be without*. We miss an article (vermissen), the train (misloopen), a friend (het gemis gevoelen). Have you *missed* any of your cigars lately? (W. H. Osborne, *A Suspicious Character*). *Lack* — *Want* — *Need*. Smith (*Synonyms Discriminated*) says that these three form a climax. The superfluities of life — wealth, estates, great power or influence — I *lack*; the conveniences which I am without I *want*; the necessities which I am without I *need*. The Century Dictionary endorses this statement: That which is *lacked* is *generally* a thing which is desirable although *generally* not very important.

14. *In secret the owner considered it an honour*. — *It were his books*. It is taken to be the subject of the sentence; hence *were* should be *was*. — *Made John into what he was*. *To make into* signifies to convert or transform into something different. The peacock was made into a pie. (Irving, *Sketch-book*). Flour is made into bread.

15. *He was fond of the lad*. — *He pushed his kindness so far as to invite him to dinner*. *Carried so far*: But simplicity of style can be carried so far that it degenerates into mere childishness (West, *Elements*, p. 311.). *Ask him to (not: for) dinner*.

16. *Could hardly close his eyes*. — *On the very day* does not fit in here. *Very* is often used in an intensive sense (1), or to emphasize the identity of a thing mentioned with that which was in mind (2): His *very* dog did not know him (zelfs). A quantity of things of the *very* use of which I was ignorant. The very same day. — Neither can *very* be used before "books" in sentence 14. — *In order to be not late*. *Not* should be placed before the infinitive.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Fr. B. ter E., Oss; Miss M. G., Amsterdam; Miss Annie H., Flushing; Miss D. K., Tilburg; Miss B. J. v. K., Delft; Miss A. M.; Miss R. C. O.; Mr. J. P. P., Rotterdam; Miss A. E. S., Highfield (England); Mr. B. S., Koog-aan-de-Zaan; Miss M. de B. V., Utrecht; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt; Mr. B. de W. Moordrecht.

Translations of the following text to be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maarlant, Brielle, before March 1. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

HET GROOTE WERK.

„Ik weet zeker, dat het je nooit gelukken zal!” Deze woorden had Louise Couvret op eenigszins spottenden toon tot haar man gesproken. Frits zat met gebogen hoofd en verknoeide zenuwachtig het met inkt bemorste papier tusschen zijn vingers. Daar kon hij niets op zeggen. Het was zeker al de twintigste keer, dat zijn vrouw deze vervelende opmerking maakte, en het ergste was: hij voelde wel, dat zij gelijk had.

Ja, hij was niet in staat een werk te leveren, waarmee hij zou kunnen uitblinken. Hij moest zich altijd maar bepalen tot middelmatige schetsen of kleine artikelen, die hem opgegeven waren.

Vroeger was er wel eens een roman van hem uitgegeven, en toen had hij zich illusies gemaakt, had hij dien grooten werklust gevoeld en was verder gaan schrijven.

Zijn omgeving had wel vertrouwen in zijn talent, maar die hem bewonderden, zijn moeder, zijn zuster, zijn vrienden, waren menschen, die veel van hem hielden en dus de fouten van zijn werk niet zagen. Alleen zijn vrouw had hem de oogen geopend, door haar minachtende woorden en dien kouden, ironischen blik.

Honderd maal was hij al begonnen aan dat groote werk. Honderd maal had hij woedend de vellen verscheurd, zich voorpratende, dat het onzin was, wat hij schreef, en dat het beter was, het alles maar in het vuur te werpen. Daar zat hij nu, stil, en zijn gedachten keerden terug naar die gelukkige dagen, weinige helaas in het begin van zijn huwelijk, hun wandelingen door die prachtige laan, met aan weerszijden de bloeiende appelboomen, die heerlijke intieme gesprekken, hun geheel en al opgaan in elkaar...

Nu scheen het hem toe, of hij zijn gegeven woord niet gehouden had, want in de drie jaren, dat hij getrouwd was, had hij zijn belofte aan Louise gedaan niet vervuld, had hij haar teleurgesteld in zijn talent en zijn toekomstdroom — een fortuin misschien.

Langzamerhand was voor Mevrouw Couvret de desillusie gekomen. De mooie plannen, die hij gemaakt had, bleken slechts onvervulbare wenschen te zijn, en in plaats van den rijkdom, dien hij haar had voorgespiegeld, konden ze maar heel eenvoudig even. „Dat is niet erg, wel, lieveling,” had Frits gezegd, wij zullen er ons wel in schikken, als wij elkaar maar hebben.” Wat gaf hij om de toejuichingen van het publiek, om uitdeblijken, nu Louise de zijne was. Maar een schaterlach was het geweest, een lach, die hem verstijfd had.

„Je weet wel, Frits, van liefde alleen kan men niet leven. Dat is goed in de romans, lie jij schrijft, of beter, die je denkt te schrijven.”

Toen was in zijn hart iets gebroken.

Reviews.

A Study in Realism. By JOHN LAIRD, M. A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University of Belfast.
— Cambridge University Press. 1920. 14/— net.

Those Dutchmen who hold with Professor Bolland that, owing to its composite structure, English is not an adequate vehicle for philosophic thinking, — and there are disciples of Bolland in every high school and university in Holland — might do worse than put the matter to the test by reading this brightly written and engaging book, in which occur philosophical terms as handy and neat as ever set the heart of a student of language aglow, e.g. 'thinghood' and 'togetherness'. But this delightful side of the

book is only incidental. What the author has set out to do is to prove the tenableness of a philosophy whose fundamental assumption is that things can be known as they really are. The word 'things' in this general statement is to be understood 'in the most general sense possible'. *Any entity whatsoever that can be apprehended by the mind is a 'thing' in this sense, so that rainbows, dream castles, a yearning for Nirvana are included.* But to say that things may be known does not tell us what their reality is. That is a problem for investigation, not something that can be defined in advance, and, of course, there is no implication that knowledge can be satisfied in all its enterprises'. There may be many 'things' the apprehension of which would require the possession of more senses than we have got. And next, our sensory apparatus is unstable, unreliable, contradictory, altogether imperfect. But, as we say in Dutch, one must row with the oars one has got, and the fact that the field which is green to Hodge in his normal condition is yellow to him when he is jaundiced, and has many colours when he is intoxicated, does not justify an assumption that the whole field is only a hallucination, a figment of the brain. 'The senses are our only evidence for the existence of a physical world,' but it is not the realist who has to prove this existence, — it is his opponent, the doubter of sensory testimony, who must prove the non-existence of the world of which his senses tell him.

Now this kind of sailing will appear plain enough, even to people who refuse to admit the author's next point: the 'reality' of the past: 'Recollection appears to be the direct apprehension of the past, and an illustration will show its difference from memory in the sense of reproduction. When Jones asks himself what he recollects of his childhood he does not mean to ask what he learnt in his childhood. He learned to walk and speak, he learned table manners and toilet conventions, but the odds are that he has forgotten how and when he acquired these accomplishments. On the other hand, he can *recollect* specific events. He recollects the arrival of a baby brother, let us say, or some juvenile delinquencies which brought an impressive retribution together with a few trivial incidents which seem to have clung to him for no reason that he can assign. These events are not habits or repetitions. On the contrary, recollection seems to be the mind's power of returning again and, again, to precisely the same event in the past. These peaks in the past stand out in relief where everything else is a blank or a capricious haze, and Jones's repeated attention to the same thing is quite different from any habit he may have learnt'. As regards an explanation of the fact of memory itself, Professor Laird refrains from attempting to give one, saying any attempt of the kind is bound to be useless. 'Memory is possible and that is all we need to know,' — and I wonder what Ribot would say to that.

The next chapter deals with fancy and the stuff that dreams are made of. What reality lies behind it all? This introduces a discussion of Freud's theories, which support the writer's general analysis. And if it were possible to explain why there should be any such thing as dramatic portrayal in dream, and how the manifest content of a dream symbolises or expresses a suppressed wish, or desire, or libido, this support would be very strong indeed. Accordingly the writer proceeds to give such an explanation which sounds plausible, but the wording of which I think is somewhat strong. The images and memories of dreams, being present in the day time but relegated then to an obscure or dark background, reveal themselves during sleep, it is true, for want of competitors, but this revelation need not be so very clear. There are people who see colours in their dream, there are others who see nothing but greys.

It is not the purpose of my review to give the essence of chapter after chapter. Looking through my copy I perceive many passages underscored — Professor Laird has often a very felicitous way of putting his thoughts — and only a few question marks. I put one for instance on page 113, where we find (in a discussion of 'principle,'): 'I have to arrange my ideas consecutively in order to appreciate the logic in the facts, but this arrangement is not itself *the discovery to which it is a means* (my italics).' Is it really a means to a discovery, I wonder. My notion is that logic, conscious logic, never makes discoveries. It can only verify intuitions, linking them up with what was previously proved. But I did *not* put a note of interrogation opposite the statement enounced on page 138, that 'sentiments are never blind, and reason is neither quite cold nor quite aloof.'

To the chapter on 'values' dealing with taste and beauty and virtue — it seems a pity Edgar Poe should have died before it was written — I intend to return. An attack on Hegel, which has my sympathy but with which I do not propose to deal afterwards, may be noticed here (page 140): 'The community is not a moral being. It is a community of moral beings, and a man owes duties to himself irrespective of the rest of society. Robinson Crusoe did not have to wait for man Friday's coming in order to have duties, and a man's morals are not entirely submerged in his social station... There is nothing subjective in this view, despite Hegel. The thesis of the *Phenomenology* and its successors is that gifts and capacities are not valuable in themselves because (would not the word *since*, preceded by a comma, be preferable? W. v. D.) they may be either good or bad, that their value lies in the rational organisation of them, that the state is just his rational organisation, and so that the bearer of value cannot be anything less than the state. It is an odd thing, perhaps, that a theory which persistently contrasts the unity of the cosmos with the imperfections of the sciences should be so ready to find Reason writ large in politics. Reason must be strong indeed to shine through the muddle and the meannesses, the intrigues, flattery, and pretence of political history; and the philosophers of Hegel's school shut their eyes so often to the facts of history, and so often descry Utopias by faith alone, that their thesis has to be accepted blindly before it can be followed wittingly'.

There is no feud between Prof. Laird and the psychologists. 'Any psychology (page 150) which does not implicitly or of set purpose deny that Smith or Jones may know this or that finally and without qualification is consistent with realism.... My thesis is that we must look to psychology if we wish to know what the mind is, and that there are no sound metaphysical principles which prove that psychological results must be merely provisional. No psychologist or philosopher pretends, of course, that he has obtained complete insight into the mind and its workings, but no sane inquirer makes his pretence in any of the sciences.' — As regards the phenomena of sub-consciousness we find (page 179) as the author's conviction: 'We know enough of the self to be able to scan its main features, and to be justified in believing that the hidden mind is of a piece with the mind that is known.'

The last chapter, called *The Larger Outlook*, develops an admission from which appears pretty clearly that this Study in Realism, which is at the same time a Defence of the same, is to be considered as a kind of *pile-work*. A certain number of stout piles doggedly rammed into marshy soil will, Dutch fashion, have to bear a complete fabric of realistic thought by and by. 'Many idealistic philosophies have at least proved their mettle by grappling resolutely with the high problems they have set themselves. They

have attempted to give a synthesis of art, morals, religion, and the sciences; and they may reasonably claim that intransigent denials and a few forays in the way of pithy argument are not enough to refute them. Moreover, they may claim with some show of reason, that realists have never done their own work thoroughly. Realism claims to be a theory of knowledge, and yet realists have seldom made any systematic attempt to bring the whole of knowledge under review'.

It is evident that Prof. Laird intends to make the attempt. He will have no lack of readers.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The Realm of Poetry: An Introduction by STEPHEN J. BROWN
S. J. — Harrap, 1921. —

I cannot but sympathise with the author for wishing to provide lovers of poetry, and especially teachers, with critical insight and canons of taste. As he says in his preface, 'appreciation must grow out of knowledge and understanding,' and 'one does not learn to love and admire poetry by dint of being told how admirable and lovable a thing it is.' A reader should have the courage of his literary convictions, but such courage, to be more than mere *parti pris*, should be based on something better than assertions of individual taste. In the realms of art *de gustibus est disputandum*. On the other hand, even such assertions of personal taste, amounting to nothing more than, 'I like this or that, and there's an end of it,' often refuse to be forthcoming, and the cowardly lover of poetry deserts some well beloved poet, just 'because some supercilious *littérateur* has dismissed him with a disdainful epithet.' Then, too, 'as the reader without knowledge or principles to guide his judgment may be a slave to the critics, so may he be a bondsman to this poet or to that, and the result is not less unfortunate. . . . To no poet must one swear unquestioning allegiance. Homer has sometimes nodded, Wordsworth and Victor Hugo have written a great deal of rubbish.'

It is not difficult to subscribe to these statements, while maintaining that the first section of the book under review — dealing with the nature of poetry — is only a very partial success, the cause being that the author (in Wordsworthian phrase) has put himself too much to school, 'nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff' of his own critical intellect. He has read many books on poetry and poetics, and the different views he has found in them he has pieced together rather than fused into one whole. Is Santayana, quoted on page 35, right where he says that, "fine art, in this as in all other things, imitates the method of Nature and makes its most beautiful works out of materials that are themselves beautiful"? I say he is not. Rosy and pink being admittedly prettier colours than black, it would follow that Rembrandt's negro in the Wallace Collection should as a work of art be accounted inferior to the baker's dozen of insipidly pretty Greuzes that find themselves there too, quite evidently by mistake. And though I shall not deny that there are decidedly ugly words which no poet can have a use for — cemetery, for instance, as compared with grave-yard — I hold that the bulk of the vocabulary of any language is aesthetically *neutral*, neither fine nor ugly in itself, but deriving its aesthetic values from context and setting. Let me exemplify this by comparing two lines from a well-known poem by Browning. The fifth line of the second stanza of *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* reads:

'Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit'.

The fourth line of the seventh stanza runs:

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff'.

Now, taken by themselves these two lines are about equally harsh, in fact there is little to choose between them. But whereas number one must stand convicted of splintering our teeth *without having any business to do so*, number two is admirably suggestive. It follows that of two lines of verse of equal harshness the one must be called ugly and the other fine. But on the subject of Browning the author and myself seem unable to see eye to eye, and he disapproves of *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, which I think a marvel of psychological insight adequately expressed.

The Rev. Brown's ear appears to be defective, where he *hears* an alliteration in 'His careering chariot steeds', because he *sees* two successive words spelled with the same initial letter. This sort of thing won't do. Where is the internal rime which the line '*What message dost thou bring?*' is alleged to contain? On page 86, where the pantoum — as in Gailey and Kurtz! — is numbered among old French verse-forms, the author states that Chaucer's *Troilus* and James Thomson's *To Our Ladies of Death* are both written in Rime Royal. Well, here follows a stanza from Chaucer's poem:

To thee clepe I, thou Goddesse torment,
Thou cruel Furie, sorwing evere in peyne!
Help me that am the sorful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne!
For well sit it, the sothe for to seyne,
A woful wight to han a dreery fere,
And to a sorful tale, a sory chere!

This is Rime Royal, the rime-scheme being ababbcc, but Thomson's pattern gives ababccb. Compare:

Over me pass the days and months and years
Like squadrons and battalions of the foe
Trampling with thoughtless thrusts and alien jeers
Over a wounded soldier lying low:
He grips his teeth, or flings them words of scorn
To mar their triumph: but the while, outworn,
Inwardly craves for death to end his woe.

In the second part of his book the author discusses the much-vexed question 'What can poetry do for us?' He finds many more or less satisfactory answers, and has my whole-hearted support where he says — and to me the saying appears to bear the stamp of originality: "It is useful, is it not, that we should think rightly: philosophy and science teach us that. Is it not likewise useful that we should feel genuinely? — Poetry helps to that."

Acting on this excellent principle, the Rev. Mr. Brown proceeds, in a third section, to unfold his ideas about *Learning to Love Poetry*, which of course implies *Teaching Young People to do so*. For this section I have little but praise, and for its sake I recommend the book very warmly, especially to those teachers of English on the Continent who are convinced that the time for confining one's 'literary' activities at school to *Enoch Arden* and *A Psalm of Life* ought to be past.

W. v. D.

The Sacred Wood. Essays on Poetry and Criticism. By T. S. ELIOT. — Methuen, 1920. — 6/— net.

Mr. Eliot, whose critical attitude towards life and letters often prevents him from being a very remarkable poet, is an exceedingly clever man. Indeed I once heard an English man of letters describe his cleverness as something *uncanny*, and say that, if the U. S. A. hold many like him, we poor worn-out and effete Europeans had better take a hint from Desiderio the Lombard King when beleaguered by Charlemagne.

“Let us go down,

And hide us in the bosom of the earth....!”

Mr. Eliot also detests reviewers, whom he has publicly proclaimed to be a nuisance. And yet his collection of essays, some of which appeared before, in the same or a more primitive form in papers like *The Athenæum* and *The Times Literary Supplement*, finds itself upon my desk and I am called upon to review it.

The Sacred Wood is a good book, instructive (sometimes destructively so) and stimulating. Let me cull some sayings worth meditating on:

“Once a poet is accepted, his reputation is seldom disturbed, for better or worse.” (xii). “Arnold.... gives us often the impression of seeing the masters whom he quotes, as canonical literature, rather than as masters.” (xiv, note). “It would be of interest to divagate from literature to politics and inquire to what extent Romanticism is incorporate in Imperialism; to inquire to what extent Romanticism has possessed the imagination of Imperialists.... But there may be a good deal to be said for Romanticism in life, there is no place for it in letters.” (28).

“The Arts insist that a man shall dispose of all that he has, even of his family tree, and follow art alone. For they require that a man be not a member of a family or of a caste or of a party or of a coterie, but simply and solely himself.... There is only one man better and more uncommon than the patrician, and that is the Individual.” (28).

“No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism.... the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities. In a peculiar sense he will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say judged, not amputated, by them, not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics.... He must be quite aware of the obvious fact that art never improves, but that the material of art is never quite the same.” (44—46).

“When [oxygen and sulphur dioxide] are mixed in the presence of a filament of platinum, they form sulphurous acid. This combination takes place only if the platinum is present; nevertheless the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself is apparently unaffected; has remained inert, neutral, and unchanged. The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate upon the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material.” (48).

"We must believe that "emotion recollected in tranquillity" is an inexact formula. For it is neither emotion, nor recollection, nor, without distortion of meaning, tranquillity. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all, it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation.... of course this is not quite the whole story. There is a great deal, in the writing of poetry, which must be conscious and deliberate. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious where he ought to be conscious, and conscious where he ought to be unconscious." (52).

"[Swinburne's] diffuseness is essential, had [he] practised greater concentration his verse would be, not better in the same kind, but a different thing.... You could not condense *The Triumph of Time*. You could only leave out. And this would destroy the poem; though no one stanza seems essential." (132).

"Blake's beginnings as a poet.... are as normal as the beginnings of Shakespeare. His method of composition, in his mature work, is exactly like that of other poets. He has an idea (a feeling, an image), he develops it by accretion or expansion, alters his verse often, and hesitates often over the final choice. The idea, of course, simply comes, but upon arrival it is subjected to prolonged manipulation." (139).

I am not going to discuss the above sayings. Most of them, indeed, I can readily endorse. I have culled them chiefly that the readers of E. S. might have a notion of the contents of this book, which those who want enlightenment on such subjects as *Blank Verse*, *The Poetic Drama*, *Rhetoric &c* will do well to read. Written from the point of view of a professional it is frankly partisan and not a thing to swallow whole, like an approved manual written by a pundit of unchallenged authority. It will set one thinking, and even where it fails to convince it will clear away cobwebs. It might be read with some profit by certain Dutch critics that shall be nameless, gushing worshippers of 'the unconscious' and writers of involved sentences that, for all their would be depth, are my heart's abhorrence. But *they* will never glance at a book that is so entirely without cant, so level-headed. I trust, however, that among the readers of E. S. there will be some who will do more than glance.

W. v. D.

Epilegomena to the Study of Greek Religion: by JANE ELLEN HARRISON, Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge. — Cambr. Un. Press. 1921. — 3/6.

This brief review is preliminary to an article which I propose to contribute to this year's *English Studies*, and in which I also intend to deal at some length with Miss Weston's theories on the origin of the legend of the Grail (*From Ritual to Romance*, Cambridge. 1920. —12/6). I notice that the learned author's standpoint has not been appreciably shifted, notwithstanding the vehement attacks made by euhemerists like Sir William Ridgeway on the theories of which Sir James Frazer remains the great exponent. To *littérateurs* of the older school it may seem the height of madness that one should study the barbarous practices of primitive peoples to obtain a clearer insight into matters religious, literary and sociological, but even in the present stage of our knowledge, with plenty of questions still unan-

swered and plenty of points unelucidated, such studies have already yielded splendid results.

Miss Harrison's *Epilegomena* — the *Prolegomena* appeared as early as 1903¹⁾ — consist of three chapters, which, besides giving the gist of her previous works on Greek religion, contain some new material based on the recent psychological work of Jung and Freud. The first chapter deals with primitive ritual, including the important initiation ceremonies and the fertility play, the second with primitive theology ('what ritual expresses in action theology utters in concomitant representation'), the third with the author's conception of *The Religion of To-day* ('via crucis via lucis') 'The instincts are good and remain the prime motors to thought. The personal emotions are good, the best of which the spiritually undeveloped are capable, yet in the exercise of these you but strengthen your selfhood. But in science, that is the disinterested search after truth, in art which is creative self-absorption, you lose yourself in something bigger and more permanent and these henceforth rank as of the highest religious value.'

W. v. D.

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POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

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The Veil and other Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, viii. + 92 pp. Constable. 6s.

An English Anthology of Prose and Verse. By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. Dent. 1921. 10/6 n.

¹⁾ The book, which is out of print, appears to be hardly known in Holland. There is a copy in de *Koninklijke Bibliotheek*, The Hague; there is none in the library of Amsterdam University, which, however, boasts of a complete third edition of *The Golden Bough*.

An Anthology of Recent Poetry. Compiled by L. D'O. WALTERS. Harrap, 1920. 10/6 net. [A review will appear.]

A Book of English Verse on Infancy and Childhood. Chosen by L. S. WOOD. Macmillan, 1921. 3/6 net.

A Book of Women's Verse. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay, by J. C. SQUIRE. Clarendon Press, 1921. 7/6 net.

Modern American Poetry. By L. UNTERMEYER. An Anthology of Verse by some 100 writers from 1830 to the present day. New York, Harcourt; London, Jonathan Cape, 1921. 8/6 net. [A review will appear.]

English Prose. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK. In five volumes. Volume III. Walpole to Lamb. (The World's Classics Series.) $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4$. x. + 552 pp. Milford. 2s. 6d. n.

The Scottish Chiefs. By JANE PORTER. Edited by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and NORA A. SMITH. Illustrated by N. C. WYETH. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, xvi. + 503 p.p. Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.

A Christmas Carol in Prose. By CHARLES DICKENS. With an introduction and notes by E. KRUSINGA. 2nd edition. Kemink, 1921. f 1.60.

To Let. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann, 1921. 7/— net.

The Confession of Ursula Trent: Ten Years of a Woman's Life. By W. L. GEORGE. Chapman & Hall, 1921. 8/6 net.

Crome Yellow. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto & Windus, 1921. 7/6 net.

The Young Enchanted. A Romantic Story. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan, 1921. 8/6 n.

Coquette. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Methuen, 1921. 7/6 net.

Joanna Godden. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. 316 pp. Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Waddington of Wyck. By MAY SINCLAIR. Cassell, 1921. 7/6 net.

Rich Relatives. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 301 p.p. Martin Secker. 9s. net.

Jurgen: A Comedy of Justice. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. With Illustrations by Frank C. Papé and an Introduction by Hugh Walpole. John Lane, 1921. 25/— net.

Romeo and Juliet. A photographic reproduction of Luigi da Porto's prose version of "Romeo and Giulietta", dated 1535, being the original source of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. With a literal translation into English from the Italian. Also a photographic reproduction of the 1539 edition. With full bibliography and introductory remarks by MAURICE JONAS. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$, Davis and Orioli. 21s. net.

The translation is made from the edition of 1535 in the British Museum; the 1539 facsimile from a copy in the possession of the author.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUGH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press, 1921. Cloth, 8/— net; Leather, 10/6 net.

The Captives, or The Lost Recovered. Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by ALEXANDER CORBIN JUDSON. $9 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, 175 pp. Newhaven: Yale University Press. London: Milford. 1921. 12s. 6d. net.

The text of *The Captives* was first printed by the late A. H. Bullen (who found the MS.) in 1885 in a limited edition. Mr. Judson, working from a photograph of the manuscript, has been able to decipher several passages of the difficult handwriting which baffled Mr. Bullen and to offer various alternative readings. These, together with a critical introduction and notes, are published, in a very attractively got-up volume, under the auspices of the Elizabethan Club, Yale University. [T.]

The Rehearsal: a comedy by GEORGE VILLIERS, 2nd Duke of Buckingham. Edited with introduction and notes by CHARLES PERROMAT. [Privately printed; to be consulted at the Sorbonne Library.]

Restoration Comedies. With an Introduction and Notes by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. Jonathan Cape. 1921. 15s. net.

Gruach and Britain's Daughter. Two plays by GORDON BOTTOMLEY. 9×7 , 124 pp. Constable. 15s. net.

The Plays of Hubert Henry Davies. With an introduction by HUGH WALPOLE. In two volumes. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, Vol. I., xxi. + 282 pp.; Vol. II., 287 pp. Chatto and Windus. 15s. net each.

Hubert Henry Davies, author of the well-known comedies, *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace*, *Cousin Kate*, *Captain Drew on Leave*, and *The Mollusc*, was born in 1869 and died in 1917, after strenuous war-work at hospitals in Paris and elsewhere. [T.]

The Old Lady Shows Her Medals. By J. M. BARRIE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. 168 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.

Four of Sir James Barrie's War Plays.

Six Short Plays by JOHN GALSWORTHY. Duckworth, 1921. 5/- net. [A review will appear.]

Oliver Cromwell. A play by JOHN DRINKWATER. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 80 pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

Four Plays for Dancers. By W. B. YEATS. With illustrations by Edmund Dulac. Macmillan, 1921.

If. A play in four acts. By LORD DUNSANY. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$, 160 pp. Putnams. 3s. 6d. n.

The play running until October 29 at the Ambassadors Theatre.

The Cockpit. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Romantic drama in three acts. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 258 pp. Heinemann. 5s. net.

A drama of the friction of races in the old world, following on the author's well-known drama on the fusion of races in the New World called, *The Melting Pot*. [T]

Possession: A peep-show in Paradise. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$, 62 pp. Jonathan Cape. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net.

This was first published in a limited edition at 7s. 6d.

Tales, Songs, and Plays of the Ridings. Being the collected dialect works of the late F. W. MOORMAN. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 336 pp. Elkin Mathews. 9s. net.

The late Professor Moorman's Yorkshire dialect writings gained him a sure reputation; and many will be glad to have bound up in one volume his "Tales of the Ridings" (with Professor Vaughan's Memoir, 1920), "More Tales of the Ridings" (1920), "Songs of the Ridings" (1918), and "Plays of the Ridings" (1919). [T.]

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HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

Beowulf. An introduction to the study of the poem, with a discussion of the stories of Offa and Finn. By R. W. CHAMBERS. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, xii. + 417 pp. Cambridge University Press. 30s. net.

A substantial investigation of the whole problem of this unique Anglo-Saxon MS, discussing the various theories of the origin, date, and structure of the poem with much learning, and bringing a mass of documentary evidence to bear upon the question. There is an elaborate bibliography and eight illustrative plates. A review will appear.

A Short History of English Literature. By ARCHIBALD T. STRONG, Associate-Professor of English language and literature in the University of Melbourne. Milford, 1921. Cr. 8vo cloth, pp. xii. + 404. 8/6 net.

Poetic Origins and the Ballad. By LOUISE POUND. Macmillan Cy., 1921. \$ 2.50. [A review will appear.]

English Pageantry. By R. WITHINGTON. 2 vols. I, with 13 full-page illustrations, cr. 4to 17/- net. II, with 21 illustrations, 8vo. 25/- net. Milford, 1921. For Harvard Univ. Press.

Carols. Their origin, music, and connection with mystery-plays. By WILLIAM J. PHILLIPS. With a foreword by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$, xv. + 134 pp. Routledge. 6s. net.

The Laureateship. A study of the office of Poet Laureate in England with some account of the poets. By EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$, vii. + 239 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 15s. net.

Le Morte d'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory. A study of the book and its sources. B. VIDA D. SCUDDER. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, xii. + 430 pp. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

By an American professor of English Literature (Wellesley College).

Tudor Ideals. By LEWIS EINSTEIN. Bell and Sons, 1921. 14/- net.

Shakespeare's Treatment of Love and Marriage, and other essays. By C. H. HERFORD. 9×6 , 201 pp. Fisher Unwin, 1921. 10s. 6d. net.

Giovanni Florio; un apôtre de la Renaissance en Angleterre à l'époque de Shakespeare. Par LONGWORTH CHAMBRUN. Paris, Payot, 1921. 20 fr. [A review will appear.]

Literary Culture in Early New England, 1620-1730. By F. G. WRIGHT. 8vo. pp. 322. Oxford University Press, 1921. 25 s. net.

William Wycherley, sa vie, son oeuvre. Par CHARLES PERROMAT. Paris, Félix Alcan, 1921.

Life and Letters of John Gay. (1685-1732.) By LEWIS MELVILLE. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, xii. + 167 pp. Daniel O'Connor. 8s. 6d. net.

Matthew Prior: a study of his public career and correspondence. By L. G. WICKHAM LEGG. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 6, x. × 348 pp. Cambridge University Press, 1921.

The Abbé Prévost and English literature. By G. R. HAVENS. Princeton, University Press, and Paris, Champion, 1921.

England and the Englishman in German literature of the eighteenth century. By J. A. KELLY. New York, Columbia University Press, 1921.

The Life of William Cowper. By THOMAS WRIGHT. Second Edition. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, viii. + 168 pp. Farncombe. 12s. 6d. net.

First published 1892. Much new matter has come to hand since then: particularly many letters — those which Mr. Wright included in his four-volume work "The Correspondence of William Cowper" and others. [T.]

La poésie de la nuit et des tombeaux en Europe au XVIIIe siècle. Par P. VAN TIEGHEM. Paris, Rieder, 1921.

The Truth about Burns. By D. McNAUGHT. 8 × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$, xi. + 246 pp. Glasgow: Maclehose Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. McNaught is the editor of the *Burns Chronicle*, and in this condensed biography he gathers together evidence which has appeared in its columns. [T.]

Ann Radcliffe, in Relation to her Time. By CLARA F. McINTYRE. Yale Studies in English. 10. 62. Oxford University Press, 1921. 8vo. pp. 108. 6s. 6d. net.

The Early Life of William Wordsworth. By EMILE LEGOUIS. Translated by J. W. MATHEWS. Dent. 10/6 net.

Lord Byron, Arnold, and Swinburne. By PROFESSOR H. J. C. GRIERSON. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 6, 31 pp. Humphrey Milford. 2s. net.

This is the Warton Lecture on English Poetry. It is a critical appreciation, by a warm admirer, of the poetry of Byron, starting from the pronouncement made by Matthew Arnold in 1881 in his "Poetry of Byron"; that "Wordsworth and Byron stand first and pre-eminent in actual performance, a glorious pair, among the English poets of this century" — a pronouncement in reply to which Swinburne championed the names of Coleridge and Shelley. [T.]

Byron. Par PAUL DE REUL. Professeur à l'Université de Bruxelles. (Extrait de la Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles. Mai-Juin, 1921.) [A review will appear.]

Le Centenaire de Keats. Par PAUL DE REUL. (Extrait du *Flambeau*, Nov. 1921.) Bruxelles, 1921. [A review will appear.]

PEACOCK'S *Four Ages of Poetry*. — SHELLEY'S *Defence of Poetry*. — BROWNING'S *Essay on Shelley*. — Edited by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH. 7 $\frac{7}{8}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{8}$, xxxiii. + 112 pp. Basil Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.

The editor claims that this is the first time Peacock's "Four Ages of Poetry" (1820) has been published in one volume with Shelley's answer, "The Defence of Poetry" (1840). Browning's "Essay on Shelley", which is here appended, was printed in 1852 as an introduction to a volume of alleged Shelley letters, published in good faith by Edward Moxon, which were afterwards shown to be, all but two of them, forgeries. Introduction, bibliographical notes, and explanatory notes, 20 pp. [T.]

Three Studies in Shelley. And an essay on nature in Wordsworth and Meredith. By RICHARD T. STRONG. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 6. 189 pp. Milford. 10s. 6d. net.

The Formation of Tennyson's Style. A study, primarily, of the versification of the early poems. By J. F. A. PYRE, Associate Professor of English. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, 252 pp. Madison: University of Wisconsin.

Die Englische Literatur der Neuesten Zeit, von Dickens bis Shaw. Von DR. LEON KELLNER. Leipzig, Tauchnitz, 1921. [A review will appear.]

Samuel Butler: A Sketch by HENRY FESTING JONES. 7 × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 60 pp. Jonathan Cape. 2s. 6d. n.

This little book by the author of "Samuel Butler: A Memoir" belongs to "the Life and Colour Series". The sketch first appeared in "The Humour of Homer and Other Essays," 1913.

Memories and Notes of Persons and Places, 1852-1912. By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN. 9 × 6, 7 pp. Arnold. 18s. n.

Thomas Hardy. Poet and Novelist. By SAMUEL C. CHEW. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 4 $\frac{1}{4}$, viii. + 257 pp. Pennsylvania: Bryn Mawr College. Longmans. \$ 1.50.

One of the (American) "Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs by the Professor of English Literature in Bryn Mawr College."

Thomas Hardy. A study of Wessex novels. Second edition, with an appendix on the Poems and *The Dynasts* by H. C. DUFFIN. 7½ × 5, 240 pp. Manchester: University Press. London: Longmans. 7s. 8d. n.

First edition 1916

Bibliographies of Modern Authors. By HENRY DANIELSON. 9 × 6, xi. + 211 pp. *The Bookman's Journal*. 12s. 6d. n.

Most of this appeared in the *Bookman's Journal*. It gives collations of the first editions of Max Beerstein, Rupert Brooke, H. Cuckanorpe, W. de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Lord Dunsany, J. E. Peacock, Gissing, Ledwidge, Compton Mackenzie, Masfield, L. Merrick, R. Middleton, Arthur Symonds, and Hugh Walpole. [T.]

Bibliographies of Modern Authors. No. 3: George Moore. 7¼ × 5¾, 13 pp. Leslie Chaundy. 1s. 6d. net.

This is based on a bibliography which appeared in the *London Mercury*.

Le Roman Anglais de notre Temps. By ABEL CHEVALLEY. 7½ × 5¼, xii. + 256 pp. Milford. 8s. 6d. net.

Euripides and Shaw, with other Essays. By GILBERT NORWOOD. 7¼ × 5¼, vii. + 226 pp. Methuen, 1921. 7s. 6d. net.

The World of the Theatre. By J. T. GREIN. Heinemann, 1921. 6/- net.

The Realm of Poetry. An introduction by STEPHEN J. BROWN S. J. Harrap, 1921. [See Review.]

More Essays on Books. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. vii. + 174 pp. Methuen. 6s. net.

A further instalment of essays which Mr. Clutton-Brock has contributed to *The Times Lit. S.*

The Second Person Singular and other essays. By ALICE MEYNELL. Milford, 1921. 6/- n.

The "other essays" include: *Strictly an Elizabethan Lyrist*, *Joanna Baillie*, *The Classic Novelist*, *Coventry Patmore*, *George Meredith*, *Pessimism in Fiction*, etc.

PERIODICALS.

Leuvensehe Bijdragen. Tijdschrift voor Moderne Philologie. XIII, 1. 1921. Includes A. J. Carnoy, The Semasiology of American and other Slangs. — Reviews.

Englische Studien. 55, 3. (Oct. 1921), H. Knüpfner, Die Anfänge der periphrastischen Komparation im englischen (Heidelberg Dissertation). — F. Kläber, Zu Byrhtnods Tod. — Eilert Ekwall, Some Notes on the History of Early English Pronunciation. — Reviews. — Notes and News.

Neuere Sprachen. XXIX, 7/8 (Oct.-Nov. 1921). Kurt Glaser, Zum bedeutungswandel im französischen. — Fritz Karpf, Syntaxstudien I (Notes on Modern English syntax, with special reference to Jespersen's *Syntax*). — Notes. — Reviews.

Beiblatt zur Anglia. 32, 12 (Dec. 1921). Reviews, including Fehr on *Trois Etudes de littérature anglaise* (Kipling, Galsworthy, Shakespeare et l'Ame anglaise) by Chevrillon.

Zeitschrift für franz. und engl. Unterricht. 20, 4. Gunther, Neusprachlicher Unterricht, schülerbibliothek und auslandskunde. — Sanftleben, Zum deutschen und fremdsprachlichen schulaufsatz. — Arns, Englische theatermissstände und reformpläne. — Notes. — Reviews. There is a note on the death of its last remaining editor Professor Kaluza by his successor Dr. Hermann Jantzen.

Modern Language Notes. XXXVI, 8. Dec. 1921. R. C. Williams, Metrical Form of the Epic, as discussed by 16th century critics. — G. Guillaume, The Prologues of *Loy le Freine* and *Sir Orfeo*. — J. Hankiss, Schelandre et Shakespeare. — A. D. McKillop, Some early traces of Rabelais in English literature. — S. H. Cox, Chaucer's cheerful cynicism.

Revue de Littérature Comparée. I, 4. Oct.-Dec. 1921. A. Morel-Fatio, El puñal en la liga ("le poignard dans la jarretière"). — P. de Nolhac, Un poète rhénan ami de la Pélade. II. Paul Melissus en Italie. — P. Dimoff, Une source anglaise de l'*Invention* d'André Chénier. — H. Tronchon, Herder et Lamartine. — G. Roth Kirke White et "Joseph Delorme". — P. Martino, Sur deux poèmes musulmans de Leconte de Lisle.

Id. II, 1. Janvier-Mars 1922. F. Baldensperger, Où l'Orient et l'Occident s'affrontent. — P. de Nolhac, Un poète rhénan ami de la Pélade. III. Paul Melissus à Paris. — P. Toldo, Le *Moine brisé*: à propos d'un conte de Piron. — J. Lescoffier, Une adaptation de Victor Hugo par Björnson. — P. Trahard, Les sources de l'*Amour africain* dans le *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*. — Notes et Documents (including E. Allison Peers, The earliest notice of Byron in Spain).

¹ Messrs. Toubner make the welcome announcement that they have re-established fixed prices and made arrangements to enable all booksellers to deliver the books at the published prices (catalogue of July 1921). For Holland the prices are trebled (200 % 'valuta ausgleich').

Lewis Theobald.

II.

Whilst Theobald was contemplating the publication of critical and explanatory remarks upon Shakespeare in three octavo volumes at the price of one guinea, Pope's second edition of Shakespeare appeared in November 1728. Theobald's emendations had met with such a wide acceptance that Pope felt compelled to introduce some of them into the text. This he did with poor grace, failing to acknowledge some and cavilling at others. At the end of the eighth volume he made a general acknowledgment of the aid he had received from Theobald, estimating it at twenty-five words introduced into the text, and added several pages of his opponent's corrections, on the ground that if thought trivial or wrong, they could at worst spoil only half a sheet that happened to be vacant. He also brought the charge against Theobald that although he publicly advertised for the assistance of all lovers of Shakespeare, while his edition was preparing for the press, yet this critic would not communicate his notes. He ended with a slur at Theobald's ability to correct errors of the press.

The latter was not slow to reply to this misrepresentation. In a letter to the *Daily Journal*, November 26, 1728, he called to mind the assurance he gave in *Mist's Journal* that he would be able to give over five hundred emendations that Pope and all his assistants would miss. He claimed that instead of Pope's accepting twenty-five of his readings, he had really adopted about one hundred.¹⁾ He proceeded to name, negatively, five qualities of an editor of Shakespeare: industry in collating, knowledge of history, knowledge of modern tongues, judgment in digesting text, and judgment in restoring it. Pope's deficiency in all these made him absolutely unequal to the task of editing. He also proved his assertion by citing examples where Pope had failed in each of the stated qualities. As regards Pope's complaint of his not communicating his notes, he said he considered it rash to bestow the labour of twelve years' study upon a bookseller to whom he owed no obligations, or an editor who was likely to prove thankless.

Notwithstanding the emendations he contributed at various times to periodicals, Theobald found time in 1728 for two other undertakings. One was an edition of Wycherly's posthumous works; the other was in the form of notes contributed to Cooke's translation of Hesiod. This last represents Theobald's first attempt at textual criticism in the classics. It also shows the regard his friends had for his scholarship not only in English but also in Latin and Greek. Even his enemies admitted his scholarship. Pope objected to him because he was a scholar. Scholarship and scientific investigation, from the time of the controversy between the ancients and moderns until after Pope's death, were looked upon almost as crimes by the poets. Cooke is very grateful to Theobald for his aid, and carefully distinguishes all the remarks of Theobald and other friends from his own. (In a note on *the Dunciad* Pope speaks of these notes as having been carefully owned by Theobald. The latter however had nothing to do with the owning: Cooke, like Theobald and unlike Pope, was scrupulous in giving credit for all assistance. This is an instance, among the many others, of Pope's backbiting and scurrility.)

¹⁾ L'histoire se répète. Think of the contention between Prof. Is. van Dijk and Mr. F. Kloos about the *Imitatio Christi*.

Early in 1729 Theobald began his correspondence with Warburton. The exchange of letters was very frequent up to the end of 1731, and continued with diminishing frequency until the spring of 1736, when it was broken off under circumstances hardly creditable to Warburton. In these letters Theobald and his friend exchanged their remarks and conjectures on Shakespeare and gave their opinions of them. In April of the same year *The Dunciad Variorum* made its appearance. To quote the whole title would take too much space, but never had an English work been issued into the world with all the elaborate paraphernalia common to the much satirized editions of the classics.¹⁾ Indeed, Pope seems to be intending a satiric thrust at them; the fact that he first planned the notes to be in Latin gives evidence of some such intent. But the real purpose of all this heterogeneous matter was to justify *The Dunciad* and continue the satire on its victims. Several misrepresentations of Theobald are given. Here are a few of them. In the single note giving his life there are no less than five. Pope speaks of Theobald praising his own productions in anonymous letters to *Mist's Journal*, for which statement there is no foundation. He makes Theobald the author of a communication to the same journal, June 8, 1728, which claimed there was no flaw in *Shakespeare Restored*; but the "wit" has nothing upon which to base his assertion. He repeats the accusation made at the end of his second edition of Shakespeare that Theobald concealed his design on the dramatist until after Pope's edition. He adds, however, that satisfaction had been promised to those who would assist him. To make matters worse, according to his account, Theobald at that time was soliciting favours from him. Lastly, he insinuates that Theobald had a part in the cry that Pope had joined with the bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription. Theobald had formerly answered the charge about concealing his design, yet Pope quotes this same letter as admitting the indictment. Later on Theobald completely demolished the accusation of ingratitude. As for the last charge, the only basis Pope had was the *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation*, concerning the authorship of which he himself was not certain. Yet with all the elaborate commentary under which *The Dunciad* laboured the very book that was in a large way responsible for the poem was mentioned but once, viz. in the Note on l. 106, Bk. I: "What is still in memory is a piece now almost two years old; it had the title of *Shakespeare Restored*". In the poem proper references to the work are conspicuous by their absence. One passage only contains an allusion, commencing as follows:

There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains;
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.

In the notes the allusions are more numerous but still infrequent.

Most of the satire in the poem hinges on Theobald's other works. The satirist is especially severe on pantomimes in general and Theobald's in particular, mentioning by name three or four of his most popular ones. Of his translations, the *Phaedo*, *Ajax*, and *Aeschylus* are honoured, though the second Theobald probably did not write, and the last he never published.

¹⁾ There is a curious Dutch booklet of about the same period, edited in the same way, entitled *De vermakelijke slatuintjes*.

His dramas are represented by *The Persian Princess*, *The Perfidious Brother*, and a line from *Double Falshood*. *The Care of Poverty* is the only one of his poems to find a place in the satire. Then there are accusations of dulness and stupidity, party writing and ingratitude, poverty, Theobald's method and verbal criticism. Mock emendations of Virgil are scattered through the notes and gathered together in the appendix under the title of *Virgil Restored*. These, written mainly by Arbuthnot, were taken from a production of the Scriblerus Club, which was originally directed against Bentley.

As regards the purpose of *The Dunciad* even that ardent admirer of Pope, Johnson, was sceptical, as he remarks: "That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his Shakespeare, and regaining the honour which he had lost by crushing his opponent". Revenge was the poet's motive, no matter what he might say about being moved by public spirit in killing off bad writers. Why such care in seeking out and publishing the titles of all productions written against him, except to justify him in hitting back? In "A letter to the Publisher" it is frankly stated that the satire is a reply to attacks, and the author himself says that he promised to remove from *The Dunciad* any who could give him assurance "of having never writ scurrilously against him". In Pope's mind a bad writer must have been one who wrote against him. The moral idea was an afterthought, for which his rising reputation for virtue secured wide belief.

It is this variorum edition of *The Dunciad* that was largely responsible for the character of Theobald that has come down to recent times. People were prone to accept the mass of incorrect quotations and statements found in the same volume with the satire, instead of going back to the original sources. In this way they spread broadcast Pope's unjust characterization of the critic, giving as historic fact what was half the invention of the poet's malice. In short, they accepted as truth Pope's own account of *The Dunciad* and the dunces. The effect produced by this procedure, together with the slanders propagated by Warburton and supported by Johnson, was to give such a permanent character to Pope's charges as to make them pass current even to-day.

Theobald replied in a letter to *The Daily Journal*, April 17, 1729, and worthily defended himself against all the unjust allegations. Nor did he stop here, but he carried on the war into his opponent's territory. Knowing wherein his strength lay, he again calmly pointed out errors in Pope's edition of Shakespeare, duly numbered and arranged in order.

Pope at first did not find many to take up his side of the quarrel. But in 1729 Savage came under his dominion and worked most assiduously as his tool and informer. The next year *The Grub-street Journal* took up the work upon the same lines. Pope was the moving spirit of the affair: his enemies are attacked, he and his friends are handsomely praised. The former are known as "Theobaldians", "Grubeans", "Knights of the Bathos", while the latter are termed "Popeans" and "Parnassians". Some others followed in the wake of these, but they are of less significance and interest.

By 1731 the feeling against textual criticism reached such a height as to cause one scholar to lift his voice in aid and defence. This was John Jortin, a man of high character and true scholarly instincts, and his remonstrations appeared in his *Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors Ancient and Modern*, 3 vols, 1731.

The greatest injury to the science, however, came from within the ranks of the critics themselves, from the greatest of them. Early in 1732 Bentley's

remarkable edition of Milton appeared. To justify the many violent changes which he advocated, Bentley devised a theory. This theory was that Milton dictated his poem to a friend who saw it through the press. The friend was ignorant, malicious, careless, and everything else imaginable; he introduced words, lines, and passages into the text. The corruptions were then increased by the carelessness of the printers. Yet Bentley had hopes of restoring the original text by his sagacity. Fortunately he left the text as it was, putting his emendations and discussions in the margin or at the bottom of the page. The edition was, as has been formerly observed, a failure. The only evidences of the classical scholar to be found in the work are seen in the vigorous logic of some of the notes. Of poetic appreciation there is no sign anywhere. Besides some feeble praise Bentley's *Milton* gave rise to a host of objections and indignant, scoffing, and angry comments. Theobald, who before its appearance had deprecated the great scholar undertaking a work wherein the ladies and children were prepared to laugh at him, emphatically resented Bentley's new departure. So ridiculous appeared the notes to him that he feared lest they were written to ridicule the critical art. Furthermore this edition strengthened the growing tendency to associate Theobald with Bentley. Though there was some pleasure in being joined with so great a man, the *Milton* could not but cast a bad light on the coming edition of Shakespeare.

In the beginning of 1733 there appeared a poem entitled *Of Verbal Criticism*. While the title would suggest a general satire on the science, the attacks are made almost entirely against Bentley and Theobald. In Bentley the author, David Mallet, sees the creator of the school of verbal critics, though he implies that in his edition of Milton the critic was imitating Theobald:

Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part.

On the whole the poem is a rather poor production, and there was nothing new in the attack.

In the midst of feeling engendered by attacks of this kind Theobald's edition appeared, *The Works of Shakespeare: in seven volumes. Collated with the Oldest Copies, and Corrected; with Notes explanatory and Critical*: By Mr. Theobald. London MDCCXXXIII. The edition did not appear until January, 1734, and it was successful in spite of all attacks, and this can point only to one conclusion, namely that in spite of sundry belated attacks and slanders by Pope and others the victory of Bentley and Theobald against the poets and wits had been won, so that at the end of the century Porson could claim for verbal criticism a high place in the activities of man.

Meanwhile Theobald had failed in his candidacy for the laureateship in December 1730, his purpose in seeking the position being to get a competence that would permit him to pursue his work on Shakespeare unhampered by financial cares. And although he enjoyed the favour of Walpole, and this nobleman remained his friend for some time after the appearance of his *Shakespeare*, he was never granted what he so much wished, — a pension.

Whilst preparing his edition of Shakespeare Theobald was also writing for the stage. From all these literary occupations it will be obvious that his legal profession was not very exacting; yet it required a certain amount of time. In the beginning of 1730 he was hard at work upon his *Orestes*. Though styled an opera, the production is really a drama, enlivened by a few songs and dances. Theobald confessed to Warburton that in the play he imitated Shakespeare, especially *Macbeth* and *Lear*; it might also be noted that some passages show the influence of Aeschylus. While not extraordinarily successful, the play was by no means a failure.

In spite of all his efforts, there is no doubt that at times Theobald keenly felt the pinch of poverty, and this period in particular marks the low ebb of his affairs. He more than once had the greatest difficulty to make both ends meet, and toward the end of 1731 he communicates his hardships to Warburton. Such was the condition of the man whom Pope was pursuing with a cold and relentless malice. As for the "one sincere and cordial friend", as Theobald had styled Warburton a short time before, who was at the time enjoying a comfortable living at Newark in Nottinghamshire, this same divine a few years later begrudged his friend the profits of his edition, and still later joined in the chorus of detraction and falsehood from which Theobald's reputation has so long suffered. Honest, confiding Theobald, to be thus ill-treated by an invidious poet and a jealous preacher of the Gospel!

But soon prospects began to look brighter, owing in some degree to the patronage of John Boyle, Earl of Orrery. The earl's father, who had nominally been Bentley's chief opponent in the famous Phalaris controversy, had been Theobald's patron in the past, and to him the scholar had dedicated several of his early productions. In March the earl placed his father's letters in Theobald's hands to be regulated. The late earl had been ambassador at Brussels during the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, so that the correspondence represented letters from many of the greatest men of that time. Especially was Theobald delighted with the correspondence of Bolingbroke, who did not confine himself to state affairs. The time required for this task detracted from Theobald's study but aided his finances. A month or two later he addressed *An Epistle* to Orrery devoted mainly to praise of the earl's father, which verses Theobald said his patron made golden for him. The epistle is to be found in Appendix C, p. 302 sqq.; it is the usual, conventional stuff. The dedication of all seven volumes of the edition of Shakespeare to the lord was the final form Theobald's gratitude took, and for this he was handsomely rewarded.

Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was slow in making its appearance. This was owing to several delays, the principal being that the publisher, Tonson, wished the remainder of Pope's edition being sold before he threw a new one upon the market. Also Theobald had several remonstrations with Warburton concerning the preface. When the latter had heard that an agreement had been reached with Tonson, he expressed anxiety as to the preface the editor might prefix to the production. There seems no reason to doubt that the egotistical clergyman had designs on that part of the work. From all that is known about the agreement between the editor and the publisher it may be safely inferred that Theobald profited to the extent of 1100 guineas by his edition. When to this sum there are added the 100 guineas he received from Lord Orrery for the dedication, and the twenty pounds from the Prince of Wales for his set, no one can complain that Theobald did not receive adequate compensation. At least he obtained more for his work than any editor of Shakespeare, with the barely possible exception of Johnson. (Pope had received £ 215 for his edition.)

As soon as Warburton saw the printed preface, he at once informed the editor that it contained passages which his friends knew to be his. It is not improbable that he was trying to force Theobald to make a public acknowledgment of his assistance, as indeed the editor might have done. If this as his intent, he was unsuccessful, for Theobald replied, with unnecessary modesty for himself and unwarrantable admiration for his friend, "Let those acquainted Friends frankly know, I embraced them in a just preference what I could myself produce on the subject." Then he adds, as if divining

Warburton's motive, "Nor would I have chose tacitly to usurp the Reputation of them, but as I formerly hinted, and you joined with me in sentiment, it would have looked too poor to have confessed Assistance towards so slight a Fabrick as my Preface".

Yet Warburton was not content to let his part in the performance go unrecorded. In his copy of Theobald's Shakespeare he marked all the passages which he considered his own. Upon this basis D. Nicol Smith in his *Eighteenth-century Essays on Shakespeare*, 1903, accuses Theobald of dulness and theft, the first because he called upon his friend for assistance, the second because he did not publicly acknowledge that assistance. But according to the author of the book under review it was only an habitual lack of self-confidence and a greatly exaggerated idea of his friend's ability that made Theobald quick to take advantage of the insinuated offer of help. As for "theft", if the accepting what is freely given, with the mutual understanding that no open acknowledgment can be made, comes under that head, he is guilty. And, adds Dr. Jones, from our point of view the editor should not have taken credit for what was not his, but some term other than the one given above must be used to express the fault. As for myself, I believe Theobald was too artless, too unsophisticated, and too unsuspecting to believe he was doing wrong in including observations of his friend in his edition. Theobald and Warburton had exchanged thoughts, remarks, and views upon Shakespeare, and I venture to say the gain and the instruction in this intercourse was greater on the side of the latter than of the former.

However this may be, after his break with his friend, it would appear that Theobald in his later editions omitted all the passages not his own. There is also sufficient reason for believing that Warburton claimed more than his share really had been. One instance, in another respect, of Warburton's mode of dealing with Theobald. Theobald had, *under Warburton's approval and encouragement*, inserted some Greek conjectures at the end of his preface. A little over a year after he broke with Theobald Warburton mentioned in a letter to the Rev. Thomas Birch "the foolish Greek conjectures" of the preface. Here all comment seems needless and superfluous. And then to know that actually the preface closes with an acknowledgment of assistance, in which Theobald is especially eulogistic of Warburton.

Theobald realized that it was incumbent upon an editor to be thorough in whatever he undertook. Not only was he the first to insist that the editor of an English classic had any duties at all; he was the first to analyze the work to be done. In his preface he divides an editor's province into three divisions: the emendations of corrupt passages; the explanation of obscure or difficult ones; and an inquiry into the beauties and defects of composition. This last, more strictly termed "literary criticism", he hinted, did not necessarily belong to an editor, and since it required no special qualifications of learning, was open to all who were willing. What Theobald was concerned with — what every editor is primarily pledged to — was to give the best text possible illuminated with all necessary explanations. By emendation he meant not only correcting by conjecture, but also the restoring, by collation, of a better variant reading. His notes prove him familiar with the works of Marlowe, Kyd, Jonson, Chapman, Heywood, Dekker, Marston, Webster, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, to say nothing of the number of anonymous plays he has occasion to mention. Particularly numerous are his references to the many plays of Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. Moreover, he was a diligent reader of a different species of literature. The antiquaries Stowe, Camden, and Dugdale he used to good advantage.

Besides the chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, he was familiar with such semi-historical works as Hakluyt's voyages. Lydgate and Caxton were known to him, though he seems to have been ignorant of Gower. With Chaucer and Spenser he was intimately acquainted, and, in a much less degree, with the sixteenth-century lyricists such as Wyatt, Surrey, Daniel, and Lodge. As Theobald widened his knowledge of the literature around Shakespeare his belief in the poet's learning was considerably shaken, and he became convinced that Shakespeare must have worked more from translations than from the original classic authors. The secret of his method was the insistence on proof for any conclusion. This is the method of the true scholar, one who loves "to go thorough-stitch" (an expression of Theobald himself) with whatever he takes in hand.

The similarity between the Boyle-Bentley and Pope-Theobald controversies was not merely superficial. Pope's edition of Shakespeare and Boyle's edition of Phalaris were both examples of careless scholarship and insufficient and nexact research. Furthermore Boyle's counter-attack on Bentley entitled *Examination of Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris* (on which, properly speaking, several authors had been working), bears a close resemblance to *The Dunciad*, for though he attempts a serious defence, differing therein from Pope, it is plain to see that Boyle's main reliance is upon banter and satire, the last resort of careless study exposed to the relentless attacks of careful scholarship. Even the accusations remind one of Pope's satire — pedantry, insistence on trifles, out-of-the-way reading. Nor did satire suffice, for Boyle's malice went so far as to deal in misquotation and false statements, though hardly to the degree reached by Pope.

Theobald's edition and Bentley's second dissertation are, of course, works of different natures, but the spirit animating them and, in a general way, some of the methods employed are similar. They both represent the effort of true scholars, by reliance upon fact, proof, and authority, to silence forever the arguments of inaccurate investigation and malicious satire. The authors are vitally concerned, not so much in gaining the victory, as in ascertaining the truth.

The manner of producing evidence and the amount and widely diverse sources of proof are seen in the handling of detached questions. One example will suffice. Boyle and Pope had fallen foul of certain expressions their opponents had used: Boyle objected to Bentley's "first inventor", and Pope to a line of the *Double Falshood* satirized in *The Dunciad*. Never did the dicule of two wits receive such a severe jar from the cold array of evidence presented against them. The classical scholar proceeded to give passages from Terence, Lucretius, Pindar, Herodotus, Plato, and a Greek inscription, while Theobald was not far behind with quotations from Plautus, Livid, Seneca, Terence, Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher.

Theobald is *facile princeps* of all emenders of the text. Slight corrections eliminated, there remain some four hundred and twenty nine emendations of which he had to rely upon his genius and learning alone. Of these one hundred and fifty have been accepted, so that a little less than thirty-seven per cent of his corrections have stood the test of time and the scrutiny of scholars.

When consideration is paid to the large number of corrections attempted and the almost total obscurity of many of the corrupt passages, this percentage is amazing. Certainly no other corrector, either in English or the classics, can boast such a high ratio of accepted readings. Bentley falls far short of the mark. Warburton, who, according to Johnson, supplied Theobald with

the best part of his emendations, was successful in only thirteen per cent of those substitutions which Theobald saw fit to introduce into his edition. Undoubtedly the percentage would be much lower, had not the bishop's notes passed through his friend's sifting hands, so that only the more probable corrections were given to the public. These numbered one hundred and thirty-five, thirty-six of which the editor refused to insert in the text. Theobald's judgment in rejecting, if not in selecting, his assistant's notes is vindicated by the fact that only one of the thirty-six has been accepted. Still there are some critics who look upon Warburton as Theobald's guardian angel, saving him from himself.

Besides his emendations, Theobald often restored the text and defended variant readings where Pope had either emended the text or chosen the inferior reading. This he did in some two hundred places; in a score of places he rescued whole lines and even passages from the old editions. In a large number of places he restored stage directions, gave lines to their proper speakers, and in four plays introduced new act divisions, half of which have been accepted. His changes in punctuation are innumerable, ranging from the most trifling alteration to corrections that restore meaning to unintelligible lines. Explanatory notes clearing up obscure and difficult passages amount to well over two hundred, nearly forty of which Warburton supplied. These notes reveal, perhaps even more than his emendations, Theobald's wide reading and diligent research in the literature of his author's age. But not only in those particulars that most closely concern an editor was Theobald interested; unlike previous editors, he showed a curiosity in that threefold field of research that has since engaged the activities of so many scholars — the chronology, authorship, and sources of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. As regards the authorship of some of the doubtful plays, Theobald stated opinions that curiously enough coincide with many of the conclusions of modern scholarship. The grounds for this statement and the examples given the reader should peruse for himself, as I perceive this article is expanding to an alarming bulk. Further on the author recalls a saying of Kenrick to the following effect: "Though Dr. Johnson hath made very few discoveries of his own, he hath discovered the method of making more of Theobald's at second hand, than ever the author could do when they were spick and span new".¹⁾ And later on the author says, speaking of Theobald's search for songs of Lodge: "Fortunately for Johnson, Theobald did not succeed in his search for Lodge's *Rosalinde*, while the later critic, following the path so clearly pointed out by the man he slandered, met with success".

As no human work is quite perfect, so Theobald's edition also has its faults. These defects Professor Lounsbury has clearly stated in his *Text of Shakespeare*, Chapter XXIV. Some were due to personal whim, such as the failure to number scenes. Others were occasioned by the eccentricities of the times in which he lived. These are chiefly the tendency to emend too much and the proneness to show erudition. Bentley, guilty of both, had set the fashion for his age. When compared with many of the scholars of his time, Theobald appears conservative in his conjectures and modest in his citations. His willingness to emend, however, caused him in some cases to miss the obvious meaning of passages, and in others to make good his lack of knowledge by conjecture. What might be called another blemish of his work was his treatment of Pope, who however got his deserts and had

¹⁾ *A Review of Doctor Johnson's New Edition of Shakespeare by W. Kenrick, 1765*

nothing to complain of as he had reviled and provoked Theobald in an unprecedented way. Furthermore, Theobald's accusations of incompetency and carelessness were almost as universally true as Pope's were false.

The most reprehensible defect in the edition was the tacit adoption of many of Pope's metrical emendations. The poet had sought to improve Shakespeare's versification by reducing the lines to eighteenth-century regularity. In the majority of cases Theobald followed him, although knowing, and indeed stating, some of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's verse and pronunciation, as well as reproving Pope for his ignorance of these peculiarities and his attempt to make the verse smooth.

The faults of Theobald's edition seem trivial when compared with the difficulties he encountered. His study was hampered by the misfortunes and hardships with which his life was beset. The aids to research were few and scattered. As there were no large libraries where material could be found, he had to rely upon his friends and the booksellers for the accumulation of an *apparatus criticus*. Dictionaries and books of reference were both few and unreliable, while there was little previous research from which to obtain aid. Though he had the advantage of being the first to enter an almost unexplored field, yet he had not the advantage of approaching the text with that wealth of sympathetic intelligence that centuries of study have given to modern scholars. The great difficulty, however, lay in finding a method. As scholarly methods had not been employed on England's literature, he was forced to adapt to an English text the method employed by Bentley in the classics. This duty he performed so effectively that he blazed the trail succeeding editors have always followed.

Thus far I have pursued the account of Dr. Jones' book to the end of the fifth chapter, which is the most interesting part. Two chapters are following entitled respectively "Theobald's Later Life" and "The Progress of the Method".

All in all, the years immediately following his edition were the brightest of his career, and this period also marks a renewal of his interest in the classics. He supplied notes to Cooke's *Hesiod*, and contributed three papers of classical observations to Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations*. Furthermore he was working on editions of Aeschylus and Hesychius, which, however, never appeared. Dr. Jones cherishes the belief that, had his work on these classics been put before the public, the editor of Shakespeare would have occupied a creditable position among the classical scholars of the eighteenth century. This opinion is borne out by the fact that Middleton enlisted in Theobald's services, and it testifies to the high regard in which his scholarship was held by contemporaries.

In the midst of his ambitious projects there came what must have been a grievous disappointment and a real injury. Revealing at last his true nature Warburton broke off the friendship under circumstances by no means creditable to the divine. Theobald's failure to publish all of his assistant's notes was the chief irritant to Warburton's pride, and also it seems the latter expected some financial remuneration for his aid. But as Dr. Jones remarks, the avaricious critic, who was fully cognizant of Theobald's financial straits, to begrudge his friend the profits of his edition while he himself was enjoying a comfortable living, was certainly not becoming a Christian, much less a clergyman. Theobald had made a most handsome acknowledgment of Warburton's services in his preface, while in the body of the work each note belonging to the other was acknowledged with high praise. Furthermore, he was eager to repay his debt in kind. When he first heard

of the other critic's intention of editing *Paterculus*, he rejoiced in the undertaking and assured him that when Shakespeare was off his hands, he would repay the least parts of his debt by perusing the Latin author to find corruptions, a task he would embrace with great satisfaction. In his subsequent correspondence he frequently mentioned Warburton's design, at the same time sending him such notes and transcripts as he thought might be helpful.

Warburton's part in the disagreement was nothing short of contemptible. Two or three years later he was to be on intimate terms with the man who had abused his friend. Not only that, he himself was to slander that friend who had always dealt honourably by him, a friend who, though suffering grievous injuries at his hands and placed in a position to make things very unpleasant for Pope and his newly acquired champion, maintained a high-minded silence.

From this time on there is little to be found on Theobald's life. His reputation as a scholar did not decline; in 1740 appeared the second edition of his *Shakespeare* in eight volumes, from which those notes and parts of the preface which he owed to his former assistant were excluded. He also omitted the conclusion of the preface, in which he had acknowledged the assistance he had received, and had mentioned the works read in the preparation of the edition.

Probably the pressure of finances incited him to attempt his last critical work. In 1742 he entered into an agreement with the Tonsons to edit the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, upon which he had been working for fifteen years. In this undertaking he was aided by Thomas Seward and a Mr. Sympson, but neither of them was able to render very valuable assistance. Trouble having arisen as soon as the first volume had been printed owing to Theobald's unwillingness to admit notes that did not meet with his approval, the edition did not appear until 1750, six years after Theobald's death. He had edited the entire first volume, the second to p. 233, and the third to p. 69. There were ten volumes in all, and it soon appeared Messrs. Seward and Sympson were poor editors compared to Theobald.

Of Theobald's last days nothing is known except that they were embittered by a severe disease. After suffering from a jaundice for several months, he met a peaceful death on Sept. 18, 1744. Two days later he was buried in St. Pancras cemetery, attended by one friend.

Well might people have said "here cracks a noble heart", as there is little to blame and much to praise in Theobald's life. Continually battling against adversity, the disheartening demands of poverty, and the cruel attacks of Pope, he bravely struggled through the task he had set himself. Sensitive, modest, lacking in self-confidence, his nature was all the more open to the thrusts of satire and the falsehoods of malice. Though for the most part suffering in silence and passing over with manly dignity the libels and abuse of his adversary, at times he showed a seeming vindictiveness, which, after all, was but the natural reaction of an oversensitive and underconfident nature to almost unendurable taunts. Even then he took no mean advantage; he indulged in no falsehood; he attacked only what was manifestly reprehensible. He made by far the best figure in the *Dunciad* war. In the midst of all the dirt and filth thrown up by both sides, he alone was free from stooping. Sympathetic, liberal, true to his friends, it is not strange that they so anxiously defended him. Only one proved recreant. Possibly it would be hard to find in history a man who has suffered more injustice at the hands of posterity.

Theobald's *Shakespeare Restored* and his edition of the dramatist mark a beginning of an epoch in English scholarship just as plainly as the *Epistle to Mill* and the *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris* mark a new era in classical research. The importance of Theobald's work lies in the fact that it inspired scholars with an interest in their native literature, created a demand for critical editions of English poets, and made popular a method which, with amplifications and modifications, has come down to the present day.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the service Theobald did for research in English literature when he turned the attention of scholars to a new field of investigation, a field that had either been unnoticed or scorned before. As long as editing remained in the hands of poets who were not scholars, there was no hope for any critical work. It was Pope's fame and not the worth of his edition that increased the interest already felt in Shakespeare. The merits of the work attracted no scholar, created no interest in the text. Its defects aroused Theobald, but Pope can be given no more praise for that result than can be granted Boyle for Bentley's *Dissertation*. Had not the scholar reviewed the poet's edition, textual criticism in the great dramatist could hardly have been awakened. The attention of scholars was turned not only to the Shakespearean text but also to the text of other English poets. There gradually arose a demand for critical editions, and the incentive of praise, so powerful before in producing editions of the classics, prompted scholars to undertake English poets.

While the impulse to edit Shakespeare came from Theobald directly or indirectly, the editors immediately following him did not show much familiarity with his method. Hanmer followed Pope, but used some of Theobald's material. Warburton contented himself with his former friend's collation, and stole from him to add to his own frequently absurd notes. And Johnson, intent on his common sense remarks, did not advance collation or investigation very far. With the later editors of Shakespeare, however, the case is different: "So far as any later editor achieved success," says Prof. Lounsbury, "it was by following and improving upon the methods which Theobald had adopted."¹) A few examples, of eighteenth century criticism, will suffice, the more as Theobald had a posthumous hand in one of them. The first critical edition of Ben Jonson appeared in 1756, twelve years after Theobald's death. The editor, Peter Whalley, makes several remarks on how to handle the text, which read so much like those given by Theobald that it is difficult not to suppose that his preface was largely modelled upon the preface to Shakespeare. He himself bears witness to the fact that his methods were Theobald's. He had obtained the latter's copy of Jonson with marginal notes, and the very notes bear out this statement. Many allusions are explained by references to the literature and customs of Jonson's time, while the meanings of many words are illustrated by quotations from Jonson and his contemporaries. Unlike Theobald, Whalley seldom supports his emendations, which are sometimes introduced without notice, but they are few and unimportant. Yet his own words, together with the fact that he frequently makes use of material furnished by Theobald's *Shakespeare*, show whom he was imitating.

The critic who approaches Theobald more closely than any other is Thomas Warton, author of *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser*,

¹) The late Professor Lounsbury is the author of *The Text of Shakespeare*, in which work he gives Theobald fully his due. By minutely investigating *The Dunciad* and its surroundings, he has given a true and comprehensive account of its hero, laying to rest, once and for all, the evil spirit loosed by Pope.

1754. This is evident throughout the whole work, especially by the wide reading Warton had indulged in. No wonder he fell foul of Pope's line "All such reading as was never read," and he remarks upon it: "If Shakespeare is worth reading, he is worth explaining; and the researches used for so valuable and elegant a purpose, merit the thanks of genius and candour, not the satire of prejudice and ignorance."

Although Theobald's name was in high repute amongst several of the best scholars and editors of his time, later on it gradually waned. One reason why in the end his reputation was unable to overcome the misrepresentations of Pope lay in the fact that as his method became more general, its source was obscured. The generation who knew Theobald and his works realized his importance and patterned their own procedure after his. Their work became in turn new centres of influence, so that by the last quarter of the century the later tribe of critics considered the method anybody's. Not only was he deprived of the honour of formulating and practising a method by which results could be obtained, but his own results were continually pillaged by critics, to whom have been attributed discoveries made many years before. Theobald the editor disappeared; Theobald the dunce survived.

But Dr. Jones has rendered scholarship and Theobald the signal service of unduncing him and reinstating him in his hard won rights of a scholar and an editor. Since Theobald's days hundreds have profited by his example and followed the path he pointed out. Dr. Jones and his predecessors deserve the thanks of all who know how to value justice and truth. His book makes excellent reading, and he has treated his subject in a captivating manner.

I have tried to give an account of the contents of "Theobald Restored", as we might call this book, "to the selfsame tune and words" of its author, adding but little *de meo*, and it is devoutly to be wished that this attempt may be an incentive to lovers of English literature and Shakespeare to read the whole work for themselves. It is of the most vital importance for sound scholarship and thoroughness. ¹⁾

EDWARD B. KOSTER.

¹⁾ In case of a reprint Dr. Jones will do well to pay renewed attention to the proof-reading, there are several mistakes in the Greek and Latin quotations. In the English text proper there are very few misprints; on p. 232 we read Egnlish, and on p. 239 we notice a curious fault in a quotation — it may be the fault lies with the author quoted — Johnson, where apparently Jonson is meant.

War Words and Peace Pipings.

(Materials for a Study in Slang and Neologism.)

II.

anti-aircraft, employed against hostile air-craft (of guns, troops, etc.) plural *anti-aircrafts* (*Punch*, Sept. 1915, p. 261.)

anti-flash gear, see quotation:

The guns are cleared away and we all don our anti-flash gear, which consists of a mask and a pair of gloves made of non-inflammable material and designed to protect us from cordite fires; our appearance when rigged up is somewhat reminiscent of the pictures of monks at a mediæval *auto-da-fé*. (*Daily Mail*, 16 July, 1918).

anti-submarine, employed in fighting enemy submarines.

anti-tank, used against enemy tanks; as *anti-tank gun*, *anti-tank rifle*.

anti-tempus, a vulgar corruption of *anti-tetanus* [serum], for which Tommy Atkins is responsible:

A burly private, with the flesh of his thigh showing clear white where the grimy khaki had been cut clear and hung flapping, limped in and pushed forward a neatly bandaged limb for inspection. "A doctor did that up in the trenches", he remarked. "Said to tell you 'e did it an' it was all right, an' I only needed the anti-tempus an' a ticket for 'ome. (Boyd Cable, *Between the Lines*, p. 224.)

anti-Waster, supporter of the anti-Waste campaign inaugurated by the *Daily Mail* in 1920:

We are apparently on the threshold of a period when the devout anti-waster will make Municipal dancing a plank in his platform. (*Rev. of Rev.*, 1921, p. 355a.)

anti-Zeppelin bullet &c. explain themselves; the makers of the anti-gas devices, especially anti-gas respirators, mentioned in the following quotation were called *anti-gas workers*:

In a long list of inventors' triumphs are the paravane, which saved us £ 40,000,000 worth of war ships from mines; the Pomeroy anti-Zeppelin bullet; the Stokes gun; secret telephones; improved hand bombs; and the devices that beat the U-boats. Women helped too, and among the products of their inventive brains are several anti-gas devices, such as preventive sprayers and so on. (*Daily Mail*, 13 March, 1918).

Antrim, a soldier from Antrim in Ireland:

At 8 A. M. the Hun countered heavily and hove the Antrims out. (*Punch*, July 1917, p. 21b).

Anzac, soldier of the Australia, New Zealand Army Corps. According to a note in *The Graphic*, 27 April, 1916, it was Sir W. R. Birdwood, who invented the word "Anzac" as a telegraphic code address. Cp. the following quotations, which all of them shed some light on the history of this now so famous word:

THE ANZACS IN LONDON.

"One of the features of the day is the presence of so many Australian and New Zealand soldiers in the streets of London, chiefly convalescents from the Dardanelles," says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

"They are conspicuous in sun helmets and a lightish brown hospital uniform, which distinguishes them from the invalided soldiers from these islands in their light blue.

"The 'Anzacs,' as they are popularly called, are both delightful and delighted." (*Public Opinion*, 24 Sept., 1915).

MY DEAR TATLER, — Language — good language I mean, not exuberance of verbosity such as the Censor will not pass — is a very interesting and important thing to be dealt with discreetly and with due respect for decency, and I think it is a terrible thing that in this critical era of "simplifid speling" we should run the risk of having the special brand of "Northclyffese" grafted on to the common or garden bastardies of journalese as it is writ. Therefore I feel profoundly grateful to those two officers of the Royal Flying Corps on active service in France who took their lives in their hands, risking behind anonymity the flail of the Northcliffe press, which has so painfully flattened out Simple Simon, the very Pi-man," late of the Home Office, and did most mightily protest against the word "airplane" instead of aeroplane, as we less cultured have always called it. So be, but perhaps in this case it was to prevent public men, ostensibly educated people, and after-dinner speakers pronouncing it "air-e-o-plane," diddled and dumbfounded by the diæresis, now dropped and buried in classic memory. Still, that was no excuse for "airman" instead of "aviator"; and then, again, we find Sir John Simon's breakfastable egg-curdlers trying to impose "Anzac" upon posterity for Australian and New Zealander combined, regardless of the fact that, grand fighting-men both, they have either part nor lot in common. Surely it is time to call a halt. (*The Tatler*, 19 Jan., 1916).

MILITARISM.

Everybody talks in terms of war nowadays. When a schoolboy friend of mine wants to say that anything is "hot stuff" he calls it "simply Anzac." In a back street the other day I heard a woman shout at her husband: "Don't you sergeant-major me!" (*Sunday pictorial*, 6 Febr., 1916).

It seems awful to be always asking, asking, asking; but it isn't for ourselves, you know, it's for the Tommies. They are nearly all Terriers or 'Zacs here, and a jolly fine crowd, too. The 'Zacs might be just a *leettle* less conceited, but they're *splendid* scrappers. If you saw the way they hop out for an attack you wouldn't want to be Mr. Turk (*The Tatler*, 2 Febr., 1916).

We also find the word used as an adjective, as appears from the *Daily Mail*, 15 April, 1919:

ANZAC BRIDES.

By A WOMAN JOURNALIST.

MELBOURNE.

Many hundreds of young English — or British — girls who have married Australian soldiers have already been welcomed to our shores, and according to cabled reports there are still somewhere about 10,000 to arrive.

It has been my duty to meet most of the boats in which these girls have travelled in order to discover what the "Anzac Brides," as they are called here, have to say about their journey and their impressions. As there are so many more to make the journey it might be well to point out a few ways whereby they can travel in much greater comfort than their predecessors appear to have done.

Cp. also *Anzac Day*:

But April 25 — imperishable as Anzac Day — has come and gone. (*Nat. Rev.*, 1919, p. 305)

As a place-name the word Anzac has enjoyed but a brief existence:

In spite of the disappointment of being so near our first goal, the men do not seem at all downhearted, and express themselves as willing to have another try. If our plan did not succeed in full, it is certainly no fault of the troops, who advanced from Anzac. It only needed just a little of the dead-weight of numbers to be removed for the Anzac Corps to have made good and consolidated that short and desperate grip it got of Chunuk Bair. (*Daily Tel.*, 3 Sept. 1915):

apron, see *balloon apron*.

aquaplane, another name for *hydroplane*; the word is also used as verb in *The Tatler*, 1916, p. 77, where we find: "A charming little maid aquaplaning on the Pacific Coast", as the heading of a few lines of letterpress.

Archibald, Archie, anti-aircraft gun; *the Archies*, the anti-aircraft force. According to Cassell's *E. D.*, this nickname is derived from the popular song: "Archibald, certainly not", with allusion to the fewness of the hit made. But cp. what an officer in Flanders wrote (*Punch*, Sept. 1915, p. 261b):

You can always spend a pleasant hour watching the anti-aircrafts — for some unknown reason called "Archibalds" — missing the planes not once, but twenty times a minute.

A few more quotations may be subjoined; in one of them the new word is used as a verb:

[The German staked his anti-aircraft measures upon a type of gun which was promptly nicknamed "Archibald" by the British soldiers. It was a quick-firer, mounted upon a special type of pedestal so as to secure an extra elevation, and was capable of throwing shrapnel to heights variously estimated as ranging from 4,000ft. to 6,000ft. (*Daily Mail*, 29 March, 1916).

Thursday morning about 8 o'clock I heard the aeroplane sentry blow his four whistles (I was just contemplating a bath) and put my head outside to see where the Hun was. The "Archies" (anti-aircraft guns) were at him, and getting some in pretty close to him as he came over the battery. I could hear one of our machines up, and looking round saw him after the Hun. "Archie" evidently didn't see him as they went on firing at the Hun until one round nearly hit our machine. Then they stopped. (*Times*, 9 Oct., 1915)

If you are heard flying about without lights you will soon have dozens of search lights on you. You won't be 'Archie' — that would be dangerous to other machines and to people on the ground. (*Daily Mail*, 22 Jan., 1919).

the Fourth Arm, the Flying Corps.

Armageddon, supreme conflict of the nations, esp. the conflict of the great War. (See *Rev.*, XVI, 16).

armament school, school where airmen are trained :

So Jack Bull, though he knows all about the theory of flying, must take a course at the Armament School before they will let him into the air. He must study the manners and customs of the Lewis gun and the Vickers, and how to treat them when they are not feeling well. He must learn what sort of a gun platform an aeroplane is, and what sort of a target the German aeroplane will make. (*Daily Tel.*, 27 Sept., 1918).

Armistice Day, 1 the 18th of November, the day on which the armistice was signed; **2** the anniversary of that day.

armleteer, see quotation from the *Sunday Pictorial*, 28 Nov., 1915 :

THE NEW ARMY OF ARMLETEERS.

New Badge of Honour Worn by Derby's Men.

SCENES IN LONDON.

M.P.s' Protests Against Conscription.

The khaki armlets are out.

The Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico, busy for weeks with their manufacture, has now completed its work, and yesterday, from a central depot in Cockspur-street, thousands of the armlets were being distributed to the various recruiting centres in the metropolitan area.

The news that the armlets were out soon became known, and gave a noticeable fillip to recruiting.

Eligible men, anxious to receive at once the badge which would tell the world that they, at any rate, were doing, or had tried to do, their bit, presented themselves at the London recruiting offices in considerable numbers.

"On Monday, when the full meaning of the issue of the armlets will have impressed itself upon the public mind," said a recruiting officer to the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday, "we shall be doing big business."

armour piercer, an armour piercing bullet or shell :

It was a bad day for the battery. No. 4 gun got into trouble first; a six-inch "armour ercer" landed four yards in front and to the left, and simply buried it. The side and roof of the emplacement just "sogged in" and put it out of action. No one was hurt, though it was thought that the layer must surely be smothered before he was dragged out, but he was not. (*Daily Mail*, 20 Oct., 1916).

army compounder, see quotation :

Women who have trained and are thoroughly reliable are offered 30s. a week without food or allowances to do the work of 'Army compounders' who receive 6s. a day and allowances. Rather than accept the Army's 30s. a week qualified women have done the work voluntarily for nothing." (*Daily Mail*, 15 Jan., 1916).

army godson, see quotation from the *Daily Mail*, 25 July, 1921 :

MME. CAPUS'S "ARMY GODSON."

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Sunday.

A young man named Rombaud, who is said to come of an excellent family, shot and killed himself last night while visiting Mme. Capus, the wife of the celebrated writer and member of the French Academy.

Rombaud, during the war, was one of the many "army godsons" adopted by the wife of the writer, and since the armistice he had remained an occasional visitor to her house. He appeared to be very highly strung and suffered from an idea that he was being persecuted.

artillery duel, mutual bombardment with shells.

ash-can, slang-word for the envelope containing a depth-charge :

"DEPTH-CHARGED!"

From the captain of a U-boat, a limp, bedraggled figure that had been fished out of the sea with a boathook, came to me the following description of what it is like to be depth-charged.

"Well, how did you like it?" he was asked ironically. By "it" the questioner meant the series of exploding "ash-cans" which had thrown skyward big lumps of the sea mixed with fragments of submarine. (*Daily Mail*, 23 Sept., 1918).

asphyxiating gas, an invention of the Germans in the Great War, as also the terrible *asphyxiating shells*.

assembly, the second beating of the drum or sounding of the bugle before a march (E. S. Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*). According to the N. E. D., the first beating is called the *general*, and the third, the *march*.

assembly trench, a trench where troops assemble; see quotation from *Punch*, 8 Aug., 1917, p. 104:

At 10.30 the firing will stop and you will make your way to the assembly trenches where bombs will be served out. At 10.35 the entire force will advance in open order. No prisoners will be taken.

atcha, soldier's slang for: all right (Thomas O' Toole, *The Way they have in the Army*, p. 38).

Atkinese, the special and very racy idiom of Thomas Atkins, the British Soldier.

Aunt Voss, the German *Vossische Zeitung*, (*Tante Voss*), see *Daily Mail* 22 Dec., 1915:

"Aunt Voss's" representative was much impressed with the *Kultur* of the "fine-feeling heroic, and highly educated men" of the U-boat crews, "who have had heaped upon them with such shameful injustice insults of every kind in both enemy and neutral quarters."

auntie, soldier's christening of the 12-inch gun; see *grandmother*.

Aussie, Aussy, familiar abbreviation for Australian Soldier, still in use.

Sticklers for etiquette, as we all know, have been shocked at times by what has appeared to be a laxity of discipline among the Australian soldiers. But the discipline is there, rigid and unswerving, as I have seen, when it is called for — and I must confess I thought the sight of an officer in a full motor-car finding room on his knee for an ordinary "Aussy" a very pleasant example of comradeship. (*Daily News*, Sept., 1918.)

The win of the Australian Army team by a goal and a try to a goal at Newport faithfully represented the superiority of the "Aussies". It was a fine, vigorous, and well-played game, but presented as a spectacle to a South Wales crowd it scarcely came up to popular expectations. (*Daily Mail*, 17 March, 1919.)

Austroboche, Austrian of German origin:

There are certainly two main ideas in the book — the one that the war has been forced upon Germany; the other that Kultur, as monopolized by the Teutonic race — the Boches, the Austroboches, and the Surboches (or Prussians) — is the excuse for world-conquest. (*The Athenæum*, March 1916, p. 119c.)

aviate, a back-formation from *aviation*, meaning: manage or travel in aircraft.

aviette, engineless man-worked aeroplane.

avion, a heavier-than-air flying machine, a war aeroplane (Webster, *Dict.*

awkward squad, according to H. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, a body of men who are inattentive, but the usual meaning is: the body of recruits not yet competent to take place in regimental line.

F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. Between February 3rd and 11th Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, sometime special correspondent of *The Times*, lectured before the eight branches on *The Danger to Civilisation: an English point of view*. He dealt with the economic and other consequences of the war in Central Europe, and illustrated his account of contemporary history with a series of characteristic slides. If the European situation is fairly well-known to the average man in Holland, it was the point of view which commended the speaker to his Dutch hearers. Incidentally the lecture carried a special English atmosphere of its own, being really designed for an English audience; and the appeal throughout was to English rather than to specifically continental sentiment.

From March 27 to April 4 Mr. G. K. Chesterton will be lecturing on *Dickens* and *Browning*. The Haarlem branch is also receiving Mr. P. S. Allen, of the University of Oxford, who will give a lecture on *Erasmus*.

From April 3rd—12th Mr. Daniel Jones, with three members of his staff, will give a course of English phonetics, adapted to the needs of Dutch students, in connection with the Volks-Universiteit at Rotterdam.

From July 31—August 18 the University of Oxford will hold a Vacation Course for Foreign Students. The general subject of the lectures will be *Contemporary England: its Political, Social and Economic Life, and its Language and Literature*. The staff includes many well-known names, Prof. I. C. Wyld among them. Particulars may be obtained from Rev. F. E. Hutchinson, University Extension Delegacy, Oxford, or (by members of the Association) from the Association Secretary, 5 Leidscheweg, Utrecht.

The University of London School of Librarianship has arranged a Summer Vacation School, to be held at University College, London, from July 17th to July 29th. It should appeal, not only to Dutch librarians, but also to students of English language and literature, for whom special provision is made in the programme. Among those who will take part is Dr. E. A. Baker, Director of the School, who will give 10 lectures dealing with recent English writers. There will be visits and excursions to the great libraries and to Windsor and other spots of historic importance.

For further particulars apply to Dr. W. Seton, Secretary, University College, London, W. C. 1., or to the Association Secretary.

Special attention is drawn to the list of recommended boarding houses and addresses of English families taking paying guests, available for members of the Association on application to the Hon. Secretary. Special requirements should be stated, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed with each enquiry.

Translation.

1. The office of the firm of Vermeet & Co. in Warmoesstraat was an apartment with a low ceiling on the first floor. 2. There used to be two rooms, but the wide folding-doors had been removed, so that it had become

one long room with three windows in front facing the street, and one large square one with nine window-panes at the back, overlooking the yard. 3. In the backroom was the entrance for the public.

4. Underneath this office was another office and overhead were the store-rooms of the firms, who dealt in all sorts of export-goods.

5. Vermeet & Co. was one of the principal houses in this line. 6. It was an old-established, respectable firm.

7. It was one of those old-fashioned houses, they said on the Exchange, such a house with unlimited credit, but otherwise no ostentation. 8. No money was spent on luxuries for the office, but never yet had a draft been refused acceptance, if the drawer was respectable and the amount correct. 9. The heads of the firm had never had a private office, their writing-tables stood less than a yard's distance from those of the clerks, and a visitor could hardly find room for a seat, but in the private houses of the Vermeets there had always been many spacious, luxuriously furnished rooms. 10. And the present Vermeet, who was childless and had therefore taken his nephew Bandt into partnership, now occupied a splendid villa at Hilversum.

11. Everything was old in the old office. 12. The desks, which year after year stood against the walls, were of an indiscriminate greyish-yellow colour, stained here and there with inkblots. 13. On the faded well-worn linoleum floor-cloth there were inkstains too, as also on the wood of the office-stools and on the legs of the desks. 14. Gaslamps with dusty shades stood next to rows of ink-pots, ink-bottles of every size and trays with penholders and pencils. 15. Waste paper baskets stood in the shade under the desks and in the centre of the frontroom was a round table littered with sample boxes and other business odds and ends.

16. The ceiling had once been white, the bookkeeper asserted, the only one who could speak with authority on the subject. 17. And the wallpaper visible here and there was oppressively crowded with ornamental flowers of a faded green colour and patched in two or three places with newer pieces that did not match it.

18. At the windows in front stood opposite each other the two writing-tables of the heads of the firm, with their leather arm-chairs in front of them and their wastepaper baskets beside them, all old, long-used and worn out.

19. That morning Mr. Bandt was late. 20. It was nine o'clock and he had not yet made his appearance, to the great surprise of the bookkeeper, who often looked at his watch and held it to his ear, doubting whether it were not fast. 21. The other clerks were talking and laughing, twisting round on their stools, but the bookkeeper, a staid man, was annoyed at their giggling, and now and then cast a peevish glance at the correspondence clerk, who surely was a married man too, and should therefore not make himself so cheap with those callow youths.

Observations. 1. *The firm Vermeet.* A genitive equivalent is required after the word *firm*. *The Vermeet firm* is right. — *The Warmoesstraat.* The definite article is generally omitted before the names of streets. — *A low room:* The rooms of the cottage were *low*. (E. Peacock, *N. Brendon*, II, 67.). — *On the groundfloor.* The groundfloor is level with the street [*rez-de-chaussée*] and consequently not a *verdieping*. We say: *in the second stor(e)y* (— a space!) = *on the first floor*. Compare sentence 4, from which it is obvious that *groundfloor* is not suitable.

2. *Formerly it had been two rooms.* — *Broad porte-brisée.* The difference

between *broad* and *wide* is not easy to define. We may say a *broad* or a *wide* street (river). Apertures in general are wide, not broad. A mouth is wide, but not broad. A wide opening. What is *broad* is mostly *wide*, but not vice versa (Crabb). The Century Dictionary says that *broad* is generally the larger and more emphatic: a wide river is not thought of as so far across as a broad river. 't Is not so deep as a well, nor so *wide* as a church-door; but 't is enough (Shakespeare: *Romeo & Juliet*, III, 1.). *Porte-brisée* is French, and not given either by the Oxford or the Century Dictionary. See Dr. Fijn van Draat's *Outlanders* i. v. — *So that* is always written in two words. Compare the spelling *cannot*.

3. *In the backroom the public entrance was.* Inversion is necessary because the adjunct opens the sentence and the verb is so vague in meaning as to approach the nature of a copula. *The people's entrance.* Quite wrong, implying as it does the existence of a separate entrance for those less abundantly blessed with worldly goods. Cf. The People's Books, The People's Palace.

4. *Below - Under - Beneath (Underneath).* *Below*, lower than the plane of, *under* lower in the perpendicular line of; *beneath*, close under as: the sun sinks *below* the horizon; a thing is *under* a chair or tree, *beneath* a heap of rubbish. *Under* has often the sense of *beneath* as "under whose wings". (Century Dictionary i. v. *Below*). The words *below* a photograph (we should expect *under* here) (*Strand Magazine*, Vol. XVII, 430). *Underneath* it is the following inscription (*Temple Readers*, V, 151). You put the unfortunate young man to sleep in that little lonely attic room of the house with nothing *below* him but the disused stable (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1901, 57). The family *underneath* (De benedenwonenden; Sir Conan Doyle, *Slater Case*). To marry *below* one's rank (Mrs. Gaskell, *Cranford*). To marry *beneath* one's station (*Pearson's Magazine*, Aug. 1903, 204). It seems *beneath* your dignity to be savage (Hewlett, *Little Iliad*). The bandbox is *underneath* the pink slip (R. L. Stevenson, *New Arabian Nights*). — *Magazine* has the sense of "periodical" or of "powdermagazine". — *The firm, who* (, *which*). Both right, but *who* seems preferable when the heads of the firm are thought of: This firm, *who* have given a large order . . . , *which* when the institution itself is referred to: This firm, *which* was established a century ago. — *Goods for export.*

5. *Branch.* May mean filiaal. Therefore *branch of business* had better be rendered by *line*: Mr. Augustus Cooper was in the oil and colour *line*. (Dickens, *Sketches*). *Most principal* is a case of redundancy.

6. *A firm of good standing.* *Solid firm* is correct. I mean a *solid*, well-established concern that offers a reasonably good career to its employees (E. M. Forster, *Howards End*, p. 135). A widow of a *standing* which can only be expressed by the word *genteel* (Hardy, *Return of the Native*, I, 51). Of the municipal appointments in the market few go to any but solicitors of "standing". (Harmsworth, *Self Educator*, p. 6751.)

7. *On 'Change; On the Exchange.* The full form requires the definite article. — *No refinement is hardly suitable.* — *Show—Display—Ostentation: Show* is the general term, *ostentation* is always bad, the others may be good in certain relations. Sir Ulick loved *show* and company (Edgeworth, *Ormond*). A house kept to the end of *display* is impossible to all but a few women (Quoted *N. E. D.* i. v.) He had a negro's love of *display* and was continually buying new clothes (*Strand Magazine*). — The great naval display of this week (*Graphic*, July 31, 1909). Firework display.

8. *Luxuriant things* is an impossibility (exuberant in growth): St. Leonard's forest *luxuriant* with beech and birch (Dowden, *Shelley*). Figuratively: a

luxuriant style. — There should be inversion of subject and verb in a sentence opening with a negation: *Never yet had a draft been refused (acceptance)*. See Kruisinga's *Accidence & Syntax*, § 815, 3; (Third Edition, § 2068). *Dishonoured* is right. A bill (of exchange) is said to be dishonoured when the drawee (*betrokkene*) refuses to accept it on its being presented for acceptance, or having accepted, refuses to pay it when it falls due (= at maturity).

9. *Owners of the business*. — *Had never had a closet*. A closet is a small room; the word is obsolete and now known only in the compound *water-closet* and in that sense. — *Metre* — *Meter*. The two spellings should be kept apart, *metre* denoting a lineal measure, *meter*[-mētər] occurring in compounds, *barometer*, *gasometer* [*barometer*, *gashouder*]. Note also *gas-meter* [gæs-mi : tər], *kilometer* [kiloumi : tər]. — *Dwellinghouse*. A comfortable dwelling-house and several outhouses (Selous, *S. E. Africa*, 251). — *Costly furnished*. Adjectives in *-ly* do not generally form adverbs. However: Gerald was laughing *jollily* (*Windsor Magazine*, 1912, 57). *Preciously-furnished*. In the sense "in a costly manner, at great cost or expense" Murray marks the word obsolete.

10. *The present head of the firm; the now head of the firm*. Mr. Dudgeon's father had the responsibility of collecting the landowner's rents just as the *present* Mr. Dudgeon had at the time of which I speak (Mrs. Gaskell, *The Squire's Story*). — *Had introduced his nephew as a partner; Had admitted his nephew as a partner*. — *Now lived in (occupied) a splendid villa*. — In *Hilversum*. Before small towns and villages, and foreign cities far remote, *at* is used. This rule is not absolute: The chief street in Scheveningen (*Graphic*, March 27, 1909). See Kruisinga, *Grammar and Idiom*, § 238.

11. Inversion would make the sentence rhetorical: Great is Diana of the Ephesians. Other refuge have I none.

12. *Year in, year out, Year by year*. She must practise *year in, year out*. (*London Magazine*, Oct. 1910, 131). *Year by year* she became poorer and poorer (*Books for the Bairns*, no. 4). *Prayed and fasted year after year*. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, March 1910, 112). *Stained here and there with old inkstains* sounds rather awkward.

13. *Linoleum carpet* is an impossible combination.

14. *Globe* is a spherical glass shade for a lamp: *gasglobe*. The electric globes pulsed with white light. (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1906, 702). *Veil* has a different meaning. — *Basins with penholders*. Basins are circular and used chiefly to hold water or other liquids. *Of all sizes*. Houses of all sizes (F. Swinnerton, *Shops and Houses*). Girls of all nationalities (*Cosmopolis*, 1898, 310). Firearms of all descriptions (*Harmsworth, Self Educator*, p. 1835).

15. *In the middle of the room* is right. We could see in the middle of the room a man seated on a rug (Crawford, *Mr. Isaacs*). In the centre of the library was a table (Irving, *Sketchbook*). *In the midst* is often used figuratively: *In the midst of life* we are in death. *In the midst of this doubtful occupation* (*Strand Magazine*, July, 1914). However: A great giant lived in a castle *in the midst of* a forest (*Books for the Bairns*, no. 3). — *Sample-cases* = *monsterkisten*. — *Business-lumber*. Lumber is a collective name for *useless* odds and ends.

16. *Assert—Maintain*. *Assert* seems to expect doubt or contradiction of what one says and is for that reason the proper word here. We *maintain* what we are called upon to defend. Asserting commonly precedes maintaining. And yet I *maintain* him a varlet, A scoundrel who dares to deny That the poppy's immaculate scarlet Can vie with thy hair (Nonsense rhyme). —

To pretend is to make believe. — The only one who could know this (Not: know it). After know, try, tell, ask Dutch *het* is not translated.

17. Here and there visible. The adjunct of place had better come last. Oppressive full. An adjective is qualified not by another adjective but by an adverb. — Mended is hardly correct (= repaired). A broken article is *repaired*, old trousers and the like are *patched* i. e. a patch of similar material is put on them.

18. Leather(n) armchair. The form *leather* is perhaps preferred in matter-of-fact language. (Poutsma, II, 6).

19. Mr. B. was behind his time: An hour behind his time Hogg arrived at 2 o'clock. (Dowden, Shelley.)

20. He had not yet arrived (turned up). To turn up means to present oneself casually [opduiken]. Much to his astonishment. — Consulted his catch. — Held it at his ear should be *H. it to his ear*. Compare put o's back to the door, o's shoulder to the wheel. — Doubting if it was not late. The use of *was* instead of *were* in the subjunctive is not uncommon, even in literary style, except in clauses introduced by *if*, or *as if* where it imparts a vulgar tinge to the language (Poutsma, *Mood and Tense*, p. 5. But compare Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*, ³ § 199).

21. Chairs = Stoelen. A stool is a chair without a back. Cf. *music-stool* = *tabouret*, *pianokruk*. A clerk from my old office swaggered in and did not remove his hat. I descended from my *stool*, and put on my own hat. (Mark Rutherford, *Mr. Whittaker's Retirement*.) — Correspondent is rather a misleading word. Its meaning in English is one with whom intercourse is carried on by letters, specifically one who sends from a distance regular communications in epistolary form to a newspaper. I am not much of a correspondent = ik hou nieter erg van brieven schrijven. Correspondent to the New York "Demagogue". Answers to Correspondents [Correspondentierubriek.] Henning is your *correspondence clerk* Morrison, *Red Triangle*, 124.) — Should not be so familiar with frolicsome youths. Rogue [schelm] is quite out of the question. Mischievous boys could not be said of adults.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss M. J., Amsterdam; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Mr. J. P., Rotterdam; Mr. Th. A. P., Breda; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 50 Maarlant, Brielle, before May 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Zijn ros in beweging stellende, reed de Prins, onder een blij hoorngeschal, de brug over, gevolgd door den geheelen stoet. Men zwenkte dadelijk het Bosch uit en kwam verlang aan de weilanden, die bejaagd zouden worden. Het was een fraaie zoele morgen, gelijk men soms, zelfs hier te lande, in Februari aantreft: een van de winterdagen, waarop ons reeds een balsemende voorjaarslucht te gemoet stroomt, die ons bijna zou doen gelooven, dat wij spoedig de lente zullen zien wederkeeren, wisten wij niet, dat wij eerst nog Maart met zijn gure stormbui en April met zijn regenvlagen moeten doorworstelen. En daarbij, nog niet een der voorboden van het warme seizoen liet zich op de uitgestrekte weide zien: geen ooievaar was nog het hem bekende plekje komen terugvinden: geen kieviten vertoonden zich nog, die sierlijke kringen vormden, waarbij naar wiken, zoo vaak zij door de zon bestraald worden, als lichtvonken flikkeren: slechts hier en daar stoven koppels spreuwen van voor de voeten der paarden weg, of scheen een oude kraai op den top van een boerenhek gezeten, de komst van den stoet af te wachten en tilde dan eerst, als met moeite, de zware vleugels op, om zich op een afstand weer neer te zetten.

Dan, hoe gunstig ook de weersgesteldheid ware, minder voordeelig was die van het jachtveld: daar de grond over 't algemeen vrij drassig was en zich hier en daar groote plassen bevonden, die men nog kon rondrijden zoolang men stappende voortging, doch welke het te voorzien was, dat moeilijk zouden kunnen vermeden worden wanneer men eens het wild achtervolgde. Het moge ons, die nu leven, dan ook vreemd schijnen, dat men tot jagen een dag uitkoos in een zoodanig ongeschikt seizoen, 't welk heden bovendien tot het verboden tijdperk behoort. Maar, ofschoon men in de zeventiende eeuw geen tijd van opening en sluiting der jacht kende, zoo was deze desniettemin ook toen ongeoorloofd wanneer er sneeuw of ijs op het veld lag; terwijl de jachtordonnantien in Holland streng verboden, het geheele jaar door meer dan twee malen in de week ter jacht te gaan, en tevens, op éenen dag meer dan twee hazen en één of twee koppels konijnen te vangen. Het natuurlijk gevolg dezer bepaling was, dat de liefhebbers geene gelegenheid, die maar niet bepaald ongunstig was, verzuimden.

De belemmeringen, welke men nu en dan ondervond, zoo door de plassen van welke ik heb gesproken, als door de slooten, die het weiveld doorsneden, hadden dan ook ten gevolge gehad, dat het grootste deel der jagers, en daaronder de dames, niet over de weilanden voortreden, maar een binnenweg hielden, van welken men de vlakke kon overzien. Wat den Prins betrof, die als een echte jager voor geen hinderpalen terugdeinsde, hij bleef aan 't hoofd der overigen recht toe recht aan het jachtveld houden.

Reviews.

La Pensée de Milton.

To the Editor of *English Studies*.

Dear Sir,

As Prof. Saurat and his reviewer agree to have their difference over Milton's philosophy settled by me, I should be very much obliged to you if you would kindly publish this letter in your journal.

First some points which Prof. Saurat asks me to state, *viz.*

1) that Prof. Hanford has proved that Milton had the *Syncellus* in his private library, which, in Prof. Saurat's opinion, supports his case;

2) that Mr. Pompen has misunderstood the statement on p. 102 as to Milton's Latin, a statement which only refers to the opinion of professional Latin scholars but does not question Prof. Saurat's knowledge of Latin;

3) that the length of the quotations and translations in the treatise is a feature conditioned by the general structure of a D. litt. thesis in French.

On the other hand Mr. Pompen wishes to point out

1) that he repeats his charge of dishonesty;

2) that he considers the severity of tone towards the end of his article not fully justified;

3) that he maintains the substance of his article;

4) but that, at the same time, he can to some extent share my appreciation of Saurat's work as an attempt to arrange Milton's opinions into a system.

To this I should like to add a few words of my own.

I consider Mr. Pompen's criticism as being acute and to the point in many respects. He is right to question the originality of Milton as a philosopher. Indeed, before Mr. Pompen wrote his review, Prof. Saurat's later discoveries made him alter his own previous opinion as to this fact. In his *Milton et le Zohar* Prof. Saurat states: "l'originalité de Milton comme penseur sort bien diminuée de cette confrontation" (pp. 17—18). This actually proves Mr. Pompen to be right on the above point, and that he was right in cautioning against too limited an outlook when Milton's Pantheism was to be traced.²⁾ (As a fact, Mr. Pompen also correctly scents Cabbalism as a possible source!)

Those who are inclined to regard Prof. Saurat's treatise as the last word on a comprehensive, "thoroughly consistent" philosophical system, (which

Prof. Saurat evidently does not do himself, witness his later papers!) will do well to keep in mind Mr. Pompen's judicious words that "Milton was an extremely subjective man of strong moods and passions; and such men often pursue incompatible lines of thought". Moreover, we are actually indebted to several later papers by Prof. Saurat for additional information on the subject in question, and this information, as we saw, sometimes corrects Prof. Saurat's own earlier opinion.

But, on the other hand, I most decidedly refuse to think lightly of Prof. Saurat's work. It is true that he relies on Masson as to biographical matter. But to one who has for many years made Milton his chief study, it is obvious that Prof. Saurat's psychological skill in spite of this fact works simply admirably and covers the case quite differently from what Masson's reasonings or some late psychopathic extravagancies do. I should like to refer the reader to e. g. p.p. 61—62, where, in my opinion, the author with unflinching perspicacity lays bare Milton's very soul as convincingly as it is admirably executed. And though, now and then, I differ in opinion from Prof. Saurat, or else I am at least inclined to leave some question open as admitting of a different solution, I must regard his work as the most valuable till now published on Milton's philosophy, indeed as the only clever one as yet existent on that subject.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly

S. B. LILJEGREN.

¹) Mr. Pompen's review of D. Saurat's *La Pensée de Milton* in our number of Dec. 1921 called forth a remonstrance from the latter, which, together with our reviewer's reply, was to have been inserted in our February issue. At the request of Prof. S. B. Liljégren, of Lund, Sweden, and with the consent of both writers, this correspondence was not published, and a letter from Prof. Liljégren is now inserted instead. — Ed.

²) As to Mr. Pompen's reference to Bruno I feel doubtful, because I have long been engaged in a study on the relations of Milton and G. B. but am unable to trace any influence.

Vanessa, and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift. With an Introduction by A. MARTIN FREEMAN. 1921. London: Selwyn & Blount Ltd.

Ever since Lord Orrery's indiscretion the tragical history of Swift's loves has been a favourite topic with many a literary and unliterary talker, and numerous are the solutions of the mystery, which, in spite of all, still envelops them. I have in my little collection of books bearing on the "Vanessa-Frage" even a novel in 2 volumes, by a Miss Woods, a rather ambitious but wholly vapid concoction, representing Swift as a kind of facial contortionist, who regards ladies with a look half-serious, half-mocking, and wholly bitter. And with this phenomenon Ester Vanhomrigh fell passionately in love! But the story is really too pathetic to write flippantly about it, and it is the last editor's chief merit, that in his lengthy introduction he gives us the events with as little guesswork as possible, and throughout assumes the attitude of a generous and respectful, unbiassed, historian.

How easy and how tempting to a certain kind of critical mind was the attributing of an indecent meaning to the frequently repeated "drinking of coffee" in Swift's letters. Fortunately nothing of the kind is attempted by Mr. Freeman, who gives us Esther's and Swift's letters — for the first time edited from the originals — with just as few comments as are needful for

the understanding of them, and acceptable in a manly and gentlemanly treatment of the facts.

A table of letters on page 49 of the Introduction shows the number of letters, with their dates, exchanged between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh during the period from 1712—1722. It is obvious that a good many of the letters have been lost. Mr. Freeman even thinks that "it would be rash to assume that we now have more than half the original number which were exchanged".

How this fragmentary state can be accounted for, is a question that is not easily answered. Vanessa used to endorse her letters — a fact overlooked by all previous possessors of the MS. — and there are indications that she made drafts of more letters than are here forthcoming. The volume as it is now in the MSS. room in the British Museum, was bought at Sotheby's sale on May 6th, 1919.

In an 18th century hand it bears the following inscription:

"Original Letters of Dr. Jonathan Swift Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to Mrs. Van Homrigh celebrated by him in his published Works under the name of Vanessa.

With the foul copies of her Letters and Answers, in her own handwriting." Besides Vanessa's and Swift's letters, two of which had not been published until now, Mr. Freeman's book contains ten miscellaneous letters, which are from Additional MS. 38671 acquired by the British Museum in 1913. Nine of these have been unpublished hitherto, and with the exception of Robert Percival they are addressed to unknown correspondents of Swift's.

A specimen of Vanessa's spelling — which is not faultless in spite of her teacher — a facsimile of her handwriting and a very full index make Mr. Freeman's book into a very attractive volume, which should be in the hands of all serious students of Swift.

W. v. MAANEN.

The Case for Byron.

Byron. Par PAUL DE REUL, Professeur à l'Université de Bruxelles. Extrait de la 'Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles', nos. 8—9, Mai—Juin 1921.

The case for and against Byron as a man and a poet is stated in this essay with a precision and insight that bespeak the intelligent critic. It is one of the commonplaces of modern literature that Byron, thrust out by England, was acclaimed by the Continent of Europe, and this seems to have led many European men of letters to see in him a prophet. Typical of this pro-Byronic school of criticism is the Dane Georg Brandes, who in his *Hauptströmungen der Litteratur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*¹⁾ hails him as *the English romantic poet*, and as the great champion of Liberalism. M. de Reul, dealing with Byron's naive pride and affectations, very aptly disposes of this kind of hero-worship with the remark: "Qu'on cesse de le traiter en prophète et l'on trouvera du charme en sa fatuité."

Some English writers fall into the other, far less sympathetic, extreme of denying him any degree whatever of genuine feeling and sincerity, to say nothing of merit as a poet. Morley, in his *First Sketch*, p. 910, contemptuously writes: "At fifteen he considered²⁾ himself to be in love with his neighbour at Annesley Hall, Miss Chaworth" — and, on p. 928: "Also in July, 1816, he compared²⁾ his luckless marriage with another that might

¹⁾ The title is, of course, that of the German translation.

²⁾ My italics. — Z.

have been" To put down such statements after reading *The Dream* is sheer malice, or total lack of psychological insight.

Prof. de Reul is no unqualified admirer of Byron's poetry. His criticism of that part of the works in which he voices romantic melancholy and revolt, in the person of the melodramatic hero that is always himself, is mostly destructive. We can agree with his assertion that it is "caduque" and "démodée". *The Corsair* he compares to an operatic libretto, *Lara* reminds him of a *roman-feuilleton*. However, without going all the length of Mr. Hopman's essay in the first volume of this journal, who sees in their typical hero a mystic symbol, and ultimately our inmost Self, I think something might, in common fairness, have been said in favour of the romances. M. de Reul holds up for our compassion Taine's enthusiastic passage on the death of Lara; why not at least give a word of praise to the grim description of the battlefield, which for passionate realism leaves the companion piece in Scott's *Marmion* far behind?

In his discussion of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* the writer remarks that "Harold adopte une attitude qui sied à sa physionomie, mais qu'il ne créa point et qu'il ne justifia qu'imparfaitement", and points out its resemblance, in some respects, to Chateaubriand's *René*. It is well-known that the conception of the Byronic hero is to be found already in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and M. de Reul illustrates the fact by a quotation from this work. He then follows up the progress of the type through *Corsair* and *Lara* to the third canto of *Harold* and further in *Manfred*. An opportunity to bring out the *Childe's* character by contrast, and at the same time to show one of Byron's limitations as a poet — the task which M. de Reul expressly sets himself in this article — has been neglected in touching on Harold's sojourn in Greece. Nothing could be less classical, i. e. less Hellenic, than his reflections on Greece as set down in the second Canto. In the opening stanzas we have the sceptic in a monk's cowl, skull in hand, moralizing on Athens. In st. X, when it comes to picture the grandeur of Greek architecture — "it may not be". He thunders at Elgin, but lacks words to describe the relics of art about him. Byron's view of Greece is not the artist's, but that of the public school boy —

The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.

Historic associations take the place of artistic impressions. He is the modern man with his being out of harmony visiting Greece and seeing it under the aspects of decay and destruction; the enthusiast for nature, admiring its landscape; lastly, the revolutionary calling the Greeks to revolt.

"Un poète subjectif s'exprimant dans une langue oratoire", Prof. de Reul defines Byron. At the same time: "Il voulut être grand homme plutôt que grand écrivain". As a personality with a powerful influence on the 19th-century mind, the writer does him full justice. He believes, and demonstrates "que la critique littéraire à elle seule ne rend pas justice à une personnalité qui dépasse la littérature et déborde son cadre". "La renommée de Byron est un chapitre de l'histoire des mœurs au XIX siècle".¹⁾

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

¹⁾ It always seems a somewhat flat conclusion to end a review with an enumeration of printer's errors, but perhaps a note will be less offensive. I regret to say that there is every evidence of negligent proof reading, which is all the more annoying in an excellent essay like the present. I have noted, besides many mistakes of minor importance, an incorrect reference (p. 10), and wonder whenever Pope wrote "la Bouche volée!"

New Plays by John Galsworthy. ¹⁾

The six plays contained in this crudely bound and printed volume are all either short or very short sketchy pieces.

The First and The Last awakens reminiscences of old-fashioned melodramas with its very romantic love-affair followed by a murder and the suicide of both lovers. The exposition starts with a rather singular series of questions and answers. Keith Darrant K C., sitting asleep in his room, is awakened by the entrance of his brother Larry, who looks very haggard and ruffled. Keith, startled at his uncouth appearance, asks: 'What is it? ... Are you ill? What is it, man?' And receiving no answer, he immediately makes a bolder and somewhat surprising shot: 'Have you committed a murder that you stand there like a fish?' to which Larry answers (in a whisper): 'Yes, Keith.' And however incredible it may at first seem to Keith — and to the audience — his facetious supposition proves in this exceptional case but too true. Fortunately the following parts rise highly above this weak melodramatic beginning. The play contains some very effective scenes and leads up to a strong dramatic finish.

The second play: *The Little Man, A Farcical Morality*, short though it be, is really too long for its meagre contents. The international conversation on the platform and in the train, bringing out once again in a very superficial way the old generally accepted differences in the character and manners of the average American, Englishman and German, is but very moderately humorous; the story, turning on an unlikely mistake, too evidently made for the moral purpose.

In *Hall-marked* the humour is of a more refined character. It is a really amusing, gently satirical piece, but not a bit more than the subtitle indicates: a 'trifle'. —

The two plays that follow: *Defeat* and *The Sun*, dealing with situations closely connected with the great war, seem to me the best of the volume. It is only regrettable, that the interesting central ideas, underlying these two tiny plays, have not inspired the author to a fuller treatment, a more sustained effort.

In the last piece of the volume *Punch and Go*, though but 'a little comedy' of barely twenty small pages, we see no fewer than ten personages besides a play within the play and within that again a cinema-like dream-scene; a plethora leaving an impression of more or less discordant unrest. The novelty and picturesqueness of the scenic effect form some compensation for the insignificance of the main action and the hackneyed theme of the play within.

When compared with last year's volume, ²⁾ which brought the almost perfectly beautiful play: *A Bit o' Love* and the powerful, well constructed and interesting *Skin Game*, this new collection must be judged a decided disappointment. But then a comparison with its forerunner can hardly be justified, as the present volume does not contain a single play of a length sufficient for deep character-analysis or skilful plot-construction.

May it soon be followed again by a few plays of a more ambitious scope.

Oct. 1921.

A. G. v. KRANENDONK.

¹⁾ *Six Short Plays* by JOHN GALSWORTHY. London, Duckworth & Co., 1921.

²⁾ See Review *E. S. II*, 89.

Mood and Tense of the English Verb. By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff. 1922. 91 pp. and 138 pp. f 5.90, cloth f 6.50.

A Handbook of Present-Day English. Volume II. English Accidence and Syntax. By E. KRUISINGA. Third Edition. Kemink & Zoon. 1922. XXXI + 912 pp., cloth f 19.50.

The simultaneous appearance of these two books is apt to suggest the consideration of the question whether the almost complete restriction of English language-studies in Holland to the modern period is really justifiable from a scientific point of view. The only justification seems to me that the more thorough a scholar's knowledge is of the living stage of English, the only one indeed that can be known thoroughly at all, the better he is prepared to study language in general, or earlier periods of English. It is especially in the study of the syntax of earlier periods of English that we may hope for this one-sidedness to produce results, similar to those in Stoffel's *Studies in English*.

Another question that some students will ask is, if it is not to be regretted that two large books should be written on the same subject at the same time. It is true that Mr. Poutsma's book now runs into some thousands of pages, whereas the second contains "only" 900. But this difference of size is hardly sufficient to show that there is room for two books of this kind.

There is a more important difference, however. Mr. Poutsma's purpose is to supply an answer to any question of grammar a student may wish to ask when he is writing English. Can this verb be construed with a gerund or must it have an infinitive? Must we use an accusative with infinitive here, or a subordinate clause? Is the imperative possible or must we use a different construction? Such are the questions to which Mr. Poutsma gives an answer, supplying full lists and indexes. The second book, on the other hand, though it may sometimes answer practical questions such as these, will often be found "incomplete" by the practical student. For it does not aim at being a book of reference, a storehouse of grammatical fact, but it tries to answer questions of a different kind; it aims at giving the information wanted by those who wish to know *why* some things are wrong in grammar, and why others are right. In short Mr. Poutsma's book treats of the *how*, the second of the *why*. The merits of Mr. Poutsma's book are well-known, and have been acknowledged in reviewing an earlier instalment of his work in his periodical. As to the second book mentioned above, I must naturally leave it to the judgment of others.

E. KRUISINGA.

The Year's Work in English Studies, 1919—1920. Edited for the English Association by SIR SIDNEY LEE. Oxford University Press. 1921. Price to Members 3/6.

The English Association is steadily increasing its range of activities. The present publication will be welcome to all students of English who used to rely on the *Jahresberichte der germanischen philologie* published by the Berlin association of students of modern languages,¹⁾ which are no doubt excellent and of German thoroughness, but do not satisfy those interested in the modern period and especially students of living literature. In respect

¹⁾ Published by Reisland, Leipzig.

of time, however, they are far superior to the bibliographies published by *Anglia*, which could often supplement the *Jahresberichte* just because they appeared so much later. For Oldenglish we have the admirably complete lists of books and articles in Brandl's *Geschichte der englischen literatur* (1908), in Paul's *Grundriss der germanischen philologie*; it also mentions the bibliographical means of reference; for Middle English the well-known *Geschichte der englischen literatur*, by Gustav Körting, 1899, has been overtaken by the *Manual of the Writings in Middle English, 1050—1400*, published in 1916 (Oxford University Press) to which a supplement has already appeared, bringing it down to Sept. 1918.

With the help of these publications, and the series now opened by the English Association, the student will generally have no difficulty in finding out what work has been already done on any subject. The review of the work for Nov. 1919 to Nov. 1920 is descriptive rather than critical, and has been divided into eleven sections entrusted to eleven contributors, five of whom are women. It is not possible for a reviewer to test the whole book with regard to its completeness, but my impression is that non-English work is not exhaustively dealt with. It is to be hoped that this is due to the peculiar circumstances of the time. In the section on *Philology* Luick's *Historische grammatik* is not mentioned. There is no reason to suppose that this is owing to any set purpose, for Miss Hilde Murray generously acknowledges the work done by foreign scholars; perhaps the new instalments of Luick's work did not reach England in time to be mentioned in this volume. Any one who compares the lists in *English Studies* for 1920 will find more lacunae. On the other hand, there are several books and articles that might fail to become known to specialists but for this manual. We hope, therefore, that this venture of the Association will have as much success as its predecessors, so that further volumes will be possible.

K.

Brief Mentions.

Englische Phonetik mit Lesestücken. Von Dr. A. C. DUNSTAN. Zweite verbesserte auflage besorgt von Prof. Dr. MAX KALUZA. Berlin und Leipzig. Vereinigung wissenschaftlicher Verleger. 1921. 4.20 M.

This new edition, essentially the same as the first, has been made more systematic and thorough, without a considerable alteration of its size and consequently of its character. Some undoubted mistakes have been corrected; impossibilities such as *peasoup fog* with three even stresses have disappeared. Some sections, such as those on American English and on Spelling Reform, have wisely been omitted, or replaced by a short note. Other sections are completely new. The phonetic transcriptions have been largely left unchanged, but the reviser has made some corrections. The absence of any preface makes it impossible to say on whose authority the changes have been made. But those I have noticed seem to me to be perfectly justified. Thus for Dunstan's hænt ju we now find hævnt ju; for roil 'royal' we read roiæl, although in this case the sounds intended may be the same, and loiil 'loyal' has been left unchanged (p. 76). I had taken ðru:'aut 'throughout' for a misprint, but find it also in the new edition (p. 83). One correction may be suggested: in section 62 it should be made clear that the rule for the length of the vowel (in *cab*, etc.) refers to final syllables. The little book in its new form may be strongly recommended as a thoroughly reliable introduction to the subject. — K.

Nederlandsch—Engelsch Handelswoordenboek, by A. BONS JR. and C. VAN DER SPEK. 232 pp. Deventer, Æ. Kluwer, 1921. f 3.75.

It is pleasant to be able unreservedly to recommend this dictionary. It is quite up to date and in the matter of completeness compares very favourably with De Froe's *Engelsch Handelswoordenboek*. A list of abbreviations, geographical names, and English weights and measures ends the volume. Though this is not the place to enter into a lengthy discussion of its pros and cons the following remarks might prove useful: *Aftakken*: branch off. *Afteekenen* sign for a telegram (a postal parcel). We will look at your pay sheet and mark it o.k. *Baal*: state the difference between *bag* and *bale*! *Bagagedrager*: parcel carrier. *Betaalsrol*: paysheet. *Beursch*: sleepy (of pears). *Carbonpapier* is not the same as *doorslagpapier* (= duplicating paper). *City bag* is also *brief bag*. *Deurdrunder*: doorcheck. *Gloeikopmotor*: hot bulb motor. *Haussebeweging*. Add: bull-movement. *Houtbestrating*: Wood pavement. There is a misprint on p. 88: to reach its highest point. *Informatiebureau*. Add. Information Bureau. In London there are many Information Bureaus of the Y.M.C.A. *Ingevoerd*, goed — zijn = to have a good connection. Could not be said of articles! *Inschrijven*. Add: baggage laten — = to have luggage registered. *Jaarbeurs*. Add: Industries fair. The fourth Dutch Industries Fair will be held in Utrecht from February 23, until March 6 next. (Times Weekly Edition 30, 1, '20.) *Kabelwagen* = traveller. There is no entry for *kogelfleschje*. *Monster*. Op — verkoopen. Add: to sell by sample. In Argentina the wheat is sold by sample (Pitman Reader p. 259). *Paardentram* = horsetram. *Proefnummer*. Add: experimental copy. *Ronddraaideur*: Revolving door. *Spijker trekker* (also called "kistopener"): nail puller. *Uitspannen* (een verzekerde) = ? State difference between *insure* and *ensure*. (*Verzekeren*.) *Voteeren* (krediet): to vote a credit. *Wanbaal*: slack bag. *Zwaai deur*: swingdoor.

A fairly good dictionary and one which ought to be in every office. — S.

Readings from Ruskin by SUSAN CUNNINGTON. London, George Harrap & Co., 1921.

The extracts, preceded by a short Memoir, have been taken from 'Modern Painters' Ethics of the Dust', 'Queen of the Air', 'Unto this Last', 'The Cestus of Aglaia' and 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture'. The choice seems to me on the whole a very felicitous one. There are about twenty extracts in all, each accompanied by some apposite quotations from the great poets and a few very suggestive questions and exercises. In these latter the plastic arts are in evidence; repeatedly the pupil is called upon to describe pictures or to make a drawing himself, in connection with what he has read. A very commendable practice, especially for readings like these. Is not the relationship between art and literature too often lost sight of in our schools?

An excellent little book for the highest classes or the school library, well calculated to foster an appreciation of the beauty of nature and of human ideals and a taste for good literature. — A. G. v. K.

Bibliography.

POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney. Edited by ALBERT FEUILLERAT. In three volumes. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$. Vol. II., x. + 395 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 12s. 6d. n.

This middle volume of M. Feuillerat's edition of the complete works of Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) contains the last part of the *Arcadia*, "Astrophel and Stella," and a collection of all the other poems known to exist in print or manuscript and the masque of *The Lady of May*. [T.]¹

Selections from the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Edited by A. HAMILTON THOMPSON, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$, xl. + 196 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 4s. 6d. n.

This volume concludes the series of "Selections from English Romantic Poets." It is preceded by a substantial critical introduction and a table of the principal dates in Scott's life. [T.]

The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by J. H. WHITTY. 7 × 4 $\frac{3}{4}$, lxxxvi. + 190 pp. Constable. 1922. 7s. 6d.

This edition of Poe, with memoir (sixty-eight pages) and twenty-one new poems of which the editor claims to have established Poe's authorship, appears now for the first time as a "Riverside Pocket Edition," and for the first time also in this country, after publication in the United States. [T.]

¹ Descriptive notices marked [T.] are inserted by the courteous permission of the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*.

The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman. Collected and edited by EMERY HOLLOWAY. In two volumes. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$. Vol. I., xcii. + 264 pp. Vol. II., ix. + 351 pp. Heinemann. 30 s. n.

The Chapbook. No. 25. Febr. 1922. Twelve New Poems by Contemporary Poets. Poetry Bookshop, 1/6 net.

Poems: Second Series. By J. C. SQUIRE. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

Smoke and Steel. By CARL SANDBURG. Cape, 1922. 7/6 net.

The Personal History of David Copperfield. By CHARLES DICKENS, with critical appreciations old and new. Edited by G. K. CHESTERTON, HOLBROOK JACKSON, and R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (The Readers' Classics Series.) $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 823 pp. Bath: Cedric Chivers. 1922. 8s. 6d. n.

The series inaugurated by this volume is to be an extensive one. Sixty-nine volumes of reprinted masterpieces are already named as forthcoming. The plan is simple. There are no notes and, in the ordinary sense, no editorial introduction. The idea is to present the full text, and to collect as introductory matter critical appreciations of it written by well-known authors and critics of various ages and countries. First come "Appreciations" specially provided for the series by living writers; these are followed by "Comments" on the book extracted from many sources. In the present case the Appreciations (which vary in length from one to six pages) number seven, and are supplied by Mr. William Archer, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, Mrs. Meynell, M. Jules Claretie, M. Emile Legouis, Mr. Theodor de Wyzewa, and Mr. Holbrook Jackson. The "Comments" (which on the whole run rather shorter are culled from twenty-four authors, including Matthew Arnold, Taine, Andrew Lang, Anatole France, Swinburne, Lady Ritchie, Brunetiere, &c. The print of the book is agreeable enough, though a trifle small; the binding deserves high praise and enables the pages to lie comfortably at rest wherever you open them. [T.]

Tales by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Selected and edited with an Introduction by CARL VAN DOREN. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xxii. + 438 pp. Milford 5s. n.

Containing thirty stories now for the first time arranged in chronological order with their dates from "Twice Told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The Snow Image, and Other Twice Told Tales." Introduction, pp. 22 [T.]

The Awkward Age. By HENRY JAMES. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, xxvii. + 483 pp. Macmillan. 1922. 7s. 6d. n.

The Life and Death of Harriett Frean. By MAY SINCLAIR. 8×6 , 184 pp. Collins. 1922. 7s. 6d. n.

Measure for Measure. (The New Shakespeare Series.) $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$, xlv. + 176 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 7s. n. [A review will appear.]

Shakespeare Adaptations: The Tempest, The Mock Tempest, and King Lear. With an introduction and notes by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 6$, cviii. + 282 pp. Jonathan Cape. 1922. 15s. n.

Everyman in his Humor. By BEN JONSON. Edited with introduction, notes, and glossary By HENRY HOLLAND CARTER. (Yale Studies in English.) $9 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, cv. + 452 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press: London: Milford. 1922. 17s. n.

Esther. A Tragedy. Adapted and partially translated from the French of Jean Racine By JOHN MASEFIELD. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 68 pp. Heinemann. 1922. 2s. 6d. n.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy. By F. L. LUCAS. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, 136 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 7s. 6d. n.

The Shakespeare Canon. By J. M. ROBERTSON. I, The Origination of "Henry V." II, The Origination of "Julius Cæsar." III, The authorship of "Richard III." $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, xvi. + 205 pp. Routledge. 1922. 12s. 6d. n.

Croce as Shakespearean Critic. By J. M. ROBERTSON. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 32 pp. Routledge 2s. 6d. n.

The Stagery of Shakespeare. By R. CROMPTON RHODES. Birmingham: Cornish. 1922. 4s. 6d. n.

The Life of Henry, Third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's Patron. By CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES. 1922. Cambridge University Press. 42s. net.

A Bibliography of William Blake. By GEOFFREY KEYNES. New York. The Grolier Club

Lord Byron's Correspondence. Chiefly with Lady Melbourne, Mr. Hobhouse, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, and P. B. Shelley. Edited by JOHN MURRAY. In two volumes. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6$. Volume I. xiii. + 308. Volume II. ix. + 326 pp. Murray. 1922. 25s. n.

The Social Philosophy of Carlyle and Ruskin. By FREDERICK WILLIAM ROE. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, vii. + 335 pp. Allen and Unwin. 1922. 12s. 6d. n.

The Home Life of Swinburne. By CLARA WATTS-DUNTOW. Philpot, 1922. 15/- net.

A History of American Literature. Edited by W. P. TRENT, J. ERSKINE, STUART P. SHERMAN, and CARL VAN DOREN. Vol. III, x. + 424 pp. Vol. IV., vi. + 425 pp. to 872. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 6. Cambridge University Press. 30s. net.

The history is now brought down to the latest days in all departments of American literature. About one-half of the fourth volume is taken up by a great bibliography. [T.]

The American Novel. By CARL VAN DOREN. Macmillan, 1921. 11/- net.

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By JOHN LIVINGSTON LAVES. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$, 346 pp. Constable. 12s. 6d. n. [A review will appear.]

A Letter Book. Selected with an Introduction on the History and Art of Letter-Writing. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Bell. 1922. 6s. net.

The Exemplary Theatre. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, xv. + 288 pp. Chatto and Windus. 9s. n.

Bibliographies of Modern Authors. No. 4. John Collings Squire and James Stephens. With a prefatory letter by J. C. SQUIRE. Compiled by I. A. WILLIAMS 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, 13 pp. Leslie Chandy. 1s. 6d. n.

Based on lists which appeared in the *London Mercury*.

Notes and Reviews. By HENRY JAMES. A collection of 25 papers hitherto un-published in book form. Edition of 1000 copies only. Dunster House, Cambridge, Mass. \$ 5.-.

Jack London. By CHARMIAN LONDON (Mrs. Jack London). In two volumes. 9 × 6. Vol. I., xiii. + 450 pp. Vol. II., viii. + 418 pp. Mills and Boon. 36s. n.

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. By AMY LOWELL. Reprint. 8vo 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 364. Blackwell, 1921. 12s. 6d. net.

Prejudices. Second Series. By H. L. MENCKEN. 8 × 5 $\frac{1}{8}$, 254 pp. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. n.

The Kinds of Poetry and other essays. By JOHN ERSKINE. New-York, Duffield, 1920. [A review will appear.]

The Year's Work in English Studies, 1919-'20. Edited for the English Association by SIR SIDNEY LEE. Oxford University Press. 1921. 140 pp. Price 3/6 for Members.

Essays and Studies. By Members of the English Association. Volume VII. Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1921. 7/6 net.

Contains six essays: Rhyme in English Poetry by B. de Selincourt. — Words and Music in Song by A. H. Fox Strangways. — Thomas Parnell - or What was Wrong with the Eighteenth Century by A. H. Cruickshank. — A Contemporary Light upon John Donne by John Sampson. — A Bundle of Ballads by Geo. Neilson. — The 1604 text of Marlowe's 'Doctor Faustus.' by Percy Simpson.

LINGUISTICS, HISTORY, EDUCATION.

An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. Based on the manuscript collections of the late Joseph Bosworth. Supplement. By NORTHCOTE TOLLER. Part. III: Geolwian, Ypung. Oxford University Press. 31/6 net.

The Corpus, Epinal, Erfurt and Leyden Glossaries. By W. M. LINDSAY, F. B. A. Publications of the Philological Society, VIII. Oxford University Press, 1921. 15/- net. [A review will appear.]

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by SIR JAMES A. H. MURRAY, HENRY BRADLEY, W. A. CRAIGIE, and C. T. ONIONS. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 10 $\frac{3}{4}$. Vol. X., U-Z. U-Unforeseeable. By W. A. CRAIGIE. 192 pp. 15s. n. W-Wash, by HENRY BRADLEY. 128 pp. 10s. n. Z-Zyxt, by C. T. ONIONS. 105 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 10s. n.

A Dictionary of English Phrases. By ALBERT M. HYAMSON. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 6, xvi. + 365 pp. Routledge. 12s. 6d. n.

Mood and Tense of the English Verb. By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff. 1922. 91 pp. and 138 pp. f 5.90, cloth f 6.50. [See Review.]

A Handbook of Present-Day English. Volume II. English Accidence and Syntax. By E. KRUISINGA. Third Edition. Kemink & Zoon. 1922. XXXI + 912 pp., cloth f 19.50. [See Review.]

On Hyphens and Shall and Will and Should and Would in the newspapers of to-day. By H. W. FOWLER. Correspondence, &c., by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, ROBERT GRAVES, JOHN SARGEANT. (S. P. E. Tract No. VI.) 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, 29 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 2s. 6d. n.

English Influence on the French Vocabulary. By PAUL BARBIER. (S. P. E. Tract No. VIII.) 9 × 6, 44 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 3s. 6d. n. [A review will appear.]

Language. Its nature, development, and origin. By OTTO JESPERSEN. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, 448 pp. Allen and Unwin. 18s. n. [A review will appear.]

The American Language. An inquiry into the development of English in the United States. By H. L. MENCKEN. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, xvii + 492 pp. Jonathan Cape. 30s. n.

Transactions of the Scottish Dialects Committee. No. IV. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 90 pp. William Grant (Editor), Ashfield, Culls, Aberdeen.

Containing General Vocabulary, P-Y.

Anger in Britain and Scandinavia. By HENRY GODDARD LEACH. (Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature.) $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, xi. + 432 pp. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press. London: Milford. 15s. n.

A painstaking investigation into the medieval relations between the literatures of the British and Scandinavian countries, the study for which Mr. Leach, who is secretary of the American Scandinavian Foundation, began some fifteen years ago on the suggestion of Professor W. H. Schofield. It starts with a chapter on the Scandinavian settlement of Britain, and examines many varied kinds of literature and culture—the work of the Churchmen, Court manuals, pseudo histories, books of instruction, legends, ballads, sagas, &c. With notes (21 pp.) at the end. [T.]

The Beginning of the Year in the Middle Ages. By REGINALD LANE POOLE, Fellow of the Academy. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 25 pp. For the British Academy. Milford. 3s. n.

England under the Lancastrians. By JESSIE H. FLEMING. With a preface by A. F. POLLARD. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, xxi. + 301 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

This is a "Source Book" — one of the University of London Intermediate Source Books of History, of which "Chaucer's England" and "England Under the Yorkists" have already appeared. It provides a continuous series of contemporary documents from 1399 to 1423, with preliminary "Notes on the Sources" and index, 13 pp. [T.]

The Pastons and their England. Studies in an age of transition. By H. S. BENNETT. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$, xx. + 289 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 15s. n.

The Elizabethans and the Empire. By A. F. POLLARD, Fellow of the Academy. The Raleigh Lecture on History. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 20 pp. For the British Academy. Milford. 1s. 6d. n.

The Fall of Mary Stuart. A Narrative in Contemporary Letters. By FRANK ARTHUR MUMBY. Constable. 18/- net.

PERIODICALS.

De Drie Talen. Febr. & March 1922. L. P. H. Eykman, De plaats van *little* in verbanding met een ander bijvoeglijk naamwoord.

Revue germanique. XIII, 1. Janv. — Mars 1922. Includes: D. Saurat, Milton et le Zohar.

Modern Language Review. XVII, 1. Jan. 1922. Includes: W. L. Renwick, The critical origins of Spenser's diction. — R. S. Crane, Richardson, Warburton and French criticism. — R. S. Loomis, Tristram and the House of Anjou. — K. Hayens, Heine, Hazlitt and Mrs. Jameson.

Modern Language Notes. XXXVII, 1. Jan. 1922. Includes: C. T. Goode, Sir Thomas Elyot's *Titus and Gysippus*. — A. H. Nethercot, The term "Metaphysical Poets" before *Johnson*. — R. S. Crane, An early 18th c. enthusiast for primitive poetry: John Husbands.

Id. XXXVII, 2. Febr. 1922. Includes: A. H. Tolman, Shakespeare's Manipulation of his sources in *As You Like It*. — F. B. Snyder, Notes on Burns and England. — H. Cummings, Chaucer's *Prologue*, 1-7. — L. R. Merrill, Vaughan's influence upon Wordsworth's poetry.

Id. XXXVII, 3. March 1922. M. Callaway, The dative of time how long in Old English. — M. H. Nicolson, More's *Psychozoia*. — A. A. Raven, A study in Masefield's vocabulary. — A. A. Kern, *King Lear* and *Pelleas and Ettare*. — O. S. Coad, An old American college play. — A. W. Crawford, A note on *Julius Caesar*.

Philological Quarterly. $\frac{1}{2}$ I, 1. Jan. 1922. Includes: Th. A. Knott, Chaucer's Anonymous Merchant. — E. N. S. Thompson, Between the *Shepherds Calendar* and *The Seasons*. — H. S. Hughes, A Dialogue — Possibly by Henry Fielding. — J. S. Kenyon, A Note on Hamlet.

Neuere Sprachen. XXIX, 9/10 (Dec. 1921). F. Karpf, Syntax-Studien II (Notes on Jespersen). — K. Glaser, Zum bedeutungswandel in Französischen. — Notes, including a protest by the Romance professor Lerch against the ignorance of scholarship prevalent among German secondary schoolmasters, and their preference for schoolbooks produced by colleagues who are innocent of scholarship and reproduce statements long since proved to be wrong. — Reviews.

Fruit from the Golden Bough.

I.

Whatever may be the ultimate truth of the well-known Lucretian proposition that nothing arises out of nothing, it certainly holds good of literature and art. But the principle, being so very obvious, is in constant danger of being overlooked. We think it only natural that novelists and playwrights should always endeavour to obtain material at first hand; should make it a rule to observe human nature in as many aspects as possible; should familiarize themselves with many points of view, with various outlooks on life, with several 'philosophies', whether articulate or inarticulate. We consider it their main business to order and shape, to refine and sublimate this material, and we are quite willing, after they have done their business well, to hail them as genuine *creators*. On the other hand we are apt to forget that literary genres, plots and *motifs* must likewise derive, ultimately, from real facts, occurrences, practices, coincidences; notwithstanding all subsequent embroideries and embellishments, and in spite of the popular tendency to magnify or reduce proportions. There is something unsatisfactory in the mere tracing of mutual indebtedness, in being rewarded for one's pains by the rather barren knowledge that Tom borrowed from Dick, who borrowed from Harry, who borrowed from Jack; and that Tom was merely a transcriber and Dick a careless copyist, whereas brilliantly imaginative Harry transmuted Jack's ore into shining and resounding metal. To be sure we ought never to sneer at those patient and painstaking scholars who, as often as not in the self-sacrificing spirit of Browning's Grammarian, devote their lives to such wearisome and seemingly unprofitable tasks. But after all, we are in duty bound not to ignore the question which like a cliff, forbidding and fascinating at once, rises up at the end, the question of the provenance of Jack's ore. May not a good pick-axe, wielded by energetic hands, accomplish something, and at any rate lay bare certain veins?

II.

Many are the pickaxes, divers are the ways in which they are wielded by the attackers of the cliff, and various are the spots chosen for the attack. A Schliemann hearing the tale of Troy will refuse to accept it as fiction, as a mere story invented by a glorious but untruthful bard to beguile the time of the chieftain whose hospitable roof sheltered him, and at whose well-provided board — below the salt most likely — he fed. Convinced that there must have been some foundation of truth underlying the fabric of fancy, convinced also that even the fiercest sack and the most devastating fire cannot have caused total annihilation of what once was, he will, as soon as Mammon and circumstances permit him, rush to the place to which tradition points, locate the spot, conduct excavations, and discover the authentic remains of bygone splendour, thereby confounding — not, alas, for ever — wiseacres and pseudo-sceptics and dissuaders of unsophisticated enthusiasm. But archæology is one pick-axe from among

several, and its method has to be supplemented by others. Though archaeological finds certainly shed invaluable light on extant texts, it is just as necessary to interpret the former in the light of the latter. Admitting that we moderns are such stuff as dreams are made of, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the minds of our far-off predecessors, whose wonted fires live on in our ashes, were not made of sterner material than ours, rather the contrary, and that psychology, the scientific exploration of those overlapping realms called the conscious and the unconscious, should prove of inestimable service in explaining what our predecessors thought; how they felt; how they responded to their environment and to the calls from *their* past. So psychology joins hands with anthropology, which in its turn is inseparably connected with economics, with the study of religious beliefs, and with folklore, i. e. the study of religious survivals and the *débris* of 'science' that has fallen on evil days.

An author, when asked what made him take to writing, will as a rule fob us off with the statement that it was just because the fancy took him. If he happens to be in a cynical mood, he may say that it was merely to get some badly needed *shekels*. Ribot (*Essai sur l'Imagination Créatrice*, Paris 1908), after proving that there is no creative instinct as such, goes on to state (page 262) that needs and desires, whether single or combined must furnish the creative impulse, *but that they cannot furnish more*. If something is to be produced or 'created' there must be spontaneous re-emergence of submerged mental images. And how did we come by these mental images? The answer is: we received them from without, and the rule holds good for every *homo sapiens*, including inventors, discoverers, artists and poets. We received them from without, either directly, from the visible world of sky and clouds, sun, moon and stars, trees, grass and flowers, folk at work, at play, at worship, — or through the medium of what we were told, by parents and nurses, comrades and teachers. And whether or no we were told the results of observation at first hand — as a matter of fact we were mostly steeped in the stream of tradition — the effect on our minds remained much the same in kind, one image being as 'good' as another so long as there is equal intensity. But equal intensity there seldom is, and this truth applies both to the separate images lodged in one and the same mind, and to the separate *complexes* of mental imagery owned by different individuals. And those persons who, experiencing a creative impulse, have a great body of intense images at their disposal, and who, by using the telling word in the place where it tells most, can evoke similar moods to theirs in other people, are word-artists, or, in the higher sense of the term, poets.

As regards mental imagery we may consider it a debatable point whether a poet owes a greater debt to his actual surroundings or to tradition. But there is one respect in which the part played by tradition cannot be overestimated: it provides the *form* that the poet wants, it supplies the *mould* in which he can cast and fix part of his chaotically fluid fancies. He may, it is true — and as a rule he will — meddle with it, tinker at it, modify it to suit his needs or his idiosyncrasies, and afterwards hand on a rather different mould to his poetical successor, who in his turn will introduce certain modifications, however slight. But no literary form ever sprang Minerva-like out of an author's pregnant brain. And most literary artists have been glad to avail themselves of existing forms which were ready to their hands. Neither Shakespeare nor Goethe invented anything new in the way of *moulds*. There is many a modern sonneteer and unlocker

of his heart who, in the eighteenth century, would have devoted himself to didacticism, and the host of modern novelists would in Elizabethan times have gone in for the manufacture of plays.

III.

How had the Elizabethans come by their dramatic forms? They owed a considerable debt to the Mediæval moralities and mysteries, likewise to Spain, and to Seneca. And Seneca was, as a matter of course, indebted to the Greeks. What about the latter? Were they not borrowers as well?

They were, says Sir James Frazer of the 'Golden Bough'. They were huge borrowers, in matters religious. — And therefore, say Miss Jane Harrison, Professor Gilbert Murray and the rest, they were likewise borrowers in the field of art and letters. For in olden times there was no line of cleavage between religion and art, and whoever investigates the origins of Greek literature becomes *nolens volens* an inquirer into Hellenic religious beliefs. His researches will often yield startling results, which it will be necessary to supplement and verify by an assiduous comparison with the beliefs and magical rites of such primitive peoples as the ploughshare of advancing civilization has spared as yet. A practically endless field of investigation opens, with innumerable possibilities of losing one's way or pursuing will-o'-the-wisps....

But surely, some reader will say, we know all about *die Götter Griechenlands*. We know their pedigrees, their functions, their attributes. We are familiar with their outward appearances. If we were to meet them in the street, we should recognise them sooner than Philemon and Baucis did....

Let me disabuse such readers at once. Homeric mythology is not Greek religion, and the appeal of Homer's gods was, already in Homer's time, far more æsthetic than religious or ethical. In Jane Harrison's beautiful words (see the Introduction to her *Themis*, Cambridge, 1912) the anthropomorphic gods of Homer and Pheidias and the mythographers are 'like a bouquet of cut flowers whose bloom is brief, because they have been severed from their roots'. In the religious life of the Greeks the figures of Adonis, Orpheus, and Dionysus loom far larger than all the Olympians together, with the only exception of Demeter. And who were Adonis, Orpheus, Dionysus? They were more than men, were they gods? And if so, had they been gods from the first?

According to the school of Sir James Frazer they were, though undoubtedly borrowing certain traits from actual personages, essentially *year-spirits*, representing the cyclic death and rebirth of the world. And their myths, originating in rites of so-called sympathetic magic, contained a number of elements whose normal sequence is as follows (*Themis*, 342):

1. An *Agon* or Contest, the Year against its enemy, Light against Darkness, Summer against Winter.
2. A *Pathos* of the Year-Daimon, generally a ritual or sacrificial death, in which Adonis or Attis is slain by the taboo animal, Dionysus, Pentheus, Orpheus, Hippolytus torn to pieces.
3. A *Messenger* announcing that Great Pan, or Tammuz or Adonis, has died ('off the stage').
4. A *Threnos* or Lamentation (often after the dead body is brought in on a bier).

5. A *Theophany*, when the Daimon, thought to be dead, reappears in glory and is recognised by his worshippers, who experience a *Peripateia* or extreme change of feeling, from the deepest grief to the highest joy.

Now these were rites in which at first it behoved every freeborn citizen to join, but by and by, as the *civitas* increased, active participation of every member of the community was no longer desirable and mere presence was considered enough. The *Sacer Ludus* became the business of a few characters, chiefly of the two *antagonists*, assisted by a chorus. Successive years brought more changes. It was forgotten that the two adversaries were in reality one, both being the embodied representatives of one and the same conception, the Year-spirit. It was forgotten that the Dionysus of one year was the Pentheus of the next, and that originally the *sin* of the latter, so far from being *hubris*, arrogance or insolence, was simply — that he was old, that he was a dog who had had his day, that the New Year made his triumphal entry over the mangled and torn remains of his defeated rival. But though one gifted dramatist might develop the old play in some special direction, and though successors in their turn might add new elements and introduce new departures, the outer shape did not lose its identity. From first to last Greek tragedy was essentially religious and retained the clear traces of its origin in ritual. And attendance on the part of the citizens remained compulsory. And the priest of Dionysus continued to occupy the seat of honour among the spectators, year after year.

IV.

The above views are now held by many scholars, most of whom, be it noted here, have a pronounced turn for literary expression. (I mention especially Professor Gilbert Murray). But the theory has not been allowed to go unchallenged, and it is especially the Cambridge professor Sir William Ridgeway, the well-known author of *The Dramas and Dramatic Dances of Non-European Races* (a valuable book and a mine of information), who has proved himself the staunchest and most indefatigable denier of all Year-spirits and *Vegetation-daimons*. He holds, as strongly as possible:

1. That Tragedy proper did not arise in the worship of Dionysus.
2. That, on the contrary, it sprang out of the indigenous worship of the dead.
3. That even if it were true that Tragedy proper arose out of the worship of Dionysus, it would no less have originated in the worship of the dead, since Dionysus was regarded by the Greeks as a *hero* (i. e. a man turned into a saint) as well as a god.

Unfortunately, however, the arguments by means of which Sir William Ridgeway supports his views, are not always of a kind likely to impress a literary man with some knowledge of linguistics. This is not to say that none of his arguments will hold water — in fact, many of them are not easily disposed of — but simply that in his Berserker-like fight with his opponents he will not only make any weapon do, but will sometimes try to cut with a broomstick and to shoot with a wooden gun. Let it be granted that Max Müller and his school were wrong in seeing solar myths everywhere and in constructing a primitive 'Aryan' language consisting of nothing but abstract verbal roots. Does it therefore follow that there never were any solar myths, not even among the Babylonians, and that all verbs are

denominatives? ¹⁾ Is it logical in one place to deny uncultured persons any power of abstraction or generalization, and in another to pooh-pooh the possibility of so-called group projections, the theory that Bacchus was simply *the Bacchus par excellence* and arose out of a group, a *thiasos* whom he led and represented, just as *the MacTavish* led and represented his clan? Why, uncultured people cannot so much as think without personifications, group-projections and so forth. Like the lunatic, the lover and the poet, they are of imagination all compact, and if they would but apprehend some joy, or fear, or sorrow, they comprehend its bringer. Shakespeare's psychology is rather ahead of Professor Ridgeway's here. What about the conceptions, many in number, which German scholars, following Hermann Usener, term *Sondergötter*, about Kouroutrophos, the divine nurse of children, about Thallo and Auxo, granting youthful bloom and increase, about Matton, the kneader of bread, Keraon, the mixer of wine, and the *Mulanteioi* in the mills? ²⁾ What about the inveterate habit of uneducated people of speaking of *the Frenchman* (or of Johnny Crapaud) where an educated man would make the indefinite article do? What about Uncle Sam and John Bull? What about Father Christmas? And what about that wonderful *compositum mixtum* invented in the United States and bearing that weirdest of all names, Santa Claus?

V.

He is not our Dutch *Sinterklaas* or Saint Nicholas, as his grotesque appellation seems to suggest, and as some misguided lexicographers would make us believe. We disown the upstart. Yankees and Britishers may galvanize him into seeming life and even identify him with Father Christmas, we stick to our good old Bishop, who, on December 5th (mark the date), visits us even in the most inclement weather, and having left his beautiful castle in Spain comes to us with a shipload of gifts; to our venerable, whitebearded, crozier-bearing Bishop, who is not above inspecting schools and rewarding children in their class-rooms, when, leaving his palfrey outside pawing the ground, he enters in all the majesty of benevolence, followed by his black servant, whose bent back threatens to break under the weight of a mammoth hamper crammed with presents.... Oh, the shouts that then rise in token of the inextinguishable love that we bear him!

Now St. Nicholas, popular though he is with Catholics and Protestants alike, can hardly be looked upon as an ancestor of the Dutch, being a bishop and vowed to celibacy. But what if he, even he, were in reality a supplanter, like Jacob, and a *compositum mixtum*, like Santa Claus? What

¹⁾ I give Prof. Ridgeway's reasoning *verbatim*. 'They... assumed that the primitive Aryans could do perfectly what few most cultured people of to-day can only do imperfectly — think in abstracts. Yet they might have remembered that so far from verbal roots being antecedent to nouns even in Sanskrit and Greek there are whole classes of *denominative* verbs, i.e. verbs derived from nouns and that living languages are daily recruiting their verbal system by new formations from previously existing nouns, thus demonstrating that the names for objects come first, and that verbs and verbal roots are derived from them. There must be a Captain Boycott before there can be a verb to boycott.' — I submit that this sort of logic is unsound.

²⁾ As regards the Romans, Cyril Bailey (*The Religion of Ancient Rome*, Constable, 1911) gives (page 13), on Varro's authority, a list of the deities concerned in the early life of the child. 'There is Vaticanus, who opens the child's mouth to cry, Cunina, who guards his cradle, Edulia and Potina, who teach him to eat and drink, Statilinus, who helps him to stand up, Adeona and Abeona, who watch over his first footstep, and many others each with his special province of protection or assistance.'

if several of his traits were borrowed from some pagan predecessor, perhaps even from more than one? For St. Nicholas's gallant dapple-grey is no ordinary *equus caballus*. He can take his way through the air, through the sky, like — ay, like Sleipnir ridden by Woden. And when I was a little boy, being of conservative and benighted stock, I used, *mirabile dictu*, to bring sacrifices, not, it is true, to 'the Saint' or to Woden, but to the horse. Under the chimney, St. Nicholas's favourite way-in, I put a wooden shoe (specially provided for the occasion, for our Anglo-Saxon friends will be surprised to learn that our entire Dutch household trod on neat's leather) containing a big carrot or turnip for St. Nicholas's mount. In the morning such a vegetable would always have disappeared, having ostensibly found its way into Sleipnir's capacious stomach, but in its stead there would be presents lying about, a whistle, a paint-box, a picture book, building-blocks, — and always a *Klaasman*, a rather big effigy of St. Nicholas, baked of spiced flour, which I was on no account to consume by myself like little Jack Horner in his corner, but which, broken to pieces, was partaken of by everyone who had the slightest claim on me. All this would seem to point to some supplanted vegetation-god, who may have been much older than Woden himself, the *Klaasman* being the degraded relic of a kind of sacrament in the god's honour, shared by his worshippers, who knew as well as the ancient Greeks and Romans or the modern Chinese how to make *simulacra* do duty for *vera*.

Recommending this little excursus to the notice of Sir James Frazer, while observing that Sir William Ridgeway's ancestor-cult explains neither the *omophagia* of the Dionysus-worshippers (i. e. the combined slaughter and consumption, raw, of a bull or a goat) nor the breaking and dividing of the *Klaasman*, I will now proceed to give some quotations from Professor Emile Durkheim's well-known book *Les Formes élémentaires de la Vie religieuse* (Paris, 1912). It will be seen that this scholar, who is by no means a 'compleat' Frazerite, controverts Prof. Ridgeway's theories in the most unambiguous terms.

(p.p. 88, 89): "Si vraiment.... les premiers êtres sacrés avaient été les âmes des morts et le premier culte celui des ancêtres, on devrait constater que, plus les sociétés sont d'un type inférieur, plus aussi ce culte tient de place dans la vie religieuse. Or c'est plutôt le contraire qui est la vérité. Le culte ancestral ne prend de développement et même ne se présente sous une forme caractérisée que dans des sociétés avancées comme la Chine, l'Égypte, les cités grecques et latines; au contraire, il manque aux sociétés australiennes qui représentent la forme d'organisation sociale la plus basse et la plus simple que nous connaissions. Sans doute, on y trouve des rites funéraires et des rites de deuil; mais ces sortes de pratiques ne constituent pas un culte, bien qu' on leur ait parfois, et à tort, donné ce nom. Un culte, en effet, n'est pas simplement un ensemble de précautions rituelles que l'homme est tenu de prendre dans certaines circonstances; c'est un système de rites, de fêtes, de cérémonies diverses qui *présentent toutes ce caractère qu'elles reviennent périodiquement.*"

And again (p. 91):

"L' Australien n'est occupé de ses morts qu' au moment même du décès et pendant le temps qui suit immédiatement. Et cependant, ces mêmes peuples pratiquent, à l' égard d'êtres sacrés d'une tout autre nature, un culte complexe, fait de cérémonies multiples

qui occupent parfois des semaines et même des mois entiers. Il est inadmissible que les quelques rites que l'Australien accomplit quand il lui arrive de perdre l'un de ses parents aient été l'origine de ces cultes permanents, qui reviennent régulièrement tous les ans et qui remplissent une notable partie de son existence. Le contraste entre les uns et les autres est même tel qu'on est fondé à se demander *si ce ne sont pas les premiers qui sont dérivés des seconds, si les âmes des hommes, loin d'avoir été le modèle sur lequel furent imaginés les dieux, n'ont pas été conçues, dès l'origine, comme des émanations de la divinité.*" (my italics).

VI.

"In any half-won sphere of knowledge that hypothesis must hold the field which correlates the largest number of known facts." Accepting this truth, thus felicitously framed by Miss Bertha Phillpotts, the author of *The Elder Edda and Ancient Scandinavian Drama* (Cambridge, 1920), which will now be discussed, we must take leave of the funeral theory ¹). It would, of course, be quite wrong altogether to reject it, but the number of facts which it correlates is too small to induce any admirer of *The Golden Bough* to give up Frazer's hypotheses in favour of Ridgeway's. A careful reading of the distinguished archaeologist's book will leave a good many readers impenitent believers in the existence of vegetation-rites and fertility-cults. Indeed, supposing one's belief had been shaken, would not one bite off the *Klaasman* or one glance at the sculptured obscenities of certain Hindoo temples suffice to confirm it again?

But our business is now with Scandinavia.

"At the dawn of history," says Miss Phillpotts (p. 64), "we find the Northerners with two extremes in literary modes; the speech-poem and the purely narrative skaldic verse. The former is evidently of native origin: the latter has often been suspected of Celtic affinities." The subject-matter of the skaldic poems came from the south; the Norwegians play no part in the Nibelungen and Ermanaric cycles. They are outside them "as the Ionians are outside the purview of the Homeric Age". At the time when Goths, Franks and Saxons were exulting in the possession of lands and wealth wrested from the Romans, the Norwegians were probably too poor to attract the foreign Court minstrel with all the heroic songs of Teutondom stored in his memory. "But when, on the decay of the Frisian sea-power, the Norwegians won a sudden affluence, we may imagine that foreign minstrels were glad to frequent the courts of her kings.... An alien heroic

¹) The following two sneers at it are not without point:

1. [On the funeral theory a ritual myth] "must represent those exploits of the dead chieftain, of which his ghost will most like to be reminded; and it is difficult to understand what satisfaction the departed Pelops could find in having his attention periodically drawn to the fact that his father had been damned in Hell for cooking him and trying to make the gods eat him at dinner." (Mr. F. M. Cornford in Jane Harrison's *Themis*, Cambridge, 1912, page 217).

2. "It is perfectly obvious that Sir W. Ridgeway's theory, reduced to abstract terms, would result in the conclusion that all religion is based upon the cult of the Dead and that men originally knew no gods but their grandfathers, a theory from which as a student of religion I absolutely and entirely dissent. I can understand that such Dead Ancestors can be looked upon as Protectors, or as Benefactors. But I see no ground for supposing that they have ever been regarded as Creators...." (Jessie Weston, *From Ritual to Romance*, Cambridge, 1920).

poetry was grafted upon Norwegian literature and flowered a second time in Norway and in Iceland.' As Professor Chadwick was the first to point out, 'the Norwegians, like the Ionians, were the means of transmitting to posterity, in a style and metre they did not invent, the heroic poetry of an age in which they played no part. They glorify their own greatness by bringing a finer art to bear on the exploits of an age in which they were unknown and unsung, just as the author of Beowulf honours his Anglo-Saxon king by stories of a heroic age in distant Scandinavia.'

Bertha Phillpotts's concern is not with the skalds, but with the older poems, which consist of little but speech and which shirk narrative; with *Fafnismál* for instance, depicting in dialogue form, Sigurd's slaying of the dragon and his detection of Reginn's treachery, when, after a great deal of dialogue, only a prose "aside" tells us that "*Sigurd hewed the head off Reginn*". This clumsy and long-winded dialogue form, contrasting so sharply with the forcible directness and economy of the Icelandic prose-sagas, must have an origin, and Miss Phillpotts finds this origin in ancient ritual. We know that vegetation and fertility rites played a large part in the religious life of the Scandinavians. We know that among various peoples such rites tended to assume dramatic forms, which often, albeit debased and degraded in character, have persisted down to our days. We may assume *a priori* that such dramas were likewise enacted among Northmen, Danes and Swedes. And it is notorious that primitive drama is by no means composed solely with a view to entertainment. 'If the Norwegians performed a special type of dramatic representation in which a god, usually Thor, is victorious in a contest with a giant, we may suppose that they first did so as a means of securing that Thor should in fact always be successful in those encounters with a race which for ever threatened the security of the world.' Likewise the primary object of the fertility-drama proper, the so-called ritual marriage, was not commemorative but magical, and it was performed to induce the earth to bring forth abundantly. And though in the Edda as well as in Saxo these ritual dramas have been treated as heroic sagas, these poems present a certain number of special characteristics (proper to the Year-Drama), which Bertha Phillpotts enumerates as follows (page 144):

- (1) A slaying by the bridegroom. The slain man is a kinsman of either bride or bridegroom, usually a brother.
- (2) The implication that this slaying is in some way the bride's doing, the woman being the central figure.
- (3) A flying, or scolding-match.
- (4) A love-scene, sometimes followed by hints of resurrection.

The *agonists*, too, are a peculiar set, and often bear names which are generic rather than proper, such as Helgi (= the holy one), Heðinn (= the skin-clad one), Gram (= the adversary), whilst the woman is often called a *valkyrie*. From a literary point of view the ancient Norwegians seem strangely deficient in inventive power, but a student of anthropology will be pretty quick to reject any theory of literary contamination. In face of such a number of variations on a common theme, he will look for the basis of the story in some oft-repeated piece of ritual. The flying is easily accounted for, as it also occurs as an integral part of Greek comedy, where its intention may have been either a crop-charm or an attempt to avert evil. But the many Helgis remind one of the kings or high-priests of Cybele at Pessinus, who were regularly called Attis, beloved of the *mater turrigera*. In Sweden the name *Yngvi* was borne not only by the god Frey

himself, but by every member of the royal house of Upsala, and it is inferred that these princes were regarded not merely as descendants, but actually as representatives of the god. 'Thus every Upsala king would be regarded as representing Frey in his quality of Freyja's husband.... When the country suffered from famine, the disaster was attributed to the king, who was thus credited with the same powers as Frey. We may surmise that at such times the goddess was thought to be dissatisfied with her human bridegroom, and when this occurred he was sacrificed and another of the royal house succeeded him.... *It looks as if the king's reign would normally terminate with his death at the hands of a member of his own family, who would succeed to the kingship and the espousals*'. (My italics). Shakespeare's Hamlet derives ultimately from Saxo Grammaticus. It is not difficult to see how Saxo had come by the story, whose meaning of course escaped him altogether. As regards the central figures of these 'dramas' the female characters, we may presume that they — Thorgerdh, Sigrún, Svava and the rest — were priestesses personating the goddess in her marriages with members of the royal house.

VII.

'If by focussing attention upon some neglected aspect of the Eddic poems, while availing ourselves to the full of the results of philological research,¹⁾ we are driven to formulate a new theory for the origin of the poems, we are furthering the advance of knowledge, whether the theory is ultimately proved right or no.' This is Bertha Phillpotts's position. Substitute 'Grael romances' for 'Eddic poems' and we have Miss Weston's in *From Ritual to Romance* (Cambridge, 1920), a work which she evidently intends to be the crowning achievement of more than thirty years devoted to the study of Mediæval texts. To use a phrase which has become rather hackneyed of late, what Miss Weston does not know about the Grail legend and Arthurian romance is not worth knowing. She quotes all her texts in the original, whether Provençal or Middle-Dutch, and has evidently more than a mere nodding acquaintance with Jacob van Maerlant. Now, after a great amount of valuable philological work, she has done what Miss Phillpotts has done: used Frazer's theories in order to unravel a very complicated and tangled web, in her case that of the extant Grail romances, and her task has been the more formidable of the two, owing to the overwhelming mass of material, both in prose and verse, 'a chaotic welter of conceptions that have come drifting from all parts of the globe'.²⁾

There are scholars who see in it a deliberate attempt on the part of monks and clerics to infuse a Christian spirit into the warlike and amorous stories of chivalry. But if the attempt were deliberate it has been hardly more successful than the supplanting of Woden and Sleipnir by St. Nicholas and his palfrey. Why, for instance, is there, in Mediæval art, not a trace of the legend concerning Joseph of Arimathea and the Grail? It is true, Jessie Weston's statement, that the legend 'has no existence outside the Grail literature', and that it is 'the creation of romance, and no genuine tradition', might appear to be somewhat sweeping, as Joseph is mentioned

¹⁾ As a matter of fact Miss Phillpotts defers throughout, in matters philological, to such acknowledged authorities as Symons and R. Heusler.

²⁾ I quote the Copenhagen professor Dr. Valdemar Vedel. (*Mittelalterliche Kulturideale* II. Teubner). 'Es ist das wildeste Durcheinander von Vorstellungen von überallher'. (p. 139).

in the (apocryphal) gospel of Nicodemus. But she distinguishes sharply between a *Saint-Sang* legend, and one about the *Grail*, and she is most likely right in doing so. Then, how to account for the curiously unorthodox tone of the Grail romances? Are we to assume their being influenced by the Knights-Templars and their doings, as Prof. Vedel does, who also believes, with Paulin Paris, that the main source of the unorthodoxy is to be found in the struggle for independence of the early British Church? As Miss Weston observes with great reason, 'the differences of that Church with Rome affected only minor points of discipline: the date of Easter, the fashion of tonsure of the clergy, nothing which touched vital doctrines of the Faith.' But as regards the Templars, she admits the great probability either of their having had a hand in the formation of the legend, or of their tragic and mysterious fate having furnished materials for it. At any rate, we must put it down to the materials rather than to the intentions of the romancing monks and clerics, if the Graal sagas contain unorthodox, heretical or un-Christian elements. It was psychologically impossible for them to build even a Chapel Perilous without suitable bricks; and they could not bake bricks without clay. Both consciously and subconsciously — to discriminate between the results of the two processes looks a tempting but still very distant task — they handled and refashioned their *Rohstoff*, which as often as not was not so very raw, being largely the *disjecta membra* of a vanished civilization. So do we find, incorporated in the walls of an Italian peasant's cottage, pieces of ancient masonry, taken from the ruins of some villa or temple.

Let me exemplify this by drawing attention to an adventure of Lancelot, to be found in *Perceval le Gallois ou le conte du Graal*, which is accessible to the general reader in Sebastian Evans's translation called *The High History of the Holy Graal*. (Everyman; I quote Branch X 3-6).

'The story saith that Lancelot went his way by strange lands and by forests to seek adventure, and rode until he found a plain land lying without a city that seemed to be of right great lordship. As he was riding by the plain land, he looketh toward the forest and seeth the plain fair and wide and the land right level. He rideth all the plain, and looketh toward the city and seeth great plenty of folk issuing forth thereof. And with them was there much noise of bag-pipes and flutes and viols and many instruments of music, and they came along the way wherein was Lancelot riding. When the foremost came up to him, they halted and redoubled their joy. 'Sir,' say they, 'Welcome may you be!' 'Lords,' saith Lancelot, 'Whom come ye to meet with such joy?' 'Sir,' say they, 'They that come behind there will tell you clearly that whereof we are in need.'

'Thereupon behold you the provosts and the lords of the city, and they come over against Lancelot. 'Sir,' say they, 'All this joy is made along of you, and all these instruments of music are moved to joy and sound of gladness for your coming,' 'But wherefore for me,' saith Lancelot. 'That shall you know well betimes,' say they. 'This city began to burn and to melt in one of the houses from the very same hour that our king was dead, nor might the fire be quenched, nor never will be quenched until such time as we have a king that shall be lord of the city and of the honour thereunto belonging, and on New Year's Day behoveth him to be crowned in the midst of the fire, and then shall the fire be quenched, for otherwise may it

never be put out nor extinguished. Wherefore have we come to meet you to give you the royalty, for we have been told that you are a good knight.' 'Lords', saith Lancelot, 'Of such a kingdom have I no need, and God defend me from it.' 'Sir,' they say, 'You may not be defended thereof, for you come into this land at hazard, and great grief would it be that so good and as you see this is were burnt and melted away by the default of one single man, and the lordship is right great, and this will be right great worship to yourself, that on New Year's Day you should be crowned in the fire and thus save this city and this great people, and thereof shall you have great praise.'

'Much marvelleth Lancelot of this that they say. They come round about him on all sides and lead him into the city. The ladies and damsels are mounted to the windows of the great houses and make great joy, and say the one to another, 'Look at the new king here that they are leading in. Now will he quench the fire on New Year's Day.' 'Lord!' say the most part, 'What great pity is it of so comely a knight that he shall end on such-wise!' 'Be still!' say the others. 'Rather should there be great joy that so fair city as is this should be saved by his death, for prayer will be made throughout all the kingdom for his soul for ever!' Therewith they lead him to the palace with right great joy and say that they will crown him. Lancelot found the palace all strown with rushes and hung about with curtains of rich cloths of silk, and the lords of the city all apparelled to do him homage. But he refuseth right stoutly, and saith that their king nor their lord will he never be in no such sort. Thereupon behold you a dwarf that entereth into the city, leading one of the fairest dames that be in any kingdom, and asketh whereof this joy and this murmuring may be. They tell him they are fain to make the knight king, but that he is not minded to allow them, and they tell him the whole manner of the fire.

'The dwarf and the damsel are alighted, then they mount up to the palace. The dwarf calleth the provosts of the city and the greater lords. 'Lords,' saith he, 'Sith that this knight is not willing to be king, I will be so willingly, and I will govern the city at your pleasure and do whatsoever you have devised to do.' 'In faith, sith that the knight refuseth this honour and you desire to have it, willingly will we grant it you, and he may go his way and his road, for herein do we declare him wholly quit.' Therewithal they set the crown on the dwarf's head, and Lancelot maketh great joy thereof. He taketh his leave, and they commend him to God, and so remounteth he on his horse and goeth his way through the midst of the city all armed. The dames and damsels say that he would not be king for that he had no mind to die so soon. When he came forth of the city right well pleased was he'

VIII.

Now any one who knows something of certain strange ways of heathen and pagan, will at once recognize in this adventure attributed to Lancelot, a pretty accurate version of a weird practice, which flourished among many

peoples in antiquity, likewise among the Aztecs of Mexico, and is still met with here and there in Africa, namely the ritual slaying of a man who had been crowned king, and who, having been given a shorter or longer period (a week, a month, a year, occasionally a term of years) during which to enjoy his privileged position to the full, being regarded with religious awe and being to all intents and purposes a god, — was burnt or otherwise sacrificed. The story was by no means a free invention, it was a very faithful tradition, and it had originated not in fancy but in fact. Miss Weston does not mention it, probably because she thinks its connection with the Grail too slender, in which she may be right; but its presence, which can in no other way be accounted for, lends additional weight to the thesis that the other elements, too, must have been derived from somewhere. And many are the elements whose provenance is traced by her, or for which she at least adduces parallels.

There is the king upon whose well-being the prosperity of a whole country depends, a notion with which Homer was already familiar (Cp. *Odyssey* XIX 108 ff) and by which the Romans were manifestly swayed when estimating the merits of their generals and consuls.¹) When the Fisher King (li Rois Peschéors) 'falls into languishment', all the land suffers with him, vegetation is destroyed and desolation is everywhere.

There is the Grail itself, which, identified on the one hand with a mysterious Food-providing Vessel of the Kelts, on the other with the Chalice of the Eucharist, was originally but a 'life-symbol', like the lance, derived from some Hellenistic mystery-cult, or cults.

There is the Chapel Perilous, and the nightly vigil there, pointing, past or through the 'Order of the Temple', to the Mithra-worship of the Roman legionary, with its subterranean *Mithraeums* or chapels, built, as Cumont says, *in solo privato*, and with its rites of initiation and its seven degrees.²) 'An interesting parallel exists between Wales, and localities, such as the Alps, and the Vosges, where we have definite proof that... Mystery cults lingered on after they had disappeared from public celebration. The Chart appended to Cumont's *Monuments de Mithra* shows Mithraic remains in precisely the locality where we have reason to believe certain of the *Gawain* and *Perceval* stories to have originated' (p. 179). 'The earliest version of the Grail story, represented by our Bleheris form, relates the visit of a wandering knight to one of these hidden temples; his successful passing of the test into the lower grade of Life initiation, his failure to attain to the highest degree. It matters little whether it were the record of an actual, or of a possible experience; the casting into romantic form of an event which the story-teller knew to have happened, and had perchance, actually witnessed; or the objective recital of what he knew *might* have occurred...' (p. 192). It *does* matter very little, from a psychological point of view, but surely, of an actual experience on the part of the narrator there can hardly be any question, since we have no trace of the story before the twelfth century,

¹) Good fortune, whether in peace or war, was deemed a *virtue*. Compare Cicero's *Pro Murena* c. 18 § 38: "Quare gravis est illa oratio: 'me saucium recreavit, me praeda donavit: hoc duce castra cepimus, signa contulimus: nunquam iste plus militi laboris imposuit quam sibi sumpsit ipse, cum fortis tum etiam *felix*.' Hoc quanti putas esse ad famam hominum ac voluntatem? Etenim si tanta illis comitiis religio est, ut adhuc semper omen valuerit praerogativae, quid mirum est in hoc *felicitatis* famam sermonemque valuisse?" (My italics). Evidently Murena's *medicine* was strong.

²) Raven (corax), Occult (cryphius), Soldier (miles), Lion (leo), Persian (Perses), Courier of the Sun (heliodromus) and Father (pater). See Cumont, *Les Mystères de Mithra* Brussels, 1913, p. 155.

and 'when we do meet with it, it is already in complete and crystallized form' (page 779), with which compare Van Gennep's dictum: "L'utilisation purement littéraire du thème a été, dans chaque système culturel (Grèce, avec les *Dialogues des Morts*; Rome avec l'*Énéide*; Moyen Age avec la *Divine Comédie*, etc.), l'oeuvre d'une période d'incroyance vis-à-vis de conceptions périmées." (*La Formation des Légendes*, Paris 1910, p. 104).

IX.

The theories discussed above, all of them fruit from Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, are in our present state of knowledge entitled to every respect and worthy of all consideration. Their value to the anthropologist needs no comment. But their value to a mere *littérateur* is hardly less, since they help him to be on his guard against generalities and banalities, and against quasi-mystic 'talk through the hat' about the deep Slavic soul, and the brooding Keltic spirit and the rest of the modern catchwords, claptrap and *psittacism*.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The Dialectal Distribution of certain Phonological Features in Middle English.

Introduction.

§ 1. Previous Investigations.

The study of early Place-Name forms with a view to determine the geographical distribution of M.E. dialect features is as yet in its early stages, but the progress that has already been made in this line of research more than justifies its further development. Professor Wyld's articles on O.E. \ddot{y} in M.E. (*Englische Studien* 47. 1913-14) dealt with all the southern and midland counties. The same point, together with O.E. \bar{a}^1 (from W. Gmc. \bar{a}) was investigated by Professor Brandl (*Zur Geogr. der altengl. Dial.*). Ekwall (*Contrib. to the Hist. of O.E. Dialects*) traced the boundary of the O.E. area of the fracture of \bar{a} before $l + \text{consonant}$, and the distribution in M.E. of u , i , and e as the i mutation of \bar{a} ($e\ddot{a}$) before $l + \text{consonant}$. Heuser's *Alt-London* deals chiefly with Middlesex, Essex, and Herts., and discusses the following phonological features: O.E. \bar{a} ; O.E. \ddot{y} ; fracture of \bar{a} before $l + \text{cons.}$; i -mutation of $a + \text{nasal}$.

Professor Wyld has shown (*Essays and Studies*, Vol. VI p.p. 114-119, etc.) that the results obtained from Pl. Ns. are confirmed by examination of literary texts in those counties to which such texts can be definitely assigned. Therefore in the case of other counties the conclusions drawn from Pl. Ns. may be accepted with some confidence, and as practically no smallest district in England is without its ancient records, there seems no reason why, as regards the phonological features at least, it should not be possible to establish M.E. dialect boundaries fairly accurately.

The field of research is almost unlimited. The enormous mass of material, both published and unpublished, that awaits in libraries and muniment

rooms the examination of the philologist, is an inexhaustible mine, and patient and careful search will doubtless reveal many surprises and many treasures.

§ 2. Difficulties.

There are, however, from the point of view of the investigator of dialects, a few difficulties to be faced. One possibility that must be reckoned with is that scribes may have sometimes used, not the local speech-forms, but some sort of official language, approximating more or less closely to the West Saxon, or the London English, or whatever may have been most in vogue in the official circles of the day. There is very little evidence of scribes from one part of the country employing their own local forms in names in other counties which normally used a different type. We do not find Kentish forms in Hereford, nor Hampshire pronunciations in Essex, and where apparent exceptions to the normal type do appear, it is always in such a small proportion as to be practically negligible.

It is perhaps rather dangerous to trust altogether to one manuscript to illustrate the speech-habits of a particular county, but in a general investigation like the present one it has to be done occasionally; as a matter of fact, in counties for which several manuscripts or groups of documents have been used, the evidence afforded is hardly ever conflicting. For some counties the wealth of easily accessible material is almost embarrassing, while in others the lack of suitable documents sometimes checks the development of a theory at an important point. The centuries for which the fewest Place-Name sources are forthcoming are the 11th and 12th, hence there is frequently a wide gap between the O.E. period and the M.E. period which remains to be bridged by future investigation. For the 12th century there is a large body of material in the Publications of the Pipe Roll Society, but the language of these is in some ways peculiar, and needs special examination.

In considering dialect features from a chronological point of view, we observe a tendency to preserve archaic forms of Place Names, particularly when the elements of which the Pl. Ns. are composed were not easily to be identified with the independent words. For instance, long after the time when Bedford must have adopted the pronunciation *calf* instead of *chalf* (> O.E. *cealf*) the name Chalgrave is invariably spelt with *ch-* (*Chalgrava*, etc. § 76), showing that the first element was no longer connected in the minds of the speakers with the ordinary word *calf*.

§ 3. Scope of the present investigation.

Four phonological features are here dealt with: 1) The fracture of *ǣ* before *l* + cons.; 2) The *i*-mutation of *ēa* (> W. Gmc. *au*); 3) M.E. [y] from O.E. *eo*; 4) O.E. *ȳ* and *ȳ* + front cons. in M.E.

I have attempted in each case to trace the geographical distribution of the various types of pronunciation, indicating the varying boundary-line in the different centuries. Section I includes all the counties south of Shropshire, Staffs., Derby, Notts. and Lincoln; Section II the West-Midlands, South, and South-Midlands; Section III the West-Midlands and South-West.

§ 4. Chronological variation in the geographical distribution of phonological features.

It will be seen that the grouping of dialect features varies considerably in each county during the period covered by the following investigation. To give one instance of this, taken at random from the material given below, Devon in the 13th century has only fractured forms for O.E. *ǣ* before

l + cons., and for O.E. \ddot{y} four times as many i - as there are u -spellings; while in the 14th century the fracture-forms have quite disappeared, and u - and i - forms for O.E. \ddot{y} are in the proportion of 2 to 1. (§ 151).

Some features seem to have obtained at first over a very small area, and then spread widely over one county after another, completely ousting the types originally in use in these districts; other features appear at first distributed over a fairly large area, which is slowly contracted, until it finally disappears altogether. This gradual expansion and contraction can be traced in most of the dialect features here treated. Where the largest amount of material has been collected the development appears most regular; there are no very startling and abrupt changes of type, and divergencies from the normal are inconsiderable.

This variation in the distribution of dialectal characteristics makes it very often impossible, or at least dangerous, to draw conclusions about one period from material belonging to an earlier or a later one. Each century or half-century should be judged as far as possible on its own evidence, and that of other periods used only to confirm results thus obtained, or to supplement them when absolutely necessary.

§ 5. Reliability of the Old English Charters.

Since the main object of this investigation is to trace dialect boundaries in M.E., the material collected for the O.E. period is used chiefly as an introduction — an endeavour to follow back to their beginnings features which are important tests of dialect in M.E. I have employed for this purpose some of the O.E. charters, since these seemed to promise more detailed results, with regard to the different counties, than those that can be obtained from the literary texts.

One hundred and twenty charters have been examined, all of which seem to be genuine as far as their age is concerned. It may be questioned whether they really reflect the ordinary language of the districts to which they belong. But as it is chiefly from such documents as charters and wills that our knowledge of Early Kentish is derived, and as the old Suffolk and Surrey charters contain so many features evidently characteristic of the local dialects (Wyld: *Essays and Studies*. VI 125, 141), there is no reason why the charters of Worcester or Gloucester or Hampshire should not be equally reliable. There are certainly many West Saxon peculiarities in most of these documents, but those that come from a Non-W.S. area all have indications of what must be the true dialect forms, and it is from these more or less occasional spellings that our conclusions can be most safely drawn. Since the charters from counties belonging to the old Kingdom of Wessex (Hants., Dorset, Devon, Somerset, Wilts. and Berks.) apparently never deviate from the W.S. type, we cannot but believe that where traces of other types do occur, they are more to be depended on than the ordinary forms derived from a strict adherence to the W.S. scribal usage.

§ 6. Nature of Place-Name Sources.

These may be grouped in two classes: 1) Public official documents, such as the Hundred Rolls and Pipe Rolls, Feudal Aids and Inquisitions Post Mortem; and 2) Private official documents, such as title-deeds, rentals, and the grants of land, etc., collected in the monastic registers.

This last group, particularly the monastic chartularies, is perhaps the most valuable. Though the records are for the most part in Latin they contain numbers of Place-Names — towns, villages, woods, fields, etc. — and occasionally a transcript of an Old English charter, done into thirteenth

or fourteenth century English by the scribe who copied it. (See for instance the *Liber de Hyda*, the *Chertsey Chartulary*, and the *Registrum Album* of *Bury St. Edmunds*).

I have used these registers wherever possible, and supplemented them by other documents. The general collections of deeds and writs contained in the *Cat. Anc. Dds.*, *Cal. Inq.*, etc., have been used chiefly to fill up gaps in the material; there is still a vast amount of information to be gained from them concerning almost every county.

The documents and articles which I have consulted are more numerous than would appear from the following pages. Owing to lack of space, I have been obliged to omit a fairly large amount of the material collected. For the same reason, I have not, except in certain cases, given the Place-Names in full, nor full references to page, etc., but have merely indicated the number of times each element occurs in Pl. Ns. in a particular document, and shown the proportion between the different types of pronunciation.

§ 7. Future investigations.

It should be clearly understood that all the results stated, and the theories maintained, in the following pages, are based entirely on the material which I have collected, and lay no claim to finality. Many of the conclusions which I have drawn will without doubt need to be considerably modified in various directions when further investigations are carried out. In particular, the question of the distribution of the three types of pronunciation for O.E.

y in M.E. is far from being finally settled. The only way in which we can arrive at anything like an accurate knowledge of the history of this and other vowels, seems to be by very minute investigation of every county or small group of counties, with due regard to the precise geographical situation of every place whose name is used in illustration. Only by this means shall we be able to trace the exact course of the advance and retraction of different types of pronunciation, and finally determine the grouping of dialect features in each area at every period in the history of Middle English.

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§ 8. Summary of Results.

From the material which I have collected, the following conclusions may perhaps be drawn. A discussion of each point will be found below, together with the Place-Name evidence on which the theories are based.

I: The Fracture of \tilde{a} before $l + \text{cons.}$

a) The fracture of \tilde{a} before $l + \text{cons.}$ is a characteristic feature of the Saxon dialects in O.E., but there seem to have been two independent areas of development, one in the east, and one in the west.

b) Fracture did not, apparently, take place in Early Kentish, but the fracture-forms which appear in 9th and 10th century Kentish seem to have been introduced from a neighbouring dialect.

c) Absence of fracture appears also in a certain part of the W. S. territory (Dorset).

d) Of the counties that were within the fracture-area in the O.E. period, Suffolk, Bucks. and Beds. appear to have been the first to abandon the fracture-type, then the South-West (Devon and Somerset), and then the South-eastern counties. The fracture type seems to remain longest in Essex, Hants., and Dorset.

II: i -mutation of $\bar{e}a$.

a) O.E. $i\bar{e}$ for the i -mutation of ea is found in the counties south of the

Thames and the Bristol Channel, excluding Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; it is found also, alongside of the \bar{e} -type, in Gloucester and Middlesex.

b) In the M.E. period, the $\bar{i}e$ -type appears in Hants., Dorset, Devon, Somerset, Wilts., and to some extent in Glos. and Middlesex.

c) It is possible that the \bar{i} -type originated in Berkshire.

III: M.E. [y], [ø] for O.E. \bar{eo} .

a) O.E. \bar{eo} becomes M.E. [y] or [ø] (written *u*, *ue*, *o*, *eo*, *oe*), in all the South-western counties; in parts of Surrey and Bucks.; in Oxford, Glos., Hereford, West Worcs.; in South-east Shropshire, and also in Lancashire.

IV: O.E. \bar{y} (= $\bar{u} - i$) in M.E.

a) O.E. \bar{y} is generally so written until the end of the O.E. period in all districts except Kent and Suffolk, where it appears as *e*. It is natural to suppose that O.E. \bar{y} became *e* in Essex also, though I have found no evidence for this in O.E. documents. Isolative unrounding had already begun in the 10th and 11th centuries in Devon, and in Herts. and Oxford.

b) O.E. \bar{y} seems to have been unrounded before a front cons. in the following counties: Devon, Dorset, Wilts., Hants., Berks., and part of Somerset.

c) O.E. \bar{y} appears as *u* in M.E. all over the west and central midlands and in the south-west.

d) In the South-West, the \bar{i} -type is very common in M.E., and spreads eastwards during the 13th and 14th centuries into Dorset, Hants., and Wilts.

e) In early M.E., *i* is found, together with *u*, in the South Midlands, Oxf., Bucks., Beds., Herts., and also in Middlesex, which retains it as the predominating type.

f) By the 14th century, the *u*-area seems to have extended considerably further to the east. In the following century the London \bar{i} -type is found in the spelling of Pl. Ns. nearly all over the country, though it can hardly have penetrated into the pronunciation of the local dialects.

g) In the 13th century the \bar{e} -type predominates in Kent, Essex, and Suffolk. It is fairly common in Sussex, Cambridge and Herts.; and there are traces of it in Surrey, Bucks., and even Norfolk. By the 14th century, \bar{e} seems to have been used more frequently in Sussex and Norfolk, and \bar{e} -forms appear also in Northants., Beds., and Lincoln. The \bar{e} -type seems to be fairly widespread also in Middlesex (Heuser: *Alt-London*).

Section I.

The Fracture of \bar{a} before *l* + consonant.

§ 9. The Beginning of Fracture.

It is generally assumed that the fracture of \bar{a} before *l* + cons. took place in Saxon and Kentish (see Bülbring: § 134; Sievers, *Ags. Gram.*: § § 80, 158); Schlemilch limits it to the South-Eastern dialects (*Zur Spr. und Orthog. der spätae. Denkmäler*, p. 27). Ekwall (*Contrib. to the Hist. of O.E. dial.*, p. 38) comes to the conclusion that 'Breaking of *a* before *l* + cons. is a universal feature of the Saxon and Kentish dialects'. There are, however, grounds for believing that the process was essentially Saxon; that the

fracture-forms in Kentish were not original, but were introduced from a neighbouring dialect; and that a part of the W. Saxon area (Dorset) used *al* + cons. beside the usual *eal* even as late as the 9th century.

Since the fracture-diphthong had developed before the period of *i*-mutation, which according to Bülbring (Elem. § 158) was in the 6th and early 7th centuries, the process must have been completed by the beginning of the 6th century. The tendency to diphthongise *æ* before *l* + cons. seems to have been especially characteristic of the West and the East Saxons. In Kent and Surrey on the other hand the earliest charters have no fracture-forms (§ § 27; 28); Surrey, it may be well to point out, was perhaps originally under the dominion of Kent, and was conquered by the West Saxons towards the end of the 6th century (Brandl: *Geogr*: § 6) — after the fracture-period. In the absence of Sussex documents earlier than the 11th century it is impossible to say definitely whether the South Saxons shared with the Saxon invaders of the east and west the particular dialect feature in question; that they did do so seems probable from the fact that the 11th century Sussex charter (Kemble: 732) has only *eal*-forms; this charter appears to be written in a genuine dialect.

The two fracture-areas correspond roughly to the two kingdoms of Essex and Wessex. The western area includes all the south-western counties south of the Thames and the Bristol Channel with the exception of Dorset. Gloucester, Worcester and Warwick undoubtedly lie outside the *eal*-area (§ 17). The border district of Oxford shows traces of *al*-forms. Essex (§ 22) is almost certainly an *eal*-county; the later East Saxon conquests (E. Herts. and Middlesex) have a few *al*-forms. The early Suffolk charters have only *eal*-forms.

The following paragraphs show, as far as my material permits, the details of the history of *æ* before *l* + cons. in each of the southern and midland counties up to the tenth century.

N.B. The figures in brackets after each Pl. N. element indicate the number of times that element (or independent word) occurs in the document referred to.

§ 10. The South-western Group.

The earliest Fracture-forms occur in a Wiltshire charter of 778 (Cott. Chart. VIII 4. O.E.T. 3) which writes *ealh*, *healh*. In the ninth century my material shows 18 *eal*-forms for Hants. and no *al*; while in the tenth century Devon (§ 13), Somerset (§ 14), Wilts. (§ 11), Hants. (§ 12), and Berks. (§ 15) have respectively 21, 2, 26, 8 and 5 *eal*-forms and no *al*, with the single exception of Berks., which has a small proportion of unfractured forms, easily accounted for by the fact that it lies next to Oxfordshire. For Dorset in the 9th century I have noted 5 *al*-forms to 3 *eal*. The dialect of the charter concerned (Cott. chart. VIII 36) seems perfectly genuine. It can hardly be doubted that we have here a small area in the W. Saxon territory in which the *al*-type existed beside the usual Saxon *eal*. The entire absence of unfractured forms in the other W.S. counties is striking, and makes it more probable that the *al*-forms, wherever they occur, are genuine, and not borrowed from an Anglian dialect.

§ 11. Wiltshire. 8th cent. O.E.T. ch. 3 (778): *healh* (2). 10th cent. Kemble 328 (after 900): *eall* (4); *healf*; *seald*- (5); *heald*-. Kemble 353 (931): *eall*; *eald*; *Ealh*- (2). Kemble 378 (939): *sealt*- (2). Birch 748 (940): *Ealh*- (1). Kemble 1290 (995): *eall* (3); *healf* (2); *cealf*; *eald*; *healdan*.

§ 12. Hampshire. 9th cent. Kemble 272 (854): *ealdor-*. Kemble 314 (880-885): *eall* (6); *healf*; *seald-* (4); *eald* (2): *ealdor* (3).

10th cent. Birch 596 (901): *eald-*; *cealc* (2). Kemble 553 (967): *eald-* (4). Kemble 535 (967): *cealf-*.

§ 13. Devon. 10th cent. Napier IV (930): *ceald-* (2). Kemble 369 (937): *eald*. Kemble 371 (938): *eald-* (2). Kemble 373 (938): *eald* (2). Birch 723 (938): *eald* (2). Birch 724 (938): *eald* (2). Birch 1103 (963): *healf*; *eald-* (6). Napier II: *eald*; *weald-* (2).

§ 14. Somerset. 10th cent. Birch 903 (955): *eald*; *mealm-*.

§ 15. Berkshire. 10th cent. Kemble 427 (949): *eald*; *-bald*. Birch 892 (951): *eald-*; *sealh-*. Birch 935 (956): *eald-*; *cealc-*; *-fald*.

§ 16. Dorset. 9th cent. Kemble 260 (847): *weal-*; *dealf*; *heald-*; *Alh-* (2); *-bald*; *ald-*; *wald-*.

§ 17. The South-West Midlands.

In the 8th and 9th centuries Gloucester (§ 18) and Worcester (§ 19) have only *al*-forms. I have no eighth century material for Hereford or Warwick, but the 9th century charters relating to these counties have only unfractured forms (§§ 20, 21). In the 10th century, however, (very little material except for Worcs.) I have found only *eal*-forms for Glos., Heref., and Warwick; in Worcs. both the types appear fairly frequently. This may be a genuine case of the spread of one type at the cost of another, or the *eal*-forms may be due to the influence of W. S. scribal forms. In view of later developments the latter alternative is the more probable.

§ 18. Gloucester. 8th cent. O.E.T. ch. 14 (779): *Ald-*; *-bald*; *-wald*. O.E.T. ch. 15 (791-6): *Alh-* (3); *-walh*. 9th cent. Kemble 243 (c. 840): *all*; *sald-* (2); *Bald-*; *Alch-*; *Ald-* (4).

10th cent. Kemble 426 (949): *eald*; *sealt-* (2). Kemble 692 (995): *ealdor-*.

§ 19. Worcester. 8th cent. O.E.T. ch. 9 (736): *-bald* (5). O.E.T. ch. 10 (759): *Ald-* (2); *-uuald*. O.E.T. ch. 13 (770): *halh*; *-bald* (2).

9th cent. Kemble 237 (836): *sald-*; *aldor-* (2); *-hale* (2). Birch 490 (855): *Alh-*. Kemble 305 (c. 872): *all* (3); *Alh-* (2); *ald-*; *sald-*. Birch 513: *ald-* (2); *calc*.

10th cent. Sweet, 2nd Reader, ch. 31 (904): *all*. Birch 1233 (969): *eall* (2); *heald-*; *wal*. Kemble 570 (972): *eald-* (11); *sealt-* (4); *healt* (2); *cealc* (2); *cald-* (3); *bald-* (4); *-fald* (2); *-wald*; *calf-*; *salt-* (2); *halh* (2). Sweet, 2nd Reader ch. 34 (984): *half*; *cald-* (2).

§ 20. Hereford. 9th cent. Earle, *Land Chart*, p. 119 (840): *Ald-*.

10th cent. Birch 1040 (958): *Ealh-* (2)

§ 21. Warwick. 9th cent. Birch 560 (889): *all-* (2); *Alh-* (2); *ald-*; *sald-*.

10th cent. Napier VIII (988): *eal-*; *healf*; *sealt-*; *ealdor-*.

§ 22. The Eastern Fracture-area.

Already in the 10th century Cambridge (§ 23), Suffolk (§ 24), and Essex (§ 25) have nothing but *eal*-forms. Unfortunately there are no earlier charters for this region except one from Essex (Barking, c. 692), which contains the personal names *egcbaldus*, *ercnuualdus*; but as the elements *bald* and *wald* in unstressed syllables of personal names never afford very satisfactory evidence, this does not give much help. If this were originally a non-fracture area one would expect to find traces of *al*-forms (as one does in Worcs.) among the *eal*-forms, which are fairly numerous in the material for these three counties: the W. S. influence on the S. E. midland dialect can hardly have been strong enough at this time to oust the *al*-type completely. The fracture-forms must then be indigenous to this area, and though, as will

be seen, the Cambridge and Suffolk *eal*-forms soon disappeared before the encroachments of the northern *al*, Essex keeps a large proportion of *eal*-forms right into the 15th century.

§ 23. Cambridge. 10th cent. Kemble 563 (970): *eald*; *sealde*; *ealdor* (2); *healde*; *wealde* (2); *eall*- (11). Birch 1305 (974): *healh* (2). Birch 1306 (after 974): *eall* (2); *weal*-; *healf* (10); *sealde*; *wealde*; *gehealde*; *ealdor*-.

§ 24. Suffolk. 10th cent. Sweet 2nd Reader ch. 45 (after 991); *æal*- (6); *healf* (1); *sæalde*; *eald*- (2); *æaldor*- (9); *Weald*- (2).

§ 25. Essex. 7th cent. O.E.T. ch. 1 (692 or 693): *-uuald*; *-bald*.
10th cent. Kemble 699 (697): *eall* (2); *healf* (3). Kemble 704 (c. 999): *eall*- (3); *ealdor*-.

§ 26. Kent and Surrey.

The 8th century Kentish charters have no fracture-forms (§ 27); in the 7th century there are two unfractured and no fractured forms. The 9th century Surrey charter (§ 28) has only *al*-forms, while in the Kt. charters of this century the proportion of *al* to *eal* is 60: 50. In the 10th century Surrey has, according to my material, 2 *eal*-forms and no *al*, Kent 22 *eal* to 3 *al*. There can be no doubt that these counties were untouched by the fracture tendency in the 5th and 6th centuries. It is true that the 7th and 8th century charters are few in number, but the evidence they afford all points in the same direction, and suggests what is perhaps a simpler explanation of the numerous *al*-forms in the 9th century than the usual theory that they are due to Mercian influence. A few unfractured forms occur also, as we have seen, in Dorset charters of the 9th and 11th centuries. If these *al*-forms were really Mercian, we should expect to find them scattered over all the southern counties, not limited to two well-defined areas, Dorset in the west, Kent and Surrey in the east.

The problem that now arises is, where do the fracture-forms come from in the 9th and 10th centuries? The new type might have come in through Surrey from Hants., but then Surrey would show fracture earlier than Kent, whereas the reverse is the case. If Sussex was indeed on *eal*-area, its influence may have effected the change; but unfortunately we know nothing about this county before the eleventh century. There remains only Essex. Since this dialect had so many features in common with Kentish in the O.E. and M.E. periods (see Wyld: *Essays and Studies* VI, 1920 p. 143), it is natural to suppose that the *eal*-forms spread southwards across the Thames estuary, first into Kent, and thence into Surrey.

§ 27. Kent: 7th cent. O.E.T. ch. 4 (679): *ald*-; *-uald*.

8th cent. O.E.T. ch. 5 (700-715): *-uuald* (2); O.E.T. ch. 7 (770): *ald*-; *-uualh* (2).

9th cent. O.E.T. ch. 33 (803): *ealh*-; *alh*- (2); *ald*-; *-bald* (2). O.E.T. ch. 34 (805): *eald*-; *halfe*; *alre*; *alh*- (2); *ald*-; *-wald*. Kemble 191 (805-31); *alre*; *halfe*. Kemble 226 (805-31): *all*- (2); *saldon*; *aldor*-. Kemble 204 (814): *healh*; *healfe*. O.E.T. ch. 35 (811): *ealh*-; *ald*- (2). O.E.T. ch. 38 (831): *weald*-; *-beald*; *ealh*-; *-wald* (3). Kemble 228 (831): *salde*; *aldor*-; *-wald* (4). Kemble 229 (831): *Ealh*- (5); *mealt*; *eall* (2); *-weald* (3); *Eald*- (2); *eald*; *heald*- (2). Kemble 231 (832): *heald*- (3); *seald* (2); *mal*t. Kemble 235 (835): *cealf*; *Alch*- (2); *half*; *maltes*; *saltes*; *ald*; *haldan* (3). Kemble 238 (837): *all* (2). Kemble 281 (858): *healf*; *sealt*- (4); *sealde* (2). Kemble 282 (859): *healf*- (4); *halfne*. Kemble 285 (860-862): *healf* (2); *eald*; *-halfe* (5). Kemble 287 (862): *halfa*; *utwalda*. O.E.T. ch. 44 (866-888): *sealde*; *-weald* (4).

Codex Aureus Inscr. (c. 850) O.E.T. p. 174: *all-* (2); *Alh-* (2); *aldor-*. Lorica Prayer: O.E.T. p. 181: *all-* (5). 10th cent. Bede Glosses, O.E.T. p. 181: *fallendum*; *alder-*. Birch 562: *healf*; *-steall*; *eald* (2). Kemble 377 (939): *wealda*; *Ealh-*; *-wald*. Kemble 499 (960-3): *eall-* (7); *feall-*; *sealde* (2); *healdan*; *Kemble 477* (958): *eall* (2); *sealde*. Kemble 657 (987): *-healfe*; *wealda*.

§ 28. Surrey. 9th cent. Kemble 317 (871-889): *all-* (4); *halfe*; *hald-* (3). 10th cent. Birch 1198 (967): *cealua-* (2).

§ 29. The Central Midlands.

Middlesex (§ 30), Oxf. (§ 31), Bucks. (§ 32) and Beds. (§ 33) have fracture-forms in the 10th century. I have too little material to make a definite statement about this area, but as Herts. (§ 34) has 1 *al* and no *eal*, and Oxf. has 2 *al* to 10 *eal*, while an 8th century Midd. charter has 2 *al* and no *eal*, perhaps *al* was the original type, the *eal-* forms introduced from Wessex (or in the case of Middlesex from Essex).

§ 30. Middlesex. 8th cent. O.E.T. ch. 2 (693-731): *uald-*; *-uald*. 10th cent. Birch 1048 (959): *eald* (2). Birch 1063 (960-2): *eall-* (3); *-weald*; *ealdor-* (5); *sealde-* (5). Birch: 1085 (962): *-steall*.

§ 31. Oxford. 10th cent. Kemble 453 (956): *eald* (3); *-bald* (2). Birch 945 (956): *healh-*. Birch 1176 (966): *eald-* (2); *cealf-* (2). Kemble 691 (995): *ealdan* (2).

§ 32. Bucks. 10th cent. Birch 603 (903): *eald*; *wealdan*.

§ 33. Beds. 10th cent. Birch 1229 (969): *eall*; *healh*; *ealdan* (5).

§ 34. Herts. 10th century. Birch 994 (957): *-stall*.

§ 35. The eleventh century.

There are so many gaps in the material for this period, that one can only say that the *eal*-forms seem to have gained ground considerably. Even Worcs. (§ 39) has 73 *eal* to 36 *al*, and Kent (§ 44) 14 *eal* and no *al*. In nearly all the charters I have examined the W.S. influence is unmistakable; genuine dialect forms are hard to find, and it is quite probable that the apparent spread of the *eal*-forms is misleading. It is remarkable that Dorset (§ 37) still retains a few *al*-forms. Suffolk (§ 42) already shows the influence of the Anglian type (3 *al* to 7 *eal*).

§ 36. Devon: Napier X (1008-1012): *eall-* (2); *gehealdon*. Kemble 744 (1031): *healfan*. Earle (11th cent. charters): *Eald-*; *cealfa-* (2); *healfe* (2); *helf*; *sealt-*.

§ 37. Dorset. Kemble 741 (1024): *eald* (3); *-steall*; *wale* (2). Kemble 942: *healle*; *eall-* (2); *heald-*; *-weald*.

§ 38. Somerset. Earle (11th cent. ch.): *healfan* (2).

§ 39. Worcester. Kemble 724 (1016): *healf*; *sealt-*. Kemble 738 (1023): *sealde*; *ealdor-*. Kemble 764 (1042): *eald-* (3); *salt-* (2); *calc-* (2). Kemble 765 (1042): *eald-* (3); *sealt*. Kemble 923 (1049-58): *weall-*; *heald-* (2); *wealde*. Kemble 804 (1049-58): *eall-* (2); *healf* (2); *wealde*. M.S. Tiberius A. xiii (Extracts in Kemble): *sealt-* (2); *eald-* (18); *eall-* (16); *seald-* (7); *Ealdor-*; *heald-* (3); *-stealle*; *weal-*; *ald-* (6); *all-* (6); *hald-* (3); *half-*; *alder-*; *salt-* (9); *wall-* (2); *-halh*; *cald-* (2).

§ 40. Hereford. Kemble 755 (before 1038): *eall-* (4); *ealdor* (2). Kemble 882 (before 1056): *healf* (2); *ealra*.

§ 41. Warwick. Kemble 705 (1001): *healf*; *ealdan*. Kemble 924: *half*.

§ 42. Suffolk. Kemble 874: *eall-* (3); *healf*; *-steall*. Kemble 875: *ealle* (2); *al-* (3).

§ 43. Essex. Kemble 788 (1049): *ealle*.

§ 44. Kent. Kemble 773 (1044): *eall-*; *steall-*. Kemble 737 (1023): *eal-* (4); *healue* (2); *-weald*; *-heald*; *ealder-*. Kemble 789 (1038-50): *eall-* (2); *sealde*.

§ 45. Sussex. Kemble 732 (1016-20): *eall-* (3); *healf*; *ealdan*.

§ 46. Middlesex. Kemble: 843: *eall-* (4); *cealc-*; *ealswā*. Kemble 886: *eall* (2); *heald-*; *alle*. Earle (11th cent. ch.): *eald-*; *heald-*; *steal-* (2).

§ 47. Oxford. Kemble 714 (1005): *eall-* (2); *eald* (4); *healdap*; *ealdor*; *healf-* (2).

§ 48. Herts. Kemble 1352: *healfre*; *sealde*. Kemble 1354: *Eald-*.

§ 49. From the 12th to the 15th century.

During these four hundred years the fracture-forms disappear gradually. The following outline of the development in each area is based entirely on the material which I have collected. The unlengthened forms (O.E. *cealf*, *cealc*, etc.) and the lengthened forms (O.E. *ceald*, *eald*) are discussed separately, as in many districts the *chalf-*, *chalk-* forms are retained long after the *chald-*, *eld-* forms have disappeared.

§ 50. O.E. *ald* in M.E.

In the south-western group of counties, Somerset (§ 52) has both *al* and *eal* forms in the 12th and 13th centuries, only *al* in the 14th. Devon (§ 53) is an *eal*-county in the 13th century, but after this only *al*-forms are found. Wilts (§ 54) and Dorset (§ 55) retain their fracture-forms right into the 15th century; during the whole period Wilts. has rather more *al* than *eal*-forms, Dorset more *eal* than *al*. In the south-west midlands, Gloucester (§ 56), Hereford (§ 57) Worcs. (§ 58), and Warwick (§ 59) have only *al*-forms. The same is true of the east-midland counties Leics. (§ 60), Rutland (§ 61), Northants. (§ 62), Hunts. (§ 63), Cambridge (§ 64), Norfolk (§ 65), and Suffolk (§ 66). In the S.E. group, Essex (§ 67) has many more *eal* than *al*-forms in the 13th century, and keeps these forms, though in a smaller proportion, in the 14th and 15th centuries. Herts. (§ 68), Midd. (§ 69), Surrey (§ 70) and Sussex (§ 71) are practically *al*-counties, though traces of *eal*-forms occur. In Kent (§ 72) both types seem to have been used until the 15th century when the *eal*-type disappears. Hants. (§ 73) is an *eal* county in the 12th and 13th centuries; it has more *al* than *eal*-forms in the 14th and 15th centuries. Berks. (§ 74) seems to be an *al*-county; its position between Hants. and Oxf. makes this rather doubtful, and traces of *eal*-forms appear in the 15th century. Bucks. (§ 75) has nothing but *al* except for a few *eal*-forms in the 14th century. Beds. (§ 76) has only *al*. Oxford (§ 77) has rather more *eal* than *al*-forms in the 12th and 13th centuries, more *al* than *eal* in the 14th and only *al* in the 15th.

Ekwall (*Contrib. to the Hist. of O.E. Dial.*) examined M.E. Place-names chiefly in order to determine the boundary of the area of fracture (of *æ* before *l* + cons.) in O.E. That such a method is not entirely successful is evident from the following facts. Ekwall includes Kent in the fracture-area (p. 32); this is certainly true in M.E., but in early Kentish there is no fracture (§ 26). Suffolk, in spite of the evidence of the M.E. forms (Ekwall, p. 32) was within the fracture-area in O.E. (§ 22). The rare M.E. examples of *eld* in

Glos. are not enough to prove fracture for the O.E. period: the early charters give entirely contradictory evidence (§ 18); this is also true with regard to Worcester.

§ 51. O. E. -*alf*, -*alk*.

Somerset is the only county that keeps the fracture-forms longer before -*ld* than before -*lf* (§ 52). Even in the 12th century Somerset has *calf*-, *calv*-, and these are the only forms throughout the period. Devon (§ 53), Dorset (§ 55) and Wilts. (§ 54) have only fracture-forms. The following counties all have *calf*-, etc.: Hereford, Glos., Worcs., Warwick, Leics., Rutland, Northants., Hunts., Norfolk. The only illustrative example I have found for Cambridge is a 12th century *Chaluelea* (§ 64). Suffolk (§ 66) has only *eal*-forms in the 12th and 13th centuries; I have no later examples of either type. Essex (§ 67) seems to have only *eal*. Herts. (§ 68) is doubtful: the 13th century material shows only one example of each type. The following counties have only *eal*: Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Hants., Berks., Bedford. Oxford (§ 77) and Bucks. (§ 75) have usually *eal*, but *al* occurs occasionally.

§ 52. Somerset. 12th cent. Bath Cart. C.C.C.C. *Ald*- (1); *Calv*- (3). Lib. H. de S. *calv*- (1); -*wold* (1); *elde*- (2).

13th cent. Bath Cart. Linc. M.S. *Olde*- (1); *Calv*- (2); *Cheld*- (2). F.A. IV (1284-5): -*wolde*; *Chelde*-.

14th cent. Bath Cart. Linc. M.S. *Olde*- (2); *Cold*- (13); *Celde*- (1). F. A. IV (1303-46): *Ald*- (5); *Wald*- (1); *Folde* (1); *Calv*- (5). *Welde* (1).

Mon. Sec. Ind. *Ald*- (1); *Chalk*- (1).

15th cent. F. A. IV (1428): *Calv*- (1).

§ 53. Devon. 12th cent. *Cald*- (1). Pipe Rll. (1168).

13th cent. F. A. I (1284-6): *Beald*- (1). Cotton Roll II *sealde* (1).

14th cent. F. A. I (1316-46) *Old*- (3); *Wald*- (4); *Chalv*- (2); Leigh Reg. *Halde*- (1); -*wold* (6).

15th cent. F. A. I (1428): *Old*- (1); *Cold*- (1); *Fold*- (2); *Wold*- (3); *Chalv*- (1).

§ 54. Wiltshire. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. (1167-95): *Ald*- (7); *Cald*- (1); *Cheld*- (3); *Chelk*- (3).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Elde*- (1); *Chelke* (1).

14th cent. Reg. Malm. *Olde*- (8); *Cald*- (9); *Chald*- (1). F. A. V *Ald*- (3); *Chald*- (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald*- (2); *Cald*- (1); *Elde*- (1); *Welde* (1).

15th cent. F. A. V (1428): *Ald*- (8); *Chald*- (4). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Olde*- (2); *Colde*- (1); *Wald*- (1); *Chalde*- (1).

The Wiltshire poem, *St. Editha* (c. 1420), has only unfractured forms: *olde*, *bolde*, *colde*, *folde*, *told*, *ytolde*, *holde*, *byholde*, etc.

§ 55. Dorset. 13th cent. F. A. II (1285): *Ald*- (1); *Wald*- (1); *Chald*- (1); *Chalv*- (3). H. R. I (1275): *Chalv*- (1).

14th cent. F. A. II (1316-46): *Chald*- (1); *chalv*- (3). Shaft. Reg.: *ald*- (5); -*wold* (2); *falde* (1); *eald*- (32); *chald*- (1); *Chealv*- (1); *chelf*- (3). Cat. Anc. Dds. -*wald* (1).

15th cent. F. A. II *Chalde*- (3); *Chalv*- (3).

§ 56. Gloucester. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. (1176-7): *Alde*- (2).

13th cent. Cart. Flax. *Ald*- (8). Gloucs. Cart. *Ald*- (72); *Wolde* (1); *Calv*- (8); *Elde*- (1).

14th cent. *Kalv*- (1) Cat. Anc. Dds. (1310).

15th cent. *Old*- (13) Cat. Anc. Dds.

Robert of Gloucester (M.S. Cott. Calig. A. XI c. 1320-30) has only unfractured forms: *al*, *alle*, *ivalle*, *tolde*, *iholde*, *olde*, *bolde*, *monyvolde*, etc.

§ 57. Hereford. 13th cent. Reg. T. de C.: *Ald-* (3); *Fald* (1).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (3); *Kald* (2).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds.: *Old-* (1); *Cald-* (1). F. A. II (1428): *Old-* (3); *Cald-* (3).

§ 58. Worcester. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. (1169): *Ald-* (1).

13th cent. Worcs. Reg. *Ald-* (1); *Wolde* (1); *Calv-* (3). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Old-* (3); *Cald-* (1).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (7); *Cald-* (6).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Old-* (1) (1480).

§ 59. Warwick. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. (1195): *Chalf-* (1).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Old-* (2); *Cald-* (1); *Calv-* (1).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Holde-* (1); *Cald-* (14). F. A. V (1316): *Old-* (1); *Cald-* (1); *-wold* (4).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Olde* (1); *Wald-* (9). F. A. V (1428): *Cald-* (1).

§ 60. Leicester. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Cald-* (4); *Wald-* (1); *Chelv-* (1).

15th cent. F. A. III (1428) *Cold-* (1); *-wold* (7).

§ 61. Rutland. 12th cent. *Calk-* (1) Pipe Rll. (1189-99).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (1). F. A. IV (1316): *Cald-* (2).

§ 62. Northants. 12th cent. Lib. Nig. *Ald-* (2). Pipe Rll. (1167-99): *Ald-* (2); *Cold-* (1); *Wald-* (2).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (7). F. A. IV (1284): *Ald-* (2); *Wald* (5); *Chelv-* (3).

14th cent. F. A. IV (1316-46): *Ald-* (4); *Cold-* (1); *Wald-* (3).

15th cent. F. A. IV (1428): *Ald-* (6); *Cold-* (1); *Wald-* (8).

The 12th century *Peterborough Chronicle* (M.S. Laud) has usually unfractured forms: *halden*, *alre*, *half*, *ald*, etc., but sometimes *eald*, *wealde*, *healfe*, *sælde*, etc.

§ 63. Huntingdon. 12th cent. Pipe Rll.: *Cald-* (1); *Wald-* (1).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Wold-* (6).

14th cent. Ram. Cart. *Ald-* (10); *Wold-* (38); *Cold-* (23); *-talde*: (7); *Calv-* (7); *Elde-* (3); *Welde* (1); *-tealde* (1).

§ 64. Cambridge. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Chalv-* (1).

13th cent. F. A. I (1284-6): *Cold-* (1). Mem. Bern. *Cald-* (31); *Wald-* (3); *Ald-* (3); *Weld-* (1).

14th cent. F. A. I (1302-46): *Cald-* (11); *Wald-* (2).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. (1457): *Old-* (1).

§ 65. Norfolk. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (1); *Cald-* (1); *Calv-* (2).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Old-* (2).

14th cent. F. A. III (1302-46): *Ald-* (8); *Wald-* (19); *Calv-* (3); *Calc-* (2).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Cald-* (2); *Calk-* (1); *Chalf-* (1). F. A. III: *Old-* (6); *Cald-* (1); *-wold* (8).

Genesis and Exodus, the Bestiary, and the Norfolk Gilds, all have *-ald*, *-old*, etc.

§ 66. Suffolk. 12th cent. Pipe Rlls. *Ald-* (10); *Wald-* (1). *Cheld-* (1); *Chalv-* (13).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (2); *Cald-* (2).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (6); *Cold-* (1); *Wald-* (1). F. A. V (1302-46): *Ald-* (15); *Cald-* (5); *Wald-* (18).

15th cent. F. A. V (1401-2): *Olde-* (1); *Calde-* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Old-* (7).

§ 67. Essex. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (2); *Calv-* (1); *Chalv-* (17).

13th cent. The Colchester Chartulary has only *-eld* forms (Heuser: *Alt-London*, p. 35).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (4); *Weld-* (2); *Chald-* (1); F.A. II: *Wald* (2); *Welde* (6).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Old-* (2); *Calv-* (1); *-weld* (2). F.A. II *Ald-* (1); *Chald-* (2); *Weld-* (4).

§ 68. Herts. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (5).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (5); *Wald-* (1); *Eald-* (1). H.R. I *Cald-* (1).

14th cent. F.A. II (1303): *Ald-* (4); *Cald-* (1); *Chald-* (2). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (12).

15th cent. F.A. II: *Ald-* (3); *Cald-* (3).

§ 69. Middlesex. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (1); *Chal-* (2). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (5).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (21); *Elde-* (1).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (19); *Cold-* (3); *Elde* (1).

15th cent. F.A. III (1428): *Ald-* (6); *Cold-* (1).

§ 70. Surrey. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Chald-* (1); *Chalv-* (1).

13th cent. Chert. Cart. *all-* (13); *Ald-* (2); *half* (2); — *eald-* (2); *eall-* (3); *Chalv-* (3); *helden* (1).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (1); *-wald* (2); *Chalf-* (1). F.A. V. *Ald-* (1).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Cold-* (1); — *chalv-* (1). F.A. V (1428): *Ald-* (1); *Wald-* (2); *-fold* (3); — *Chald-* (1); *Chalv-* (2).

§ 71. Sussex. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (1); *Wald-* (1).

13th cent. F.A. V *Ald-* (6); Bat. Cust. *Ald-* (1); *Cald-* (1). S. Mary's chart. *Ald-* (3); *Cold-* (1).

14th cent. F.A. V. *Ald-* (7); *Wald-* (1); *Chalv-* (3). Pev. Fees. *Ald-* (3); *Chalv-* (2).

15th cent. F.A. V *Ald-* (3); *Chalv-* (2). (From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus.) *ald-* (8); *-fold* (1); *Bald-* (5); *eald* (2).

§ 72. Kent. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (9); *Cald-* (1); *Chalv-* (1); *Chalc-* (1). Text. Roff. *ald-* (2); *wald-* (2); *sald-* (1); — *Weald-* (2); *healf-* (2), *Cealc-* (1).

13th cent. F.A. III *Ald-* (4); *Weld-* (2); *Chelk-* (4).

14th cent. F.A. III *Ald-* (6); *Cald-* (3); *Wald-* (5). *Eald-* (10); *weald-* (1); *Chalk-* (2).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald-* (2); *Cald-* (2); *Chalk-* (1).

§ 73. Hampshire. 12th cent. Codex. Wint. *eald-* (30); *seald-* (8); *weald-* (2).

13th century. Crondal Rec. *Cheld-* (11).

14th cent. Lib. de Hyda *Old-* (4); *Chalc-* (4). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Ald* (2); *Eld-* (1); *Chalf-* (1).

The 13th century *Poema Morale* (M.S. Egerton 613) (which is said to have been written in Hants.) agrees with the Pl. Ns. in having only fracture-forms: *eald*, *healden*, *helde*, *bihelde*, *-felde*, etc.

The 14th century *Usages of Winchester* (E.E.T.S. 50) has usually *ald*, *old* (*halde*, *haldeth*, *y-holde*, *y-sold*, etc.), but there are two examples of *eld* (*y-helde*, *y-seld*).

§ 74. Berks. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (2).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Chald-* (2); H.R. *Ald-* (1); *Chalf-* (5).

14th cent. F.A.I. *Ald-* (2); Abing. Obed. *Old-* (1); *Cald-* (3).

15th cent. F.A. I *Ald-* (1); *Cald-* (2). Abing. Obed. *Ald-* (1); *Cald-* (2). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Eld-* (2).

§ 75. Bucks. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Ald-* (1); *Wald-* (1). *Chalf-* (7).

13th cent. F.A. I *Cald-* (1); *Wald-* (1). H.R. I *Cald-* (8); *Calv-* (5); *Chalv-* (6).
 14th cent. F.A. I *Cald-* (9); *Chalf-* (1).

§ 76. Beds. 12th cent. Pipe Rll. *Cald-* (1); *Calv-* (1); *Chalv-* (5).

13th cent. H.R. I *Cald-* (4); *Chal-* (3).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Bald-* (1); *Cald-* (9); *Chal-* (4). Bushmead
 Cartulary *Chalf-* (2).

15th cent. F.A. I *Cald-* (1); *Fald-* (2); *Chal-* (2).

§ 77. Oxford. 12th Eynsh. Cart. -*wald* (4); *Weald* (7).

13th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *Ald-* (2); *Cald-* (2); *Bald-* (5); *Walde* (1); *Calv-*
 (2). *Eld-* (2); *Chald-* (1); *Welde* (11); *Chalf-* (2).

14th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *Bald-* (1); *Calv-* (2); *Weld-* (3). F.A. IV *Ald-* (2);
Cold- (3); -*wold* (2); *Chalk-* (2); -*weld* (1).

15th cent. Cart. St. Frid. *Old-* (5); *Cold-* (1).

[To be continued]

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

MARY S. SERJEANTSON.

Notes and News.

A Holiday at Stratford-on-Avon. There was to be a Shakespeare birthday festival at Stratford-upon-Avon, commencing on April 17, so the Easter holidays would allow me to put in about five days, or rather evenings, and one matinee in the first week. Was it worth while giving up London for Stratford? As things turned out, quite. The little place was crowded on the Monday, Bank-Holiday, and the Hotels had been booked full up for weeks ahead, but the amiable hostess of the Falcon-hotel, a quaint 17th century inn, got me an out-room in the next street, and meals at the hotel. Of course this is not exactly the cheapest plan, and I will point out a better way to intending visitors presently. The next important thing to do was to secure the orchestra-stalls which I had written to reserve. They keep them till about noon on the opening day, unless of course you prefer to remit the money earlier. For the birthday-night, Saturday April 22nd, the Memorial Theatre had been booked full more than two months ahead. Seven shillings for Orchestra stalls is not too much, if you remember that you pay 12/- for the corresponding seats at the West-End theatres in London.

As to the performances I will permit myself a few remarks later on — but first, see the romance of travelling: there was also a Conference on 'New Ideals in Education'. Few people in Holland know anything about this, at least in the very remote part of the country whence I date these few jottings. I was not much deterred by the prospect of its being all 'shop'; it would at any rate be shop with a difference; the very thing to keep one engaged, hearing and perhaps speaking English. For one guinea one received a cardboard badge of membership with a green ribbon to pin it to the lapel of one's coat or jacket. Now the reverse of this badge bore a red seal with a gothic R, that puzzled me. Of course it might be some masonic symbol or the like? No, it stood for Restaurant, and meant that Members of the N.I.E., were entitled to free teas at one of the best restaurants. I found out that for an inclusive fee of £ 3. 3.— I might have had full board, lodging for a week, admission to all the lectures, reading room, common room, light supper after evening entertainments and many more advantages, great and small. And that is what I intend to do next time.

At the hotel, there was excellent company. It was rather a stylish place, the sort of place where everybody suspects his fellow-guests of being

millionaires, and is inclined to keep up the illusion as to himself, practising the studied stare, eating the huge meal and making his contribution to the general dullness. The result is oppressive, for besides being deprived of the liberty to sing in your room and of wearing the clothes you feel comfortable in, you are condemned to silence. But there is little risk in breaking the conventions and the ice, and thus acquaintances may be struck up for the time being. That young aristocrat at your table proves to be a Canadian student at Cambridge, who can talk very well about Holland and wants to hear more. He has been in the war, and has come through it with a depth of seriousness which is a revelation in one so adorably boyish. The other quiet gentleman who takes some drawing out is a business-man; rather incongruously he is imbued with Anthroposophy, and if invited thereto, modestly puts forward his happy convictions, of which more anon. The next day there are two exceedingly high bred ladies, who disdain to speak more than an occasional monosyllable to one another. But make a French bow to them before sitting down, and you find that they have articulations in their necks and are very charming altogether. Of course they think the charabancs that the common ruck get about in very "trippy", they haven't brought their Rolls-Royce. Something in you keeps down the suggestion that they should get on to bicycles, for there are limits even to the foreigner's prerogatives. As there are no Germans anywhere near they take you for a Frenchman or a Roumanian, and are sure to mentally assign to you a social status several degrees higher than the rather bleak reality. It does not go to your head, because you have your own notions as to these matters of social standing, definitely revised since the war. Some of the most interesting people however are to be met at the Restaurant: a sub-editor of the *Manch. Gu.*, the independent paper; old Mr. Dent, the publisher, as broad but shrewd a Yorkshireman as anyone would wish to come across; a London solicitor; Montessori workers and anthroposophical devotees, mostly very nice people indeed. Having now sketched in the atmosphere, I may proceed to a more orderly account of some of the things seen.

The Hippodrome Theatre had been engaged as lecturing Hall and was just big enough to seat the 500 odd people who attended the more important lectures. The fair sex predominates inducing the atmosphere that turns the men into New Idealists for a week or the duration of the conference, but even they may carry potent seeds with them unawares.

Sir Henry Newbolt, the President of a powerful committee, in his Inaugural Address explained that the Conference was first instituted in 1914, so this was the eighth meeting. There is no incorporated Society, members of the committee are not elected, nor is the movement under the auspices of any official association, such as the Teachers Union. Yet there lives somewhere an essential nucleus and the "thing" lives on and grows. This year for the first time it was a spring-meeting; it was easy to realize that it was not summer! Out of about 400 persons present there were, and this was again a novelty, some fifty training-college students. Among the audience there were a few colonials, Americans, three French people and a Dutchman. Sir Henry put before the Conference a train of ideas that to his mind justified the existence of the movement, and the choice of the central subject: "The Drama in Education". The world had undergone an earthquake, and was now divided between two classes of persons who took opposite views with regard to the future: those who wished to get back as far as possible to the old grooves, and those who believed that

nothing which had hitherto existed could be of any value, because having been tested by a great crisis it had been found entirely wanting. It must be owned that the world before 1914 was practically based upon the exploitation of the majority. The world must try to retain capitalism without exploitation, and to afford general opportunities to enjoy the intellectual and other noble pleasures that life largely consisted of. One of the finest of these artistic recreations was the drama. Prof. Conford of Trinity College, Cambridge, sketched a profound new theory of the tragedy, its origin and its functions. This splendid lecture I could not summarize until I have the report which is to appear in a few months' time, when the Proceedings of the meeting will be published. It cut very deep, and incidentally raised a point of which a word more may be said. It was whether acting a part in drama would leave an unconscious deposit in the performer's soul which might then be either ennobling or harmful. In Hamlet the leader of the company, who gives the Hecuba-speech weeps *real* tears; and in Sonnet 111 the dramatist says of his craft that "almost thence his nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." If this means that acting makes a lasting impression upon the character, then with young people there was a responsibility for teachers to consider. The professional actors, represented among others by Miss Lena Ashwell stated that acting was not the absorption of emotion into the soul of the performer, and that when giving a part this was artistic reflection, produced by a brain and soul which has thoroughly experienced the emotions, without however being dominated by them. Acting Cromwell no more made one a statesman than the presenting of Iago made one a human fiend, though in both cases there was a sort of discharge or relief, of heroic aspiration or of the darker passion of envy which most human beings possess to a certain degree and have to be given a vent. Acting thus becomes a sort of safety valve for the discharge of emotion.

In the afternoon Mr. John Masfield, amusingly introduced by Mr. John Drinkwater (the author of the poems "Loyalties", not the drama "Loyalties", which again is by a third John, Sir J. Galsworthy), developed an exposition of drama as essentially a contest simplified in which circumstances must be extraordinary, characters very pronounced, the action precipitated and leading up to an uncompromizing conclusion. He believes in the unities, the chorus, the messenger, the god in the machine, and in fact in most of the ancient traditions. A drama is good when it gets you by the throat and it will do that if the author has brooded intensely on a crisis in remarkable lives. It did not sound very modern, but there was no mistaking the earnestness of the dramatist, and it served as an introduction to a performance of Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris, in Gilbert Murray's grand translation, by the Boar's Hill players. They are a little company of gifted amateurs from the village of that name near Oxford; it is the home of many leasured young students who have as their manager, general director and producer one of the leading playwrights of the day, Mr. John Masfield. The elocution was delightfully good, the command of the cultured voice refined though strong; they put their souls into it and made you forget that the Grecian gods are a little the worse for the lapse of time. And so the old play may serve the New Ideal: making Youth and School a happy and beautiful starting in life, the reserve to fall back upon when the evil day comes.

Mr. Dent, the publisher, introduced as one of the fathers of these conferences, pleaded for a chair of drama in all the universities, to work in close contact with and under instruction from the profession.

Miss Cicely Hamilton blamed the present low artistic level of the English stage to the commercialisation of the theatre, and to the corollary fact that the profession had allowed the public to dictate to it. She contended that the author and his actors ought to be the positive pole and the public the negative; the public must not initiate, though they have the right of refusal. Professional artists must have a certain amount of contempt for the mob. This spirited challenge led to a brisk discussion, kept within the bounds of good feeling and humour by the tact of Miss Ashwell, who presided over that part of the session. Her point was that there should be civic control of the stage and public grants to theatres, so that they could afford to give masterpieces. No such subsidies exist in Great Britain!

Whether Dr. Rudolf Steiner's lecture "The Drama in relation to Education" was the *pièce de résistance* or a side-show at this conference, depends on one's point of view. The author of the *Threefold State* and disciple of Goethe, is also a passionate student of Shakespeare. At the Goetheanum in Dornach and at Stuttgart the teachers work in the light of the Anthroposophical thesis. Despite the English temperament, loth to change old lamps for new, the professor has already a considerable following in the British Commonwealth. He contends that the spiritual being actually moulds the physical body; artistic and happy teaching causes the spiritual being to build beautifully and rhythmically within. An English translation from shorthand notes was fluently produced by George Kaufmann, M. A. Cantab. The speaker was clearly aware of the few who could follow his own words in German, and so your humble servant came in for a fair share of direct irradiation.

After the lectures there was a pleasant "at Home" at Hall's Croft, the house of Shakespeare's son-in-law, now the residence of the Earl of Sandwich, a perfect host. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Steiner and Mr. John Drinkwater were among the distinguished guests at Hall's Croft.

I will confine myself to this specimen day and now conclude with some remarks on the Shakespeare performances at the Memorial Theatre. The New Shakespeare Company was under the Direction of W. Bridges-Adams. Even this sacred shrine is used as a picture-theatre during the off season but it nobly forgoes its profits for several weeks a year to allow homage to be paid to Shakespeare!

After a bustling performance of the "Taming of the Shrew" without the Induction — honestly no great loss — came the glory of the week: Othello. William Stack, in spite of his affected, stage-spoilt pronunciation played the Moor with shivering power; Baliol Holloway came through the test of acting Iago with an enhanced reputation; he understands the part; it must have been unpleasant for him to speak the motive-hunting monologues. Desdemona's frank worship of her Moorish husband, evidently a Christian and only just tawny, was acted with simple faith and honesty by Miss Ethel Carrington whilst that great actress Dorothy Green gave all the good and bad qualities of Iago's wife, the waiting-woman Emilia. A harrowing-beautiful play, alas!

I was not so impressed with *Twelfth Night* and with *Much Ado About Nothing*. Travesty, wooing or detecting unfaithful mistresses by deputy induce a certain impatience when they become stock devices, and one is not always in a sufficiently buoyant mood to get over the glaring improbabilities. How, for instance, in *Twelfth Night* did Sebastian manage to sign the marriage-register when he was supposed to be Caesario? And in *Much Ado* when Claudio on second-hand evidence had refused his bride

at the altar, how could he agree to marry off-hand the anonymous girl offered in place of lovely, wronged Hero! Caddishness could not possibly further go, and that all ends well is no excuse for him. But it is excellent comedy apart from that. There is nothing more comical in Shakespeare than the fooling of Benedick and Beatrice into mutual love.

The surprise of the "Julius Caesar" was the casting of that consummate humorist Mr. Stanley Lathbury as Mighty Julius. I had feared the small company could not spare the right man for a not very clearly conceived character that appears in only four scenes and disappears before the middle of the play. He could not bring it off well. Cassius was not lean and hungry, nor intense enough; Brutus was a good twenty years too young, and the very clever Mark Antony put too little of the majestic consul and too much Iago into it, for it was B. Holloway. Casca made a grim success of his surly prose. As a matter of fact the fourth and fifth acts do fairly well on the stage, better than the bare text would lead the unimaginative closet-student to think.

I will leave it at this for the present, and am willing to announce further conferences and dramatic festivals in due time, if this is agreeable to the editors and the readers of this periodical.

Leeuwarden, 25 April '22.

J. L. CARDOZO.

[Mr. Cardozo will oblige both by doing so. - Ed.]

Dekker and The Virgin Martyr. It may be of interest to readers of the short article on the subject mentioned above (*Engl. Studies*, Vol. III, No. 6), in which I made a few remarks with respect to the authorship of *The Virgin Martyr*, that my suggestion as to Dekker's and Massinger's shares in its construction is for the greater part borne out by an elaborate study from the hand of Mr. H. Dugdale Sykes in *Notes and Queries*, Jan. 28 and Febr. 4, 1922.

The verdict at which the writer arrives, though his deductions are based on internal evidence only, seems to me conclusive. He summarizes his investigations as follows: "Dekker is responsible for what is worst, and for a good deal of what is best in the play. The prose portions, the speeches of Hircius and Spungius, are certainly almost entirely his, but he is also chiefly responsible for Dorothea and Angelo. Massinger's share in the play is, however, larger than has usually been supposed. All that is distinctively "Roman" in the play is his, and he is entitled to some of the credit for several of the best scenes hitherto attributed to Dekker alone". For further information students may be referred to the analytical table at the end.

With regard to the question whether *The Virgin Martyr* was revised by Massinger or the result of conjoint authorship the writer comes to the not altogether definite conclusion that he inclines to the opinion that the two authors worked upon the play together and that it is the result of collaboration in the true sense of the term, which has also been suggested, though for two scenes only, by Prof. Cruickshank in his book on Massinger.

Rotterdam, 9 April 1922.

W. A. OVAA.

English Association in Holland. From March 27 to April 4 Mr. G. K. Chesterton was the guest of the Association and lectured successively at Rotterdam, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Groningen, Nijmegen, The Hague, Utrecht

and Hilversum. With the exception of Amsterdam, where he spoke on *Browning*, his subject at all branches was *Dickens*. No report of the lectures will be attempted here, as this has been fully done by all the leading newspapers. Certainly none of our lecturers before Mr. Chesterton has received such ample recognition from both press and public, and if this is not always a reliable index of the value of a lecture in itself, yet we do not believe that any of the distinguished foreigners that have appeared before Dutch audiences in the season now behind us, has compelled so much attention by the sheer attraction of his personality and writings.

By way of retrospect a list is added of the lectures given by English speakers at our various branches:

Amsterdam: Walker, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

Groningen: Adair, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

Haarlem: Walker, Adair, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton, Allen.

The Hague: Walker, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

Hilversum: Norman Angell, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

Nijmegen: Forbes-Robertson, Adair, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

Rotterdam: Walker, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

Utrecht: Walker, Adair, Hamilton Fyfe, Chesterton.

During the three terms of the session 1922-1923 the University of London will again organise "Courses on aspects of English life and civilisation suitable for students from foreign countries." A preliminary announcement was sent with the April number of *English Studies*, and the complete syllabus will be issued in June. Though intended for students from all foreign countries, the courses should appeal specially to Dutch students, as they were instituted primarily at the request of the *English Association in Holland*.

It is hoped that many of our undergraduates (and others besides) will take this unique opportunity of combining a course of study under the guidance of some of the greatest of English scholars with the observation of English life and civilisation at first hand.

Enquiries should be addressed to Dr. W. W. Seton, University College, London, and may also be made by members through the Association Secretary.

B- Examination 1921. We copy the following remarks from the official report (*Staatscourant* no. 57):

„De aanschrijving van Uwe Excellentie aan den voorzitter betreffende de regeling der akte-examens, no. 578, afd. M. O., behelzende, „dat wellicht dit jaar reeds met de ten vorigen jare gehouden examens rekening zou kunnen worden gehouden in dien zin, dat, ook al wordt het examen dit jaar in zijn geheel afgenomen, toch een candidaat niet wordt afgewezen, omdat hij in een bepaald onderdeel onvoldoende wordt bevonden, indien hij ten vorigen jare voor datzelfde onderdeel voldoende werd geacht,” is aan een paar kandidaten ten goede gekomen.

Het gehalte van de algemeene ontwikkeling en de kennis van de kandidaten, voor zoover die bij de examens bleken, was zeer bepaald geringer dan in vorige jaren.

Wat bijzonderheden aangaat, bij het nazien van de opstellen bleek het dat lang niet alle kandidaten behoorlijk aandacht hadden geschonken aan de opmerkingen door vorige commissies gemaakt.

Meer dan eens kwamen slordigheden voor als Julius Ceasar, Cassio in

plaats van Cassius, en on-Engelsche verkortingen als S. W. Scott, Browning's Par. Soms was het moeilijk na te gaan of met woorden als Macbeth en Hamlet de persoon of het drama bedoeld was. Ook de lijsten van gelezen en bestudeerde werken, door de kandidaten vóór het examen ingezonden, vertoonden dikwijls onnauwkeurigheden, als Gay's Elegy voor Gray's Elegy, Rossetta voor Rossetti.

Een enkele maal was de leeslijst niet in overeenstemming met de waarheid."

Shelley Centenary Number. On or about July 8th we will publish a special number in commemoration of the death of Percy Bysshe Shelley. We have been fortunate in securing the collaboration of Mr. Albert Verwey, who has consented to contribute a Dutch translation of *Alastor*, Mr. J. de Gruyter who has written an essay on *Shelley and Dostoievski*, and Mr. J. Kooistra who will contribute an article on Shelley and a bibliography of recent publications of and on Shelley's works.

The number will be rather more than the ordinary size, and will be sent to our regular subscribers as usual. Members of the English Association in Holland may buy it at the price of f 1.00. Subscribers to E.S. may also buy extra copies at the same price by ordering them direct from the publishers.

This number will take the place of the one otherwise published in August.

Translation.

The Great Work.

1. "I am sure you will never succeed." 2. Louise Couvret had spoken these words, in a somewhat mocking tone, to her husband. 3. Fred sat with bowed head and nervously crumpled the blotted paper between his fingers. 4. There was no reply to make. 5. It was the twentieth time at least that his wife had made this annoying remark and the worst of it was: he felt she was right.

6. Yes, he was not capable of producing a work in which he could excel. 7. He always had to confine himself to indifferent sketches or short articles that were required of him.

8. It is true, formerly a novel of his had been published, and then he had cherished illusions, had felt that instinct to work and had continued writing.

9. His surroundings believed in his talent, but those who admired him, his mother, his sister, his friends were people who were very fond of him and therefore did not see the faults in his work. 10. It was his wife alone who had opened his eyes by her slighting words and that cold, ironical look.

11. A hundred times he had begun that great work. 12. A hundred times he had torn up the sheets in a rage, telling himself that what he wrote was nonsense and that he had better throw the whole thing into the fire. 12. He was sitting quite still and his thoughts went back to those happy days, alas, but few, at the beginning of his married life: their walks in that glorious avenue, with apple-trees in full bloom on each side; those delightful intimate talks, their total absorption in each other....

14. Now it seemed to him as if he had not kept his pledged word, for in the three years that he had been married, he had not kept the promise he had made to Louise,

he had disappointed her in his talent and in his dreams of the future — a fortune perhaps.

15. Disillusion had gradually come upon Mrs. Couvret. 16. The fine plans he had made proved but idle wishes, and instead of the wealth he had led her to expect, they could live but simply. 17. "That does not matter, does it, darling?" Fred had said, "we shall not mind, as long as we have each other." 18. What did the applause of the public, marks of esteem, matter to him, now that Louise was his. 19. But there had been a loud laugh, a laugh that had frozen him.

20. "You know very well Fred, one can't live on love alone. 21. That is all very well in the novels you write or rather think to write."

22. Then something snapped in his heart.

Observations. 1. *I feel certain; I know for certain.* Not *I know as certain*, which is due to the confusion of one idiom with another (*know for certain; regard as certain*).

2. *Had said these words.* — *On a derisive tone* is wrong. The correct preposition is *in*. 'Soh! you're come!' he exclaimed, in a deep, derisive tone. (Ainsworth, *Tower Hill*).

3. *Fritz* is the German form, the English equivalent is *Fred*, see Karl Breul's German Dictionary published by Cassell. — *Bent head; bowed head.* *To bend the head* simply means to bring it into a state of curvature; *to bow the head* = to bend it in token of submission, humility or respect. And Moses made haste and bowed his head towards the earth (*Exodus XXXIV*, 8). See Günther, *Synonyms*. — *Verknoeien* does not mean *spoil* in our text, but *crumple(up)*. She crumpled the cheque in her hand and walked to the door (Sala, *Seven Sons*, XII, 307). N.E.D. defines: to crush together in an irregularly folded state. He saw Drysdale crumple up the notes in his hand (Hughes, *Tom Brown at Oxford*). N.E.D.: to crush together in a contracted or compressed state [*verfrommelen*]. — *Crushed the inkstained paper in her fingers.* This use of *in* is not very common; cf. however: Daphne, with both elbows on the table, was slowly crunching a morsel of toast *in* her small white teeth. (H. Ward, *Daphne*, Ch. III.). *The paper smudged with ink* is correct.

4. *He could not answer her. He was at a loss what to reply.*

5. *It was certainly the twentieth time that his wife made this tiresome observation.* In reality the action is completed, but the notion of completion is often left unexpressed: I (have) come to fetch my mother. *Tiresome* expresses quite a different idea, that of exhausting the patience, tedious.

6. *Unable to produce.* — *To deliver a work.* In this context the word would mean *afleveren*, *bezorgen*, Cf. *delivery-van* [*bestelwagen*]. *To compile a work* would imply that the author merely collected what other people had written. — *A work with which he might shine out; (eclipse).* Though he failed in tragedy Pieter Langendijk could *shine* in comedy (Downs and Jackson, *Manual of Dutch*, p. 19). Those qualities wherein Frederick surpassed all mankind were as yet unknown to others or to himself; for they were qualities which *shine out* only on a dark ground. (Macaulay, *Frederick the Great*.) The people who were stupidest before, suddenly *shine out* quite brilliantly (Quoted N.E.D.). There was a special reason which made me resolved to *shine* at this ball at whatever cost (*Harper's Magazine*, 1889, 561). The intransitive use of *eclipse* is absolute, according to the Oxford Dictionary.

7. *He had but to restrict himself* = *Hij behoefde zich slechts te bepalen.* *Mediocre* (not *moderate*!) *sketch.* *Moderate* usually expresses

absence of excess: a moderate opinion, price. The play had a *moderate* success, being acted but seven times (Dobson, *Selections from Steele*). Eighteen years old, of *moderate* stature (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1909, 292). He was only *moderately* rich (*Royal Magazine*, 1910, p. 434). So you think you are *moderate* in your demands? (*Ships that Pass in the Night*.) — *Articles imposed upon him*. In this sense *impose* means: to lay on as something to be borne, endured, or submitted to; to inflict, to levy or enforce authoritatively (*N. E. D.*). Eastern women know nothing of the convention which *imposes* calm upon our womanhood (Introduction to Burton's *Thousand Nights and a Night*). To impose a tax, a fine. — *Articles ordered to him* = besteld bij hem. The correct preposition after order is *from*, not *to*.

8. *A novel by him* is correct. — *Had been edited*. Editing differs from publishing in that it is restricted to the work of the man who puts the text into order for publication and provides it with such illustrative matter as it is deemed to require. The publisher is the person who bears the expense of printing it. (Bradley) Cf. the German Herausgeber (editor) and Verleger (publisher). — *He had deluded himself*. To 'delude' is to deceive by creating a wrong idea in the mind, so that *delusion* is essentially taking up the wrong notion. This notion may be one altogether false, or it may be simply exaggerated. We are deluded by the fair promises of a hypocrite, and by the plausible arguments of the sophist. There are few people now who cherish the *delusion* that Turkey will reform herself (Davidson). Shamefully *deluding* me and making me your cat's paw (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1904, p. 647). — *Had felt that great energy*. Not quite equivalent to our *werk lust*, which word is not given either by Dr. Prick van Wely or ten Bruggencate. German Instinct to Work: Germany is the only country in Europe to-day where I have discovered the will to work (*Evening News*, Aug. 12, 1921). — *Has proceeded his writing* makes nonsense, *proceed* being an intransitive verb. See *E. S.* IV, p. 36.

9. *Had faith (confidence) in his talent*. Our faith in the feminine capacity for keeping a secret was not so far-reaching. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1899, p. 559). — *Mistakes in his works*. A mistake is an error of perception, a fault an error of judgment. He who is gratified with that which is *faulty* in works of art, is a man of bad taste (Smith). To denote an imperfection in workmanship *fault* is the most suitable word.

10. *Sarcastic look*. *Irony* is covert sarcasm. — *Despicable, contemptible, contemptuous, disdainful words*. The first two are passive, the last two active as regards their meaning. *Despicable* is stronger than *contemptible*, a person may be contemptible for his vanity or weakness, he is despicable for his servility and baseness of character. Words, actions and looks are contemptuous; looks, sneers and gestures are disdainful. The last word applies only to outward marks of contempt.

11. *Begin upon* is correct: I will not begin upon it till I come to a stop in Kehama (Southey, *Life*, III, 163).

12. *Torn the sheets* does not express the same idea as *torn up the sheets*. See *N. E. D.* i. v.: Expressing either partial or complete separation of parts; in the latter case with adverb or adverbial phrase, as *to tear up*, *to tear in* (or *to*) *pieces*. Composition here serves to express the perfective aspect: see Kruisinga, *Acc. & Syntax*³, § 238. They are always careful to join the small pieces lengthwise which makes it impossible to tear the cloth in any direction but one (Quoted *N. E. D.*). Engaged in tearing up old newspapers into small pieces (*Ibid.*). — *Cheating himself with the idea* = zich wijsmaken d. — *It was humbug*. I believe a notion is growing prevalent that

half what is said and written about the dangers of the Alps is mere *humbug*. (Tyndal, *Glaciers*).

13. *His thoughts recurred to* is right. 'I did it for the best', said Job, his thoughts recurring to the apoplectic Sir Scipio (Douglas Jerrold, *Men of Character*). — *Marriage*. Crabb says: *Marriage* is oftener an act than a state; *matrimony* and *wedlock* (more formal word) both describe states. The word is taken in the sense of a state when we speak of the pleasures or pains of marriage; but in this latter case *matrimony*, which signifies a married life abstractedly from all agents, or all acting persons, is preferable. What causes young people to come out but the noble ambition of *matrimony*? (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*). I remember your old jeremiads against *matrimony* (Von Hutten, *Pam*, V, Ch. VI.). — *On either side*: Poutsma (II, 1702), observes: "Either with the meaning of *one and the other* is getting more and more unusual. According to Murray (s. v. *either*) is it "felt to be somewhat archaic and must often be avoided on account of its *ambiguity*." Sweet (quoted in Storm, *Englische Philologie*², 1044), observes that it "is very common in writing in English, but I cannot imagine any one speaking it". — *Lane* does not render Dutch *laan*, but corresponds to our *landweg*.

14. *His plighted word*. — *The three years he was married* should be *had been married*. When the action or state is represented as continuing up to a point of time in the past the pluperfect is the normal tense, the preterite appearing but occasionally: From a child Surajah Dowlah *had hated* the English (Macaulay, *Clive*). See Poutsma, *Mood and Tense of the English Verb, Tense*, p. 120, or Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*, § 94, (Third ed., § 115).

15. *Little by little*. (*By little and little*). — *Mrs. C. had been disillusioned*. *Disillusion*: Troilus and Cressida is the comedy of *disillusion*. The young enthusiasm of Troilus is miserably disenchanted (Dowden, *Shakespeare Primer*). The def. article should not be placed before this word, abstract nouns, taken in a general sense, dispensing with it.

16. *The fine plans turned out to be empty dreams*. (*Had vanished into smoke (air)*). — *Riches* is originally a singular, but the syntax of the word shows that it is now apprehended as a plural. — *They could live but plainly* is correct. I suppose he lives very plainly (Buchan, *Watcher by Threshold*, 289).

17. *We shall resign to our fate*. The intransitive non-reflexive use is marked rare by Craigie (*N.E.D.*) I will hope still the best and resign to God's will (Richardson, *Pamela*, IV, 173). Sophia and Emily Selwyn endeavoured to resign their destiny (Eugenia de Acton, *Nuns of Desert*, I. 288). *Fate* seems too strong a term under the circumstances. The lad gasped but submitted to his fate (*Century Magazine*, 1901, 675.). *So long as we have one another*. All right, so long as it tastes like Christmas pudding (*London News*, 18th Dec. 1909.). *So long as* in colloquial speech has sometimes the meaning 'if only': You won't fall *so long as* you hold on tight (Onions, *Advanced Syntax*, § 57a, and Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*³, § 1949).

18. Now (*that*) *Louise was his*. *That* is frequently omitted, especially in conversational English. Rowe and Webb disapprove of this shortened form (*Guide to the Study of English*, p. 235), but the conversion of adverbs to conjunctions has been frequent in English (e. g. *before*, *until*, etc.); see Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax*³, § 1804.

19. *A guffaw* is quite wrong (= a burst of coarse laughter). *Had benumbed (stiffened, stifled, stunned) him*. None of these are right.

20. *That is all right in the novels you write or better, think you write*. *Better* is obsolete in the sense of *rather*. The Oxford Dictionary gives a

quotation from Caxton's Jason : He semed *better* a thing of that other worlde thenne an humayne persone. — Denkt te schrijven should not be rendered by a dependent clause, the meaning is 'expect' here.

Good translations were received from Miss T. B., Kollum; Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss M. G., Amsterdam; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss D. K., Tilburg; Mr. G. J. K. at L.; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Mr. R. v. d. M., Hengelo; Mr. H. M. A. H. K., Flushing; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Mr. J. P. P., Rotterdam; Miss A. J. E. S., Gorleston-on-sea; Mr. B. S., Koog a/d Zaan; Mr. K. de V., Dokkum, Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht; Mr. H. v. d. W., Steenwijk; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 60 Maarlant, Brielle, before July 10th. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. No translation will be included in the July number.

De Sneeuwbal.

Het sneeuwt maar altijd door. Van morgen, toen de school uitging, heeft de sneeuw een leelijk ongeluk veroorzaakt. Pas waren eenige van de jongens buiten of ze begonnen sneeuwballen te maken, met die waterachtige sneeuw, ballen zoo vast en zoo hard als steenen. Verscheidene menschen kwamen op de trottoirs voorbij. Een heer riep: „Pas toch op bengels!” en op hetzelfde oogenblik hoorden we een smartelijken kreet van den overkant van de straat, en we zagen een ouden man, zonder hoed, wankelen en zijn gezicht in de handen verbergen, en naast hem stond een jongen, die al maar riep: „Help! help!” Dadelijk schoten een menigte menschen van alle zijden toe. De man had een bal recht in het oog gekregen. De kinderen stoven uit elkaar. Ik stond voor het venster van den boekverkooperswinkel, waar mijn vader in was gegaan, toen er eenige jongens kwamen aanloopen en zich tusschen de anderen, die naast mij stonden, mengden, en deden of ze de uitstalling bezagen. Het waren Garone, Coretti en Garoffi, de postzegelverzamelaar. Intusschen had zich een kring om den ouden man gevormd en een politieagent en anderen liepen rond en vroegen: „Wie heeft het gedaan? Wie heeft het gedaan?” en ze wilden de handen van de jongens zien, of ze ook nog nat waren van de sneeuw. Garoffi stond naast me — ik merkte op, dat hij van het hoofd tot de voeten beefde en doodsbleek was. Ik hoorde Garone zachtjes tegen hem zeggen: „Komaan, zeg, dat jij het gedaan hebt, het zou laag zijn, om er een ander voor te laten boeten.” „Maar ik heb het niet met opzet gedaan!” antwoordde Garoffi, bevende als een blad. „Dat komt er niet op aan, je moet het toch doen”, herhaalde Garone. „Maar ik heb den moed niet!” „Kom, durf nu eens een beetje; ik ga met je mee!” De agenten en de omstanders riepen al luider: „Wie was het? Wie heeft het gedaan? Ze hebben hem blind gemaakt, de ellendelingen!”

Ik vreesde, dat Garoffi op den grond zou vallen. „Kom,” zei toen Garone, „ik zal je verdedigen,” en hij pakte hem bij een arm en duwde hem voort, terwijl hij hem als een zieke ondersteunde. De menschen zagen het, en begrepen het dadelijk; velen kwamen met gebalde vuist aanloopen.

Reviews.

La Pensée de Milton.

To the Editor of *English Studies*.

Dear Sir,

In order to supplement your note on my letter in the April issue of your journal, I should like to state that Prof. Saurat and his reviewer had both turned to me and asked my opinion on the review and finally placed the matter in my hands *with the very fullest confidence* in the justice of my sentence, in order to prevent increased bitterness on both sides.

May I ask you kindly to publish these lines in your journal?

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

S. B. LILJEGREN.

Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates and the Problems of the Transmission of his Text by ALFRED W. POLLARD, Sandars Reader in Bibliography 1915. Second Edition, Revised with an Introduction. Cambridge, University Press, 1920.

The booklet the title of which I have transcribed at the top of this notice is very instructive, entertaining, and interesting, and makes excellent reading. It tackles several sorts of bibliographical problems, and by thus proceeding new light is cast on some ancient rather intricate questions and cruces of Shakespeareology. After an introduction of twenty-one pages in which the labours of the author and others, notably Mr. Dover Wilson, Dr. W. W. Greg, Mr. W. Jaggard, Mr. Alfred Huth, Mr. William Neidig, Mr. Percy Simpson, and Sir Edward Maunde Thompson are mentioned, there follow the four lectures, reprinted and revised, which were delivered in November, 1915, in the University of Cambridge under the terms of the Sandars Readership in Bibliography. The central idea of these lectures is that early editions upon which a text of Shakespeare's plays must be built, are a good deal closer to the original manuscripts than most of the text-builders have allowed. The chapters dealing with this and kindred problems are entitled: *The Regulation of The Book Trade in the Sixteenth Century; Authors, Players and Pirates in Shakespeare's Day; The Manuscripts of Shakespeare's Plays; and The Improvers of Shakespeare*. Of course there is an Index.

It would be rather difficult to single out such passages as stand out conspicuously by their importance, but I should like to call attention to the various proclamations of the sixteenth century in connection with the book trade. We hear of several proclamations being issued by divers kings and queens, but they seem to have had very little effect. Here is the close of one by Edward VI given on the 28th of April, 1551, (Mr. Pollard calls it a querulous proclamation on the worst possible lines) which I quote for curiosity's sake:

And forbicause diuers Printers, Bokeselers, anke Plaiers of Enterludes, without consideration or regarde to the quiet of the realme, do print, sel, and play whatsoeuer any light and phantastical hed listeth to inuent and deuise, whereby many inconueniences hath, and dayly doth arise and follow, amonge the kinges maiesties louying and faithful subiects: His highnes therfore straightly chargeth and commaundeth that from henceforth, no printer or other person do print nor sel, within this Realme or any other his (*sic*) maiestis dominions, any matter in thenglis tong, nor they nor any other person, do sel, or otherwise dispose abrode any matter, printed in any forreyn dominion in thenglishe tongue, onles thesame be firste allowed by his maiestie, or his priuie counsayl in writing signed with his maiesties most gracious hand or the handes of sixe of his sayd priuie counsayl, upon payne of Imprisonment, without baile or mayneprice, and further fine at his maiesties plesor.

In other proclamations we find trespassers threatened with banishment, confiscation, and other punishments, but human nature apparently remained human nature still, and love of gain did its work as well as in our own times.

Particularly interesting also is the story of the publication of Shakespeare Quarto's p. 48 sqq., and though now and again some doubts may arise, I believe the author's standpoint towards the quartos is on the whole plausible and sound. Summing up his views on the subject Mr. Pollard recapitulates the contents of his book as follows:

"It has been the object of these papers to show that the Quarto's regularly entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company were neither stolen nor surreptitious. I have gone further than this by bringing together some little evidence that some at least of these editions may have been set up from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript, and have further dangled before my

readers the hope that in some of these much vilified texts there may yet survive evidence of how Shakespeare meant some of his great speeches to be delivered. This is as far as bibliography can take us".

A very pleasant and convincing little book.

EDWARD B. KOSTER.

The Works of Shakespeare edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON, 1921—

This new Shakespeare edition 'nimble and sweetly recommends itself' unto our eyes by its artistic exterior. To see such tasteful volumes on his shelves is in itself a pleasure for the booklover. Fortunately on perusal the first highly favourable impression is not in the least impaired. This edition has indeed so many good points, that it is difficult to imagine it soon superseded by another. The Cambridge Shakespeare will in our opinion take pride of place among Shakespeare editions for many years to come.

A survey of the contents of the first volume *The Tempest* will show what wealth of matter is put at the student's disposition. After an excellent reproduction of the Droeshout portrait, we find a general introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in which he traces "Shakespeare's progress towards canonisation" with abundant quotations and references and some original and penetrating observations on Shakespeare's art. It is followed by a textual introduction by Mr. Wilson who explains by what principles he has been led in the handling of his material. He tells us, that in the last decade the study of Shakespeare texts has been given a new trend by three discoveries. The first is that of Mr. Pollard, who demonstrated that 'dramatic MSS. which reached the printer's hands in Shakespeare's day were generally theatrical prompt-copy, that many of these are likely to have been in the author's autograph, and that therefore the first editions, the quartos in particular, possess a much higher authority than editors have hitherto been inclined to allow them.'

The second by Mr. Percy Simpson, who showed that the stops in the folios and quartos are not the 'haphazard peppering of ignorant compositors, as all previous editors have regarded them, but play-house punctuation directing the actors how to speak their lines'.

The third by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who has made it seem very probable, that 'one of several hands found in the confused and partially revised manuscript play *Sir Thomas More* was that of Shakespeare himself, and that therefore we now have three pages of authentic Shakespearian copy in our possession.'

These discoveries are surely of sufficient import to justify a new careful study of the accepted texts. As, however, the results attained by making use of them are here shown for the first time, so that they could not yet be verified and definitely approved of by other scholars, the present editors have prudently relegated the emendations they propose to the Notes, and except in a very few cases no changes have been made in the text itself. After Mr. Wilson's very interesting discussion of these discoveries, there follows an introduction to *The Tempest* by Q., a portrait of Elisabeth, a Note on Punctuation and then after the play itself, a discussion of the copy used, a facsimile of 16 lines from the 'Shakespeare' addition to *Sir Thomas More* with a Transcript, twenty pages of Notes on corrupt or doubtful

passages, a short piece on the Stage History of *The Tempest* by Harold Child and lastly a Glossary in which difficult words or expressions used in an unfamiliar meaning, besides puns and quibbles are explained.

The only feature of this admirable edition which we cannot quite appreciate is the insertion of stage-directions. In general we can hardly imagine a reason important enough to justify any tampering with the text of a classic — excepting of course the correction of obvious printer's errors. It is true that stage-directions leave the actual text untouched, yet indirectly they may influence the meaning of a line or a passage and sometimes they are even intended to do so. An editor who undertakes the exceedingly delicate task of adding such material of his own, is foredoomed to err either by giving too much or by giving too little. If he makes bold to invent ample and frequent directions, such as a reader expects to find in a modern play, he will almost certainly offend by insinuating his own opinions and predilections too strongly; if, on the other hand, he restricts himself to a few harmless words, to indications which — as is so often the case in Shakespeare's plays — can be very easily derived from the dialogue, they serve no useful purpose. Fortunately the editors of the present edition have on the whole followed the latter course, which is at any rate far less censurable than the first; they have been diffident and circumspect, but while thus avoiding offence they have contributed little if anything to the clearness of the action.

The three other volumes published till now: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Measure for Measure* — the editors follow for an inscrutable reason the order of the First Folio — keep up the very high standard of the first. In some parts — notably in the Introduction to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* — new and interesting theories are propounded, which we intend to discuss in a following number.

A. G. VAN KRANENDONK.

Die Englische Literatur der Neuesten Zeit. Von DR. LEON KELLNER.
Leipzig, Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1921.

The writer of a book like this takes upon himself a threefold task. First of all we expect from him, that he shall provide us with a reliable and well-furnished storehouse of the mere facts of literature; secondly that he shall interpret these data — indicate their interrelation, connect them with social and political phenomena, arrange them into a historical summary; thirdly we may expect some æsthetic valuation of at least the chief works of art mentioned.

Even a very exacting student will, we think, be satisfied with the mass of information put at his disposal in the four hundred large pages of this tastefully bound, well printed volume. Of every-one of the authors treated — even the minor ones — he will find a complete list of works and, what is a valuable feature of the book, a good and often extensive list of books and articles in which he can find further information and criticism. Of the more important figures full biographies are given besides notes on: "Persönlichkeit, Weltanschauung, Einfluss, Stellung in der Literatur, Geistverwandte Dichter, Schriftstellerische Art" and so on, while those curious in such matters will be glad to learn, that even about the lives of minor men they may find carefully collated details, which, though at the first blush they may seem of lesser importance in the history of literature or perhaps

not even strictly necessary to a right understanding of a work of art, are extremely interesting "an und für sich." We mean e.g. a scrupulous precision of proper names as in:

"Philip Bourke Marston 1850—1887, der Sohn des Dramatikers John Westland Marston, bei dessen Taufe Philip James Bailey und Dinah Maria Mulock Gevatterschaft standen . . ." (p. 268). —

Or a religiously exact enumeration of place (and hotel!) names as in: "(Thomas Lovell Beddoes) er erschien wie ein Irrlicht in Baden (im Aargau), Gieszen, Basel, Straszburg, Mannheim, Mainz, Frankfurt am Main, London, dann wieder in Frankfurt, wo er mit einem Bächergesellen namens Degen innigste Freundschaft schloß, endlich im Storchhotel zu Basel, wo er in Jahre 1849 Gift nahm und starb" (p. 175). —

Or again a narration of lively biographical incident as: "Horne (Richard Hengist) . . . In der Bucht von Vera Cruz wurde er beinahe von einem Haifisch gefressen . . ." (p. 174).

But the author has by no means restricted himself to an accumulation of biographical facts. He sees the 'main currents' in the spiritual life of the epoch as well as any other writer and so we read e.g. that: "Die Wurzeln der neuen Literatur vielfach ins 18 Jahrhundert hineinragen", or that "Um die Mitte des 19 Jahrhunderts die Seele der Frau im englischen Schrifttum zum Wort kam" or that: "Der Naturalismus Zolas fast zwei Jahrzehnte brauchte um den Weg nach London zu finden" and many more well-known truths like these. But in the whole chapter 'Das Gepräge des Zeitalters' with its sequel: 'Einige Hauptmerkmale der Viktorianischen Literatur', we failed to find anything new or personal, anything giving evidence of a more than ordinary historical or philosophical insight.

The principle that has determined the order in which the great figures of the epoch have been treated, is found, somewhat curiously worded, in the preface:

"Dies ist das Buch der Könige die da herrschten im Reiche des englischen Schrifttums vom Jahre 1837 bis zum Jahre 1901."

He then gives a row of the names and dates of these kings, reminding us of the chronological tables in our schoolbooks of history:

"Im Jahre 1837, dem Jahre der Pickwickier, kommt Charles Dickens auf den Thron, das Jahr 1838 bringt Edward Bulwer seinen groszen Theatererfolg; 1839 erobert Carlyle die erste Stelle unter den lehrhaften Schriftstellern seiner Zeit; 1843 rückt das Lied vom Hemd den Stern des armen, verbrauchten Thomas Hood ins Gesichtsfeld des groszen Publikums . . ." etc.

In this order then — 'nach den Höhepunkten der Anerkennung' — the 'kings' are treated, so that e.g. the two great novelists Dickens and Thackeray are discussed apart, separated by seventy pages on Bulwer, Carlyle, Thomas Hood, Disraeli and their followers. Has this method really such great advantages over that which keeps the novelists, the critics, the poets, the historians of the period together in separate chapters? Surely the kings did not reign for one or two years, replacing one another, but during the whole period. In 1846, the year of *Vanity Fair*, the influence and popularity of Dickens was as strong as that of Thackeray, if not much stronger. In 1843 '*Das Lied vom Hemd*' did not set Carlyle's teaching aside, nor did in 1847 *Jane Eyre* cause a revolution in the English mentality; by that time and much later the influence of all the other great writers since 1837 was still far stronger than that exercised by Charlotte Brontë and so it seems pretty immaterial, whether in a history of the Victorian period Carlyle is treated before or after Thomas Hood and somewhat arbitrary and fanciful

to keep Dickens and Thackeray far apart simply because the latter's first great success came a few years after the first literary victory of the former. Moreover Dr. Kellner's method is hardly more strictly chronological than that generally followed by writers of literary history. They give us first a history of the poetry of a period, then a history of the novel, of criticism etc. Dr. Kellner begins with the year 1837 and treating Dickens and his imitators he carries us as far as about 1890, then he jumps back to 1838 and traces the history of Bulwer's influence up to about 1900, then we are taken back again to 1839, Carlyle, and so on. How this mixing up of novels, poems, criticism, etc., this constant harking back to the beginning of the period can have 'den groszen Vorzug der Einfachkeit' the author claims for it, we fail to see. But Dr. Kellner seems to attach great importance to his treatment of authors in the order of their first great success. Unfortunately he has kept the reasons for his preference in the dark, throwing out only some modest hints about the elaborate study and long cogitation that preceded the taking of the decisive step:

"Wollte ich alle meine methodische Erwägungen und Versuche die dem endgültigen Entschlusse vorangingen, hier auseinandersetzen, so würden sie eine Schrift für sich geben, "Wie soll man Literaturgeschichte schreiben?" und zwar würde sie die verwandte Arbeit Luzians bei weitem an Umfang übertreffen".

We think Dr. Kellner sets far too high a value on 'Anordnung' in general and on his own method in particular. As a matter of fact the quality of the various essays on great men of the period, which form the gist of the work, is of incomparably greater importance than any order whichever.

On the whole these essays form interesting reading. Those on the older writers are, we think, the best. We may especially note the one on Dickens with its clever analysis of Dickens's humour; the fine study of Carlyle, in which notably the chapter on 'C. und Goethe', and 'C. und der deutsche Idealismus' contain many original remarks; those on Thackeray, Disraeli, the Sisters Brontë; also the chapter on Stevenson, which gives a very good idea of Stevenson's personality and work and a just estimation of the artistic value of his imitators.

Towards the end of the book there is, however, a decided falling off. It seems, that Dr. Kellner has devoted much less study to the newer writers than he has given to the old familiar Victorian figures. The title his work bears on the cover: 'Die Englische Literatur der neuesten Zeit' is somewhat misleading, since on the strength of it a reader might reasonably expect to find at least a few words devoted to men as Galsworthy, Arnold Bennet, Compton Mackenzie, Lawrence, Walpole, Cannan, Walter de la Mare, Rupert Brooke, Gibson and a host of others whose names are not even mentioned.

The author would have done better to have kept the original title: 'Englische Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Victoria', for the few additions have not really changed the character of his book, hardly any writer or work later than 1901 having been treated.

As a history of Victorian literature, especially of its older stage, Dr. Kellner's book has its value on account of some scholarly studies on the greatest representatives of the period. Those, however, who want to get some insight into the present state of English literature, its currents and tendencies, the work of the artists of the *newest* times, will find this volume of very little use.

A Dictionary of Military Terms. By E. S. FARROW. London, The Library Press Ltd. 1919. \$ 3.50.

A book of this kind was bound to come. As was to be expected, Germany was the first in the field with her lexicon of war words, France followed suit with two or three, and now, at last though not yet too late, we have one in English. But unfortunately it is a blessing in disguise, so to speak, hailing as it does from New York City and not from London Town, although it was published in the latter place. This being the case, it presents only one aspect of the subject, viz. the American. At any rate the latter predominates, which is of course quite natural. Though this is a drawback, it is one of minor importance after all, since in this particular domain of the language of languages there is on many points no difference between official Yankese and English pure and undefiled. Another drawback of the book under review, viz. the fact that it will be far from easy for the foreign and the non-military reader to discover where the two languages do differ, might have been easily done away with. It would be unfair, however, not to state that in this direction there is some help from the author, who occasionally adds a bracketed [English] to his explanation. The only thing to be regretted is that this practice has not been followed right through the book. Is, e.g., *Leonard powder* an English or an American invention? The same question may be asked with regard to *Fogerty gun*, under which entry there is no indication at all as to the nationality of the true begetter of this weapon. The case is different with, for instance, *Abbertini gun*: "a form of battery gun having ten barrels as in the Requa battery". Now, the *Requa battery* being "a kind of mitrailleuse, used at the siege of Charleston in 1863", we feel at once on solid, i.e., American ground.

From the above instances it may be seen that the usual type of reference book has become altogether inadequate for the student who wants to know all there is to know about the latest development of English as a world language under the influence of the most terrific war ever waged in the history of mankind. But what is seen as clearly is the fact that even this special dictionary does not meet all the student's wants, however grateful he may be for what he is given. And there is sufficient cause for gratitude, for not only the smaller dictionaries but also the larger ones, the model N.E.D. not excepted, have become utterly out of date as regards war words as we know them, the larger being even greater sinners by omission than their numerous more or less pocketable offspring in consequence of their being worse sellers, thus missing the opportunity of a repeated if not regular re-edition — with or without an appendix. Many of these war words, it is true, have already been consigned to unrecorded oblivion, not even *verba et nihil ultra*, yet many there are, too, that will live as long as the immortal unknown soldier who once breathed his soul into them on the stricken field, each of them not only a word but *monumentum aere perennius*, for ever honouring the brave brother-at-arms or branding the brutal foe with the mark of the beast. Will *poilu* and *Boche* ever be ousted from the dictionary? It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but, alas, as long as the word *revenge* as a military term (not given) is not obliterated from human memory *lasciate ogni speranza*, you conchies and pacifists and... peaceful lexicographers! Mr. Farrow's book is also a monument, a monument to the living and at the same time a memento for the dead in the realm of words. His past work on a *Military Encyclopedia* from his pen has stood him in good stead as a groundwork for his undertaking. But considering

this circumstance, are we not justified in asking ourselves why he has not drawn a rigid line of demarcation between the two, so that he that runs may read and find immediately what he is looking for, that is to say the new words of Armageddon birth, ephemeral as their life may be or have been. How many readers will be interested in the dead material given? Such a demarcation would have been an easy task for the author, since no existing source new or old has been neglected by him and many terms and expressions have been obtained from documents in the U. S. War Department, still others being secured from foreign War Offices, works of reference, and the most recent field reports of actual observations on the battlefields of Europe. All this is given and more, for an effort has been made to include in one volume brief descriptions of all important military terms and inventions of ancient and modern times, whereas a considerable quantity of slang and matter pertaining to foreign armies has also been introduced.

As regards slang, we are obliged to Mr. F. for such contributions as *fly-specker*, in the sense of the French *abruti*, "a plodding cadet"; *pepper-box*, another name for the *Allen pistol*, first manufactured by Ethan Allen and a favourite weapon with the "fortyniners"; *joe-emma*, and others not even recorded in the New Webster, which, being of a later date, might have laid Mr. Farrow's work under contribution. But to our great surprise we miss such familiars as, e.g. (*Big*) *Bertha* of universal fame, although the far less renowned *Big Boys* are honoured with an entry. What the student will sorely regret, too, is the lack of graphic authentic quotations illustrating the use of the words dealt with. Let us hope that the new compilation to be issued under the auspices of the Army War Museum will make a living thing of the present skeleton by means of the vast mass of matter placed at its disposal. A model book of the kind by the way, is Gaston Esnault's *Le Poilu tel qu'il se parle*, published by Bossard (Paris, 1919) In this connection I make free to refer the author to the word *arrosage*, not only a French term meaning "the moistening of gunpowder in manufacture", but also: "bombardement méthodique", as may be seen from Esnault's book. This is not the only word that might have come in for fuller treatment. Take, e.g., the never absent *Alboche*, according to Mr. F.: "a slang term of the trenches applied to all countries having German affinities." Applied by whom? That is the question, for the French *Alboche* is simply a perverted *Allemand*, the former word being the original of the more widely used apocope *Boche*, not only applied to the German Soldier (F.), but also to the German in general, the Austrians being the *Austroboches*. The word is not an abbreviation of the French word *Caboche*, as Mr. F. would have it. I refer the author to Esnault's book again, where it says: "L'origine du suffixe *boche* est obscure, on peut l'attribuer à des mots usuels, comme *caboche*, ou argotiques, comme *saboche*, de *sabot*, comme *liboche*; mais c'est déjà une explication provisoirement suffisante de le rattacher à d'autres suffixes qui offrent la même consonne d'appui, ...*broque*, *bif*, *bi*, *baque*, *bard*, et surtout à ceux qui offrent, sous la même structure de consonnes que *boche*, la même nuance des diverses voyelles: *bèche*, *-biche*, *-bige*, *-bache*, *-buche*". (p. 37).

However, I have not space enough at my command to go deeper into this *querelle d'Allemand*, so I leave it at that to turn to a good English term, culled from the very first page, to wit, *able-bodied*, as applied to one who is physically competent as a soldier for all duty. But in England the term is also used with reference to the Navy to indicate a special class of seaman, the A. B. Strange to say, even the N. E. D. is silent on this

point, which has not escaped the editors of the C. O. D., that masterpiece of conscientiously scientific condensation. The word is also fully and admirably treated in the new Webster. As was already pointed out above, some words entitled to a place in this dictionary are conspicuous only by their absence. Is not, to quote another instance, *according to plan*, the German *planmäßig*, a very living and perhaps immortal — at any rate in history — military term, still widely used, especially outside its military sphere, in books and newspapers? Nevertheless it cannot be traced in Mr. Farrow's volume. Further (to confine myself to the letter A) the student will fail to find *A. P. O. C.* (?), *acceptance officer*, *action front* and *action rear*, *aërobatics* (as a companion to *aërodonetics*), *agony-waggon*, *agricultural officer*, *aid-post*, *air base*, *air bomb*, *air bump*, *air circus* (of Richthofen fame), *air merchant*, *air padre*, *air tractor*, *Allemand*, *all-round traverse*, *Ally Sloper's Cavalry*, *Amex* (an abbreviation for American Expeditionary Force), *angary* (English form of *angaria* duly given), *the angel's whisper* (the equivalent of the Dutch military bugle call "sokken verkocht"), *anti-flash gear*, *anti-Zeppelin bullet*, *Antrim* (Irish soldier from Antrim), *area controller*, *armament school*, *army compounder*, *artillery duel*, *Aussie* (Australian Soldier — cf. *Sammy* and *Tommy*).

I will not, however, lay down my pen without a word of cordial thanks to the author for his instructive, interesting and stimulating book, which, in spite of its shortcomings, may prove a great help to the general reader, who is of course less exacting than your professional lexicographer. Living in the glasshouse of publicity myself, it is not for me to throw critical stones at my brethren of the Johnsonian quill, yet a word of warning may not come amiss to some of our dictionary revisers and revivers, who will be confronted with such howlers as, for instance, *Black Maria* = "soort groot kanon, kogel", or *pipsqueaks* = „kanonnen, kogels" again, not to mention ephemeral *dixies* = potatoes (of all things!) where camp-kettles were meant, and a now exploded *barrage* = „belemmering vóór de loopgraven"! The very original spiritual fathers of these monsters would do wisely to invest some of their hard-earned copy-money in Farrow and study its contents from cover to cover. Its 676 pages would not be too much even as an impot.

Maastricht, Nov. 1921.

F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.

Brief Mention.

Lessons in English Grammar. By E. KRUISINGA and J. H. SCHUTT.
Kemink. Utrecht, 1922. 175 + 15 pp. f 3.25.

In a way this booklet may be looked upon as a companion volume to the second volume of the *Handbook*, which was announced in the April number of *English Studies*. But the student is also frequently referred to other books, especially Jespersen's *Syntax* and some studies by Stoffel. Its aim is to show learners how they should study grammar, chiefly syntax, not by theoretical discussion but by practical examples.

The value of the study of the living stage of a language for scientific purposes is discussed in the introduction; in this connection we quote here the words of one of the readers in Anglistic studies, professor Luick, who wrote recently: „Ich bin schon lange der ansicht (und vertrete sie in meinen vorlesungen), dass viele feinere syntaktische studien nur an der lebenden sprache gemacht werden können, weil der vorstellungsinhalt den der sprechende mit einer form oder fügung verknüpft, unmittelbar beobachtet werden kann.... Genaueste beobachtung des lebenden sprachgebrauches ist daher auf dem gebiete der syntax ganz besonders wichtig."

E. K.
J. H. S.

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Neuere Sprachen. XXX, 1-2. (Jan.-Febr. 1922). Beginning with this volume the periodical will treat systematically of the teaching of Italian and Spanish as well as English and French¹⁾. The present number contains an interesting essay by professor Deutschbein on the infinitive and gerund, in which an attempt is made to sketch the logical development of the infinitive from a nominal to a verbal form. The weak points of the article seem to be the neglect of the historical development of the form and, in connection with this, the mistake of treating the accusative and infinitive without to as the accusative with infinitive. — Notes. — Reviews.

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¹⁾ Annual subscription f 7.—.

Shelley and Dostoievsky.

There was a great love for mankind in both these men, but how different the forms which it took in their works. It almost seems the difference between the child and the old man, between the high-spirited, rebellious child, living in a fairy world of its own creation, a fairy world of human light and reason, as dazzling and brilliant as ever one was created, and the man, nearing the end of his life, who has gone through all the depths of human woe, who has sounded all the shallowness of human understanding and to whom human light and reason taste bitter on the tongue.

Idealism and realism, rebellion and humility — we see them represented in these great and mighty spirits.

But let us examine somewhat more closely their lives and thoughts to see what was in them.

Shelley was born in 1792 and lived his days in a land of reaction. The England of that period was perhaps as much afraid of change in its religious and political institutions as the Russia of Dostoievsky. Instead of to Siberia the men of daring and reform were sent to Botany Bay in Australia, the British Siberia.

The passions roused by the Terror had completely arrested the progress of the revolutionary movement. The alarms and glories of the struggle with Napoleon buried it in oblivion.

It was a time of oppressions and wars, of squandering kings and bigoted priests, of prejudices and crimes, of prisons and hangmen, of poverty — squalid, submissive poverty, and luxury — arrogant, irresponsible luxury. To the ordinary mortal such a time seems common enough, normal perhaps, inevitable in any case. Not so to Shelley, this "beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain", as Matthew Arnold has called him.

Ineffectual? — No, not quite. Beauty as such is never ineffectual. But even in a moral, even in a more material sense — no not quite. Such powers as Shelley's, such clear-sighted indignation, such hatred of evil, such love of purity and freedom, such belief in human progress, they never pass from this world without leaving their traces. Shelley himself is one of those "chosen and consecrated spirits", under whose magnetic leading he saw mankind going forward to perfection. Others follow in their glittering track.

What forces lay at the basis of these powers and beliefs? In the first place the nature of the man himself. A very rare character, a most vigorous temperament, a strong and innate devotion to goodness and virtue, a daring and original mind. Shelley's was a mind which accepted nothing without testing it. Even as a boy he judged the world by his own standards and found it wanting, found it full of wrongs that had to be righted. At Eton he is said to have led a rebellion of small boys against tagging. He was called "the Atheist" there and this, according to Hogg, was an official title given to him, not because he did not believe in God, but because he was a daring rebel. But even before Eton he appears to have dedicated himself to the weak and oppressed. The following scene from the *Revolt of Islam* refers to his boarding-school days:

I do remember well the hour which burst
 My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
 When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
 And wept, I knew not why; until there rose
 From the near schoolroom, voices, that, alas!
 Were but one echo from a world of woes —
 The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around —
 But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
 Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground —
 So without shame, I spake: — "I will be wise,
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power, for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
 Without reproach or check". I then controlled
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

In a more complete and perfect way he gives us his views of what he considers the duty and aim of man in the beautiful stanza of *Prometheus Unbound*:

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
 To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
 To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
 This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
 Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Note the first two lines: does not this prophet of Joy give therein the whole kernel of Dostoevsky's spirit — the challenge to suffering, the unlimited forgivingness.

It was these instinctive beliefs more than anything he learnt from others which led him in his actions, in the life of body and mind. In later years they may have expressed themselves in the forms and phraseology of the contemporary philosophers of his day, but the driving power came from Shelley's own nature. He always felt so sure of his own goodness, it was so natural to him to love and to be brave, he lived such an unworldly, selfless life, so entirely devoted to the beauty of virtue, that he never understood, never could understand the actual growth and development of the follies and vices, the intolerance and greed, the constant occupation with self-interests, so common in the ordinary man. In other times and under other circumstances he would have been worshipped as a saint. There's something of the saint in his extraordinary ways of practising benevolence: he once returned home barefoot in midwinter because he had given his boots to a poor woman. With the saint he had also in common the overwhelming spirituality of his mind. There was ever present in his mind:

The future and the past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight.

He hated the flesh and he was hardly of the flesh. Thought was the essential thing in his make-up, and an idea, an impulse, a spiritual emotion was more real and more comprehensible for him than those things of body and earth, of whose existence the senses persuade us. It was no rhetoric, no affectation when he saw the immortal shapes of "Desires and Adorations", the "glimmering Incarnations of Hopes and Fears and twilight Fantasies" lamenting over the bier of Adonais or when he turned the Cloud into a living creature and made us follow it in all its phases and travels.

There lay a danger in this overpowering feeling of his own righteousness, this unshakable conviction in the matter of first principles. Shelley was scarcely aware of any imperfection in himself. He always saw life as a conflict between his own nature and the world outside him, not as a conflict between different parts of his own nature. It needs must give to the enemy or onlooker the impression of conceit or arrogance. Yet it was never the crude and stupid insolence of more selfish minds — his pride was quite free from selfish purposes and full of generosity; he was a most lovable man and the best of friends — but a kind of intellectual, spiritual fanaticism, which gave him an almost infallible trust in the values he put on men and things, and made him judge these in a rather absolute way as good or bad, without acknowledging the fact that all men form a mixture of good and bad qualities in a most complicated, indecipherable way.

Shelley missed entirely that imaginative insight which can make its own motives and desires of other men. That great quality of Dostoevsky, which made the novelist penetrate so deeply into the mind of the criminal and the prostitute, was entirely lacking in Shelley. He would not have driven them away from his door, his kindness understood without knowing, he once wrote to Byron: "The weak and the foolish are in this respect like kings — they can do no wrong". But there was not the attitude of the fellow-sinner and -sufferer in him as in Dostoevsky. We may call it an imperfection, but this imperfection may well have been the counterpart, the necessary counterpart of a perfection. Even the light of the greatest has its shadows and to see the light in its full strength we must have the shadows. There was an innocence and purity in this poet which kept vice at a distance. And we may ask if he would have been the great creator of so many imperishable songs, if he would have been the strong and luminous spirit, in irresistible flight taking us to another and a better world, more real to him than the one we live in, if he had not had this unassailable and uncompromising trust in his own character and judgment, if he had not been the Shelley we know and love. This then is the principal motive power in Shelley's life and art: the concentrated worth, the gemlike, unconquerable strength of his character and genius.

Other influences will add themselves to this one and shape to some extent his ideas and beliefs, but this was the great central fact that made the poet Shelley.

Of both the innate pride and kindness of Shelley Leigh Hunt's anecdote of a scene on Hampstead Heath gives us such a characteristic picture that we venture to repeat here the main lines of it though it may be known to many readers.

Finding a poor woman in a fit on the top of the Heath, Shelley carries her in his arms to the lighted door of the nearest house, and begs for

shelter. The householder is going to slam it in his face with an "impostors swarm everywhere" and a "Sir, your conduct is extraordinary." "Sir", cried Shelley, "I am sorry to say that *your* conduct is not extraordinary.... It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country (which is very probable) recollect what I tell you. You will have your house, that you refuse to put this miserable woman into, burnt over your head".

This strong feeling of justice, this overmastering idealism, turning into the constant desire and preoccupation for reforming the world, remained part of Shelley's being, his aim in life, till the end of his days. But it was fed and strengthened, it received its more definite and final external shapes from the influences of his age. Shelley was the spiritual child of that great stream of thought which, taking its origin in Greece, had a brilliant revival in the *Renaissance* and stirred Europe by its new and daring ideas in the days of the *Enlightenment* and the *French Revolution*. Beaten, at least in England, for all practical purposes, beaten there until at a much later date the Chartist movement raised anew the banner of revolt and gathered for another forcible expression the idealism that had roused the men of 1789, this great movement lived on, a more or less hidden and lingering life, in its writers and philosophers.

Tom Paine, the author of *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason* must have been a great inspiration to Shelley's ardent and inflammable young mind, Tom Paine, a veritable hero, whose deed was as good as his word, and of whom it is said: "Poverty never left him, yet he made fortunes with his pen and gave them to the cause he served.... A better democrat never wore the armour of the knight-errant; a better Christian never assailed Orthodoxy. No one since him or before him has stated the plain democratic case against monarchy and aristocracy with half his spirit and force".¹⁾

And Shelley must have felt the influence of that most admirable woman, the pioneer of the Women's Movement in England, Mary Wollstonecraft, mother of that Mary who made him as understanding and devoted a wife, as Anna Grigorovna was to be for Dostoevsky.

But the man who had the greatest influence in shaping Shelley's opinions was William Godwin and especially his book *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*. Through this book Godwin, the greatest figure of the Enlightenment in England, more indeed than "a shabby philosopher" as Mr. Clutton Brock calls him in his interesting *Shelley, the Man and the Poet*, and in any case a very brave and independent mind — became "the Apostle of Universal Benevolence", a philosophic system based on the dogma of human perfectibility as first presupposition of progress. For this was Godwin's strongest point, that though the notion of *evolution* would take its domineering place in the development of human thought at a much later date, he was a great believer in the *idea of progress*. The human mind is, according to his teachings, a raw material capable of almost unlimited variation and therefore of an advance towards perfection. But like most, if not all the reformers of the Enlightenment, in their hatred of kingcraft and priestcraft, of law and custom, of despotism and orthodoxy, he looked for the means thereto almost exclusively in external circumstances. Moreover, being an extreme individualist, he neglected in his reasonings the importance of the economic factor in social changes.

¹⁾ H. N. Brailsford, *Shelley, Godwin and their Circle*.

The most valuable chapters in Godwin's book are those which give his penetrating criticisms of existing society. But to the young men of his day, as Mr. Brailsford remarks, "the excitement lay in his picture of a free community from which laws and coercion had been eliminated and in which property was in a continual flux actuated by the stream of universal benevolence". For some years Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth were in such high spirits about it that "they resolved to found a community based on Godwinian principles and to free themselves from the cramping and dwarfing influences of a society ruined by laws and superstitions, they lit on the simple expedient of removing themselves beyond its reach". How Coleridge and Southey, bent on founding their Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, went to Bristol to charter a ship, and instead... married the Fricker sisters, is one of the most amusing tales in English literary history.

The excesses of the Terror frightened these young men away from all revolution and even reform; they soon settled down into quite respectable and obedient citizens. But Shelley, who came at a later time and was therefore not in the same direct way impressed by the violences of the French Revolution, and who was, this is the main difference, of a far more independent, unbending, inflexible nature, caught in his turn in the close web of logic of Godwin's *Political Justice*, always remained true to the advanced humanitarian ideals that once inspired him from its pages.

In religious as well as in political matters he was to a great extent a disciple of Godwin. Godwin's views were in the main what we now should call *agnostic*. "I do not consider my faculties adequate" he said, "to pronouncing upon the cause of all things. I am contented to take the phenomena as I behold them without pretending to erect an hypothesis under the idea of making all things easy. I do not rest my globe of earth upon an elephant (a reference to the Indian myth) and the elephant upon a tortoise". He regards with reverence and awe "that principle, whatever it is, which acts everywhere around me". But he will not slide into anthropomorphism nor give to this Supreme Thing, which recalls Shelley's *Demogorgon* of *Prometheus Unbound*, the shape of a man. "The principle is not intellect; its ways are not our ways".

True, Shelley's opinions and views in these speculative matters were modified to some extent by the great classical writers, Plato in the first place, of whom he was all his life and until the end a constant and devoted reader, and later on perhaps by Berkeley and other writers of a philosophic stamp, but the main lines, along which his thoughts flowed during the few years left him for his development, were those supplied by Godwin.

For what was living and human in the philosopher Shelley found imaginative expression. The well-reasoned arguments of Godwin formed not the least powerful stimulus that made Shelley into a thinker and poet, constantly occupied with the moral regeneration, some grand uplifting of mankind. The universal benevolence, preached by Godwin, became an affectionate, an ardent love for his kind in Shelley. Many of his ideas: perfectibility, non-resistance, anarchism, communism, the power of reason and the superiority of persuasion over force, the ascription of moral evil to the desolating influence of laws and institutions, ideas which, especially in his younger years, constantly return in his writings and which always kept to a greater or smaller extent their hold on him, must have come from Godwinian sources.

In his principle of passive resistance to evil, in his vegetarianism and other notions of conduct, Shelley appears to us as an early Tolstoy. Hardly more than a boy we see him busy at some practical efforts of reform. He

was never an abstainer from politics, never became the dogmatic individualist of *Political Justice*, always kept his faith in collective effort. Actuated by his youthful missionary zeal he made his journey to Ireland to forward the case of Catholic Emancipation and in a later year he issued his *Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote*. Residence in Italy since 1817 cut him off to some extent from the practical politics of his mother-country and his mind seems to have become absorbed more exclusively by his poetical labours, but he kept taking a great interest in the social and political affairs of the world, as *The Masque of Anarchy* and many another piece of his latter years prove. His unfinished prosework *A Philosophical View of Reform*, mainly relating to the National Debt, also contains some remarkable pages of political insight and far-seeing argumentation. After all, Shelley was not so unpractical as men, in whom the ideal is absent, imagined him to be. Both Catholic Emancipation and a Reform of the Vote, as suggested by him, were carried at some later day. He was only ahead of his time and showed the way of the future as idealists generally do.

What interests us more however, because in this case he gave his ideals a more lasting form, is the way in which he showed us a regenerated society in his poems. He began painting us a millennium in *Queen Mab*, a rather precocious effort, not without its lines of glowing beauty though, especially that opening stanza, which marks it at once as a poem of ideas :

How wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother Sleep !
 One, pale as yonder waning moon
 With lips of lurid blue ;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When throned on ocean's wave
 It blushes o'er the world :
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

A more mature poetical representation of his view of life and some sketch of a regenerated world we get in the sublime mythology of *Prometheus Unbound*. There is neither psychological delineation nor action in this drama, and the characters are for the greater part so abstract that they fail to appeal to us from the ordinary point of view. But *Prometheus Unbound* comes nearer to music than perhaps any other drama that has been written and there is a kind of cumulative power in the emotion created by its succession of brilliant images. It is a drama of ideas, not of human beings, and Shelley, though not rich in his experience of human beings, was full of ideas and in incessant intercourse with them. That is what makes him a poet of the intellect : though he expressed himself in emotions — a true poet cannot do otherwise — they were always provoked by his ideas. The conflict of *Prometheus Unbound* is that between the ideas of freedom, independence, human love and self-sacrifice, all the virtues as Shelley saw them, in their opposition to the general conditions of the real world of his day (and many days to come), to greed, oppression, tyranny, to the many egotisms and vices, that have accompanied mankind on its wearisome, blood-stained way. In this gigantic conflict between god and anti-god lies its philosophic and human interest. It makes it the most brilliant representation of the rebellious mind, the mind of will and thought, of conscious power, always looking forward, always at work to overthrow the old and put up the new, the

mind at war with the laws and institutions of former generations, the spirit of the ideal in man aiming at an unfettered, unlimited development.

A third of his greater poems, the lyrical drama *Hellas*, a series of lyric pictures, as Shelley himself calls it, gives us another view of the existence in some transformed universe, more intimately blent than either *Queen Mab* or *Prometheus Unbound* with scenes derived from an historical event of Shelley's own time, the revolt of Greece against Turkey.

It is best known by its choruses:

Worlds on worlds are rolling over
From creation to decay
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.

or that magnificent one at the end:

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

But Shelley seems to have lost the boundless confidence of younger years and the end sounds more like a prayer than a prophecy. The tears of weariness and despair are in that final verse:

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last!

The Triumph of Life, the large fragment which he left unfinished, when he died, with that stately beginning:

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask
Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth —

this poem, as it is left at present rather bewildering by its great accumulation of images, ends with an interrogation and the great mystery unsolved.

Shelley is often called a pantheist and if we see Pantheism in a feeling of unity, a sense of oneness with the Universe in all its manifestations, with men and plants and animals, with suns and stars, with all natural and cosmic things, perhaps no poet deserves that name with greater right. But in his moral views he shows us a distinctly dualistic attitude. In most of his larger, more philosophic works he represents life as a struggle between the hostile principles of Good and Evil. In his most masterly, his grandest way, he has done this in *Prometheus Unbound* where on the huge canvas

of Heaven, unfolded by his creative genius, he paints us, in glowing colours and gorgeous visions, a God and an anti-God contending for the world, an heroic idealisation of what he saw on earth.

Most decidedly and tersely we find this view of life stated in the first Canto of *The Revolt of Islam* :

Know then, that from the depth of ages old
Two Powers o'er mortal things dominion hold
Ruling the world with a divided lot,
Immortal, all-pervading, manifold,
Twin Genii, equal Gods — when life and thought
Sprang forth, they burst the womb of inessential Nought.

If Shelley called himself an atheist we must not see anything more therein than a challenge to orthodoxy and intolerance. He prided himself on the name, because Christians used the name of God to sanctify persecution and oppression. "It is a good word of abuse to stop discussion", he said once to his friend Trelawney, "a painted devil to frighten the foolish, a threat to intimidate the wise and good. I used it to express my abhorrence of superstition. I took up the word as a knight takes up a gauntlet in defiance of injustice".

As the two great ideals, underlying all others, in Shelley's life and work, *the moral regeneration of mankind* and *the passion for human perfection*, a perfection that should give a simultaneous delight to all the parts of man's nature, moral, intellectual and sensuous, and in which all conflicts should be reconciled, constantly press themselves upon the mind of the reader. Love was a means to that perfection. Even his love for women was always more a matter of affinities and sympathies than of the senses. It is a Platonic love, a love that is almost sexless. That is why he could say :

True love in this differs from gold and clay
That to divide is not to take away.

Epipsychidion is the most monumental of his lovesongs, and I may be allowed to quote here a beautiful page from Arthur Symonds' study on our poet: "*Epipsychidion* celebrates love with an icy ecstasy which is the very life-blood of Shelley's soul; there are moments, at the beginning and end, when its sympathy with love passes into the actual possession. But for the most part it is a declaration, not an affirmation; its love is sisterly, and can be divided; it says for once, exultingly and luxuriously and purely, the deepest thing that Shelley had to say.... Its only passion is for that intellectual beauty to which it is his greater hymn, and with Emilia Viviani, he confessed to have been the Ixion of a cloud. "I think", he said in a letter, "one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps eternal". In the poem he has done more than he meant to do, for it is the eternal beauty that it images for us, and no mortal lineaments. Just because it is without personal passion, because it is the worship of a shadow for a shadow, it has come to be this thing fearfully and wonderfully made, into

which the mystical passion of Crashaw and the passionate casuistry of Donne seem to have passed as into a crucible:

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love!

and the draught is an elixir for all lovers".¹⁾

We mentioned the great and characteristic quality which distinguishes the smaller, most perfect nature poems of his latter years: his feeling of unity in and with all natural things. It finds its most consummate and imperishable expression in such utterances as: *The Skylark*, *The Sensitive Plant*, *The Ode to the West Wind*, *The Cloud*. Was there after all not much of the pantheist in him? — How insoluble is the riddle of life. These myths, as they have been called, expressed that sense, which he possessed, of a more intense reality in nature than is to be felt by other men. "For Shelley these beings and forces of nature seemed to have as much reality as human beings have for most of us, and he found the same kind of intense significance in their manifestations of beauty as we find in the beauty of human beings or of great works of art. The nature of this significance he could not explain — no one can explain the ultimate significance of anything — but he could express it with enormous power in his art".²⁾

There is a great deal of vagueness and diffusedness in Shelley's larger poems, both in his subjects and the treatment of his subjects, but his finest lyrics have a miraculous precision of statement, are more lucid and exact than any other poetry of the same kind.

Before finishing the first part of this paper, in which I have tried to give the reader some impression, slight as it may be, of the views and genius of Shelley, I have still to say a few words about the relation between the ideas of this "worshipper of reason" and his poetry. Verse is not an ornament added to prose, it is another means of expression. It is the means of expression of *beautiful emotion or emotion in beautiful flow*. All good prose has emotion and all good verse has reason in it as a means of expression, but the essential difference between verse and prose is that the one is most suited for the higher and lasting qualities of emotion and the other for the higher and lasting qualities of reason. Shelley was so essentially a poet that he expressed himself the fullest in poetry and that some of the most fervent admirers of his poetry find his prose lacking in force and character. It has some fine qualities and his *Defence of Poetry*, his *Essay on Christianity* are important contributions to his genius, as well as testimonies to his integral worth as a man, but the best of Shelley is not in them because the best of Shelley was not in his reason as a thinker but in his emotions as a poet. In these latter emotions, created by his ardent imagination on the basis and within the framework of his reason but outsoaring these as a skylark would outsoar the material framework of a building.

It is this gift which raises Shelley to a higher place than that of the mere prosewriter. True, the language of a prosewriter may come very near to poetry; some prose has many of the elements of poetry; but in a general way it may be said that the latter takes first rank in the hierarchy of art.

Shelley's imagination — always starting from some inner knowledge, some

¹⁾ Arthur Symonds, *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*.

²⁾ A. Clutton Brock, *Shelley. The Man and the Poet*.

inner convictions, some inner beliefs — often passes into fancy and it is difficult to say, where the one ends and the other commences. In his glorious dreams and fantasies he often loses sight of all human and earthly limitations. It becomes impossible to follow him up and down and to all the points of the heavenly compass, amidst his ethereal, rainbow-coloured structures, on his peregrinations outside earthly space and time; we feel staggered and giddy amongst the mass of glittering abstractions and generalisations; our eyes get overstrained from this bewildering display of spiritual fireworks; our interest flags. Shelley's emotions, beautiful as they were, often lacked depth. They are for the greater part — perhaps it is a general characteristic of his nature — of a childlike, rapid, transient kind.

In that excellent little monograph, in which another great poet of a later period, Francis Thompson, gives us his views on Shelley, he describes in the following, profusely imaginative, way what he calls Shelley's "make-believe":

"The Universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song."

This transient nature of his emotions is undoubtedly the reason that some of the best work of Keats or Rossetti takes hold of us with a firmer grasp, delights us in a still greater measure. In the fibre of these poets there is a greater intensity and concentration, and their most immortal verse has its roots in deeper layers of humanity. Some humanists may object to the word human in this connection but it is the greatest mistake we can make in our philosophy of life to think that the sense and love of beauty is not one of the most valuable, most essential, most indispensable of *human* feelings.

But if the greatness of Keats and Rossetti lies more in their separate works, that of Shelley shows itself in a more simple, direct way, drawing us with irresistible bonds to *his personality as a whole*. Keats and Rossetti are poets of a superior order; Shelley was a singer, plus a reformer, plus a seer; he was also a *most lovable* human being; the whole make-up of the man was of a less one-sided kind, full of a general spirit of enquiry and all-embracing sympathy. He moves swifter, his flights are farther and greater, he has the wide sweep of an eagle more than the passionate note of a nightingale. And if his palette does not contain the deeper, warmer colours of Constable, there is a width of horizon, a tremulous golden light, a richness and variety of form in his powers of vision and execution which Constable does not possess and for which only some of the most daring flights of imagination, the most gorgeous vista's of Turner might supply us with suitable objects of comparison. Shelley's is the less specialised, the more encompassing, more universal mind.

* *

Turning now from this dreamer of dreams, of whom I have to leave much unsaid, to that other great human being mentioned at the head of this essay, we find agreement in some important sense, but what a difference in others. Here this bird-like creature, this free, unfettered spirit, floating and soaring in the atmosphere of the heavens, in a glow and brilliancy of

his own making, showering his sounds, raining his music, out of that magic world of his poetic imagination, over a contending and hapless world, brightening and illuminating it as some spiritual sun or star, one of those spiritual suns or stars, which fill our lives with a new desire and meaning and hope.

And on the other side of our picture that sombre and suffering man, so full of the heaviness and sorrows of our earthly lives weighed down by a load of human woe as no human being before him has carried or could have carried, a load of human woe as, seen in the entirety of his life and works, would seem unbearable and insurmountable. And yet, we see him wrestle with it and time after time surmount it; we see him struggle for the light and repeatedly see the light; we see him succeed in effort after effort to create some sort of harmony out of that chaos and welter, that hot-house of doubts and horrors which was *his* mind and to a great extent *the world's*.

A wonderful man, as wonderful, but in such a different way, as Shelley.

Never should we think of comparing this man with a bird or a butterfly or a star. He is always so very, very earth-bound. So earthly, nay subterranean in his movements. Like some volcanic mass of humanity, bursting its crust and overrunning the earth in glowing, fiery masses. Its flames light up the surrounding world, beacons for the eyes of man during his temporary road on Earth, between the pains of birth and the pangs of death.

We called them both lovers of mankind. Yet, how different the ways in which they loved it! Shelley was a man, in the first place, of ideas; he was constantly occupied with his ideas; he saw mankind in abstractions and generalisations; he moves in a world of thought; men and women, skylarks and clouds, God and the Universe, all become subjects of thought, food for his boundless imagination. Behind this world lie history and temperament and his innate nature, but his chief business is thinking.

Dostoevsky's mind, on the other hand, more actuated by feelings than by thoughts and distrusting abstractions, found his spiritual food in the first place in the converse with his own mind and then in the intimate intercourse with men and women, which supplied him with these countless subtle details of human life and nature, that were to form the amazing and wonderful texture of his novels. Though possessed of a great power of logic and consecutive reasoning, he is, in the deeper motives and aims of his being, a man of impulse, of instinct, and that striking power of thought, which is given him, he uses in the service of those instincts, sentiments and beliefs. Not like Shelley's his mind is filled with the brighter glories and adornments, the beauteous emotions of man; it holds to a far greater extent the darker and deeper, the more primitive and ineradicable passions which no reason can subdue.

This idealist Shelley, this realist Dostoevsky — the one in his flights towards beauty and light, the other in his piercing analysis of the human mind, his understanding of human vices and failings — they complete each other in the exhibition of their rare, almost superhuman qualities.

Youth and old age, we said. It was true to some extent in the literal sense. Shelley died at an age when Dostoevsky had not reached his full powers of productivity. But it was far more true in an abstract sense. Shelley would always have remained a child; the author of *Poor Folk* was an old man when he started in literary life. At that age he had more experience of the deeper, more hidden workings of the human mind than most

of us ever will get. And there was less in him of the joys and exuberances and enthusiasms of youth.

Look at the faces: Shelley with his large, eager, questioning eyes, his countenance of "exceeding sweetness", his feminine, artless appearance, his spiritlike comings and goings.

And this other man, of whom de Vogué has left us a vivid picture: "Le visage était celui d'un paysan russe, d'un vrai moujik de Moscou: le nez écrasé, de petits yeux clignant sous l'arcade brillant d'un feu tantôt sombre, tantôt doux; le front, large, bossué de plis et de protubérances, les tempes renforcées comme un marteau; et tous ces traits tirés, convulsés, affaïsés sur une bouche douloureuse. Jamais je n'ai vu sur un visage humain pareille expression de souffrance amassée".

There's a wonderful innocence in Shelley, a purity of thought, of which the external way in which he deals with wickedness in *The Cenci* is only another proof; his imagination is continually aflow and aglow with the hungering for perfection, the dreams of an earthly paradise, the desires and adorations, of the youthful enthusiast; he lives in a constant state of ecstatic longing and joy. There's no innocence, but a fiercely scrutinizing and scorching power of analysis, a limitless experience, in Dostoievsky, a knowledge of the hard and bitter facts of life, of the realities, the monstrosities of sin and suffering, which seems the accumulated store of a whole century and a whole people.

Sin and suffering he has understood as no one before him. He is a discoverer of our underworld, the underworld in our own hearts, of which we dare not acknowledge the existence, from which we turn our eyes instinctively away. It is well that it should be so, the human instinct is right in its search for the light. With a sharpness, sometimes passing into cruelty, he plunges his knife of analysis into the impurities and accumulated festerings of the human mind, into its most hidden recesses.

A great understanding was necessary for this terrible work, an understanding of which sympathy with his fellow-creatures, pity for every phase of physical and mental suffering, must have been one of the principal elements. But also an unappeasable inquisitiveness, an intellectual curiosity that pressed him, in his own thoughts and conduct, as well as in those of others, to the exploration of the very deepest wells of human perversity and suffering and endurance, an unappeasable inquisitiveness with regard to the pathology of the human soul. By circumstances and temperament, by the horrible environment, in which he had to pass so many years of his life, he became a student of degeneracy and crime. There's the Will to Sorrow in Dostoievsky as there is the Will to Joy in Shelley.

The world of reaction in which Shelley wrote his poems, was disturbed and shaken and gradually modernised by the conquests of science and invention, by the new ideas of evolution and socialism, by the enormous increase of industrial power and economic wealth, by the rise of a new class, growing in vigour and vision, by the continuous conflict between this new class and the accumulated power of the bourgeoisie, by the changing views of life and human values under the influence of this struggle, by the political and social movements of 1830, 1848, 1870. But despotism and orthodoxy kept their rigid hold on Russia. New ideas, original thoughts slowly made their way into the powerful structure of Tsarist dominion and sapped its foundations, but its main supports and framework remained the same. It remained Tsarist Russia with its omnipotent autocracy, its corrupt and unwieldy bureaucracy, with the deep chasm between its intellectuals,

moved more or less by Western notions of liberty of conscience and thought, and the great mass of its citizens, of slaving, ignorant moujiks, in whom life flowed on as it did centuries ago: it remained Holy Russia.

Yet, there were stirrings in this sluggish mass of Russian life, stirrings emanating directly from Western ideas and progress, and stirrings, also no doubt to some extent connected therewith, of a more purely Russian, more patriotic nature. Ever since Kutusov beat back Napoleon, the giant began to feel his own feet, began to become aware of the immense powers, hidden in those wide stretches of soil, those enormous masses of people, which constituted the Russian Empire.

Such a feeling of youth and oneness, of great expectations and coming strength, always manifests itself in a strong patriotism, a rather excessive and overbearing patriotism, and it did so in Russia.

Gogol, the first great novelist of Russia and forerunner of Dostoievsky, a realist and a mystic like Dostoievsky, was also the first to give expression to these dreams of a nation coming to life, opening its eyes on a future of surpassing greatness.

In a beautiful and glowing passage of *Dead Souls* he gives utterance to that longing and those anticipations:

"Is it not thus, like the bold troika, which cannot be overtaken, that thou art lashing along, oh! Russia, my country? The roads smoke beneath thee, the bridges thunder; all is left, all will be left, behind thee.... Yes, on the troika flies inspired by God! oh Russia, whither art thou dashing? Reply? But she replies not! the horses' bells break into a wondrous sound; the shattered air becomes a tempest and the thunder growls, Russia flies past everything else on earth; and other peoples, kingdoms and empires gaze askance as they stand aside to make way for her".

In this intense patriotism Dostoievsky is of one mind with Gogol, but he goes further than Gogol. In his eyes "Russia, our Sacred Mother" is to become the Saviour of Europe. He believes in a new and glorified Russia, but — an intensely Russian Russia, a Russia slowly built up from the old foundations, the old political and religious institutions.

How intimately and inseparably his thoughts and sympathies are bound up with Russia never shows itself so clearly as in those dissatisfied, sometimes distracted letters which he sends home when residing in foreign countries. In one of these letters of 1869, he says: "In three months we shall have been exactly two years abroad. In my opinion it is worse than deportation to Siberia. I mean that quite seriously. I'm not exaggerating, I cannot understand the Russians abroad".

He is always full of bitter, unreasonable feelings against Germans, Frenchmen, Swiss and other nationalities he happens to live amongst. Of the Frenchman in Paris he says: "The Frenchman is suave, honourable, polite, but he is false and for him money is everything — no ideal, no convictions; do not demand from him even reflection". From Geneva he sends a wail to Maikov: "Everything is bad, everything is rotten, everything is expensive. They are always drunk here...."

A very ugly and negative feeling this, rather dangerous for people who did not believe in the idealisation of the moujik or in the Russian God, but in its sincere and passionate nature — and Dostoievsky was at bottom a man of passion, not of reason — the reverse of another, a very positive feeling: the strong feeling of unity with all things Russian, an intense sympathy for the Russian people, even in its lowest, most degraded members. "I assure you," he says in one of his letters "that I, for example, am so near

to everything that is Russian, that the convicts themselves did not alarm me; they were Russians, my brothers in adversity, and I had more than once the good fortune of meeting with greatness of soul in the heart of even a brigand for the sole reason that I was able to understand him, being myself Russian".

It has been his strongest support in life, these great hopes and expectations, firmly planted in the Russian soil, this unshakable belief in the Russian people and its old Faith, which made him say: "The destiny of our country consists in revealing to the world a Russian Christ, unknown in the Universe, and whose origin is contained in our own orthodoxy. In my opinion it is there that the source of our future civilising power, and of the resurrection through us of the whole of Europe and the whole essence of our future force, are to be found".

And in the light of his rejection of "that European fraud which they call civilization" and his acceptance of the Pan-Slav idea to make Constantinople the capital of Russia and St. Sophia the cathedral of the Russian faith, it does not seem strange to us that he should give his opinion about wars between nations as follows: "Without war people grow torpid in riches and comfort and lose the power of thinking and feeling nobly, they get brutal and fall back into barbarism".

This is the old belief in human instinct and the disbelief in human reason, so very, very strong still in most of our fellow beings — did not the great war transform some of the kindest men into raging tigers? — dressed here in the garb of a precept. It is this spirit, fully alive in the mystic Dostoevsky, which brought the calamities of 1914 upon us.

How far are we here from the "rationalism" of Shelley and his generous dreams of a united mankind, an earthly paradise of fraternising nations.

But, though it is well that we should try to see Dostoevsky as he is, not only in what we think admirable, but also in what we think objectionable in his nature or views of life, the fact that he was in some respects not among the best or rather the foremost of his contemporaries, must not blind us to his great qualities.

And the greatest of these was the depth, the penetrating insight of his human sympathy. The love of this realist was always of a more *domestic* nature than that of the idealist Shelley, but it was a great love all the same. He gave us a pure and unadulterated sample of it in his first novel: *Poor Folk*, when he had reached his twenty-third year. It is grey, rather melancholy grey, this novel, without the crimson and yellow and here and there a streak of rose, of some of Dostoevsky's later novels, but how finely is it spun in its varying shades. All through it is suffused and irradiated by the gentleness and pity of the author. What a dear old man he has made of this half crazy drunkard. It is a very humble pity, whose pearly light illumines these pages, a pity neither of the artist, nor of the moralist, but of the fellow-sinner.

And indeed, many years before he wrote it, Dostoevsky had begun already his life-long struggle with poverty, with that squalid privation and misery which the old clerk hid with tremulous courage from his adored, half starved seamstress.

"Hats and boots" says one of his biographers, "seem to have haunted for decades the sombre psychologist, who was to sound the deepest plummets of the human soul, to unravel its last evasive windings, to read pityingly the deprecating grimace of fear behind the last mask of all." ¹⁾

¹⁾ J. A. T. Lloyd, *A Great Russian Realist*.

But worse things than hats and boots, worse things than hunger even, he had to contend with. Greater enemies were his own moodiness, his extreme sensibility, his insatiable passions, the instability of his conduct. Reason always played a rather subordinate rôle in the constitution of this great man and the success of *Poor Folk* seems to have made him lose his balance for a time.

"All the Minnas, Claras, Mariannas, etc. have got amazingly pretty", he writes in these days, "but cost a lot of money. Turgenev and Bielinsky lately gave me a talking-to about my disorderly way of life. Those fellows really don't know how they can best prove their affection — they are all in love with me".

And in another letter: "I do live in a very disorderly way, and that's the truth! My health is utterly shattered. I am neurotic, and dread low fever. I am so dissolute that I simply can't live decently any more"

However, he succeeded in later years to live decently enough. And if his life was spoiled, especially in those younger years, because he was not the master but the slave of his passions, there was also a quite uncommon kindness, an inexhaustible fund of pity and generosity in him, which accounts to a great extent for his irregularities.

We shall not follow him in the details of his further life, but there's one great event of which we have to say a few words: his banishment to Siberia.

About 1848 some groups for the study of social and political questions had formed themselves in Petersburg. Dostoevsky belonged to one of them and read there aloud a more or less revolutionary letter from the great critic Bielinsky to Gogol. It became the most incriminating part of his indictment when one day the police swooped down on their circle. After having passed more than half a year in the Petropaulovsky fortress, he, with several others of the so-called Petrachevtsy, was sent to the Semyonovski Square in order to have the death sentence read over him. At the last moment it was commuted to hard labour in the Siberian prisons.

A more unjust sentence was seldom pronounced, though the annals of Tsarist judicature are among the most infamous in history. There was not much of the political reformer in Dostoevsky and certainly nothing of the rebel.

The view of life expressed by Makar Dievushkin in *Poor Folk* was in substance not so very different from the view of life of Dostoevsky himself and would remain the foundation and strength of it through stress and storm:

"Our lots in life", says the good old man, "are apportioned by the Almighty according to our human deserts. To such a one He assigns a life in a general's epaulets or as to a privy councillor, — to such a one, I say, He assigns a life of command; — whereas to another one He allots only a life of un murmuring toil and suffering. These things are calculated according to a man's *capacity*. One man may be capable of one thing, and another of another, and their several capacities are ordered by the Lord God himself".

What a hell this Siberian prison must have been to him, is clear enough from the simple description of his outside appearance, here quoted from the *Memoranda of Martyanov, at the House of the Dead*. "His hard fate had, as it were, turned him to stone. He seemed dull, awkward, and was always taciturn. On his pale, worn, ashen face, which was freckled with dark-red spots, one never saw a smile; he opened his lips only to utter curt, disconnected remarks about his work"

He himself wrote about these years: "I look upon these four years as a time of living burial. I was put in a coffin. The suffering was inexpressible and incessant, because every hour, every minute weighed down my spirits like a millstone".

If Dostoievsky had possessed the rebellious temperament of Tom Paine or Lenin, of Shelley or Multatuli, this unjust sentence, these dark and cruel years in a filthy Siberian prison would have filled him with a wild desire for liberty, an immense longing to use all his capacities, all his strength, with unfettered hands, in the fight with despotism and superstition, but Dostoievsky had not the rebellious, but the submissive temperament, the religious temperament, if we use religious in its more orthodox signification, with its call to obedience and humility. A humility going so far as to make Soloviev call him "a man who has been divested of his ego through humility". What would have made ardent revolutionaries of others, only deepened and strengthened in him the sense of our general unworthiness, and the need to accept life and its vicissitudes in a meek and humble spirit. In Russia this meant in the first place unconditional obedience to the higher powers of State and Church.

For three years his only book was the Bible and the constant reading of this book awakened and fortified in him that Christian spirit, always latent in his nature, which, modified by his nationalism, made him dream his great and mighty dreams of a Holy Russia, the Saviour of degenerated Europe.

What certainly is most remarkable and admirable in this man is his power of resignation and endurance. "It is impossible" says one of his friends, "to imagine circumstances, which would have crushed him."

It strikes one as a miracle how, time after time, he rose from his misfortunes and failures, renovated and undaunted, how he kept renewing the struggle with a mind widened in its knowledge and daring. In this excessive vitality, this wonderful power of endurance, he seems to be typical of the Muscovite people, full of obscure atavism, the inheritance of centuries of suffering. His mind survived the four abominable years of Siberian prison-life; his illness, epilepsy, exhausted as it left him for a time, never interfered for more than a short period with his creative powers; his poverty and pressing money difficulties during various periods of his life, enough to rob most men of all energy, only seemed to act as a stimulus to his unconquerable genius; all the handicaps that would have sapped and annihilated the working power of writers not gifted with his extraordinary toughness and vitality, could not hinder him from the production of a series of masterpieces ranging from *Poor Folk* to *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Siberia supplied the novelist with the raw material for two books. *Injury and Insult* is part of his own life-story during the period that followed his prisonlife when for some years he served, first as a common soldier and later as an officer in the Siberian army. It contains the story of that romance in which Dostoievsky had done everything in his power to help another man to marry the woman whom he himself loved but who in the end married himself. It was a case of unexampled, for most people almost unimaginable unselfishness.

Buried Alive (also called *The House of the Dead*) gives us the experience of his prisonlife, a sincere and striking record not only of physical endurance and psychical suffering, but also of the way, in which this great artist observed the wrecks of human society with whom he was thrown together. It has been called a "treatise on criminal psychology", but it transcends most books of that class by its spirit of understanding and sympathy.

Discharged from the military service, Dostoievsky returned to St. Petersburg where he published his above mentioned books. That was about 1861. In 1862 we find him abroad where he remained for a couple of years and many of his letters date from this period. Endless rows of figures and

accounts, interspersed with desperate entreaties for help, fill most of these communications from foreign countries. It is one long martyrology.

"The roulette had regained its old spell over him", says one of his biographers "and it seems as though this unfortunate man who had endured so much through no fault of his, must ceaselessly endure every phase of humiliation by reason of his own weakness."

Driven by such circumstances he often had to work under exceeding pressure. "Many a time," he confesses himself, "the beginning of a chapter of a novel was already at the printer's and being set up while the end was still in my brain and had to be ready without fail next day. Work out of sheer want has crushed and eaten me up."

And yet this man of many contradictions, as full of contradictions as most of the characters of his novels, and as human beings in general are, had the greatest feeling of responsibility regarding his own work. What I tell the reader here of his life is my impression of preponderating influences and views in that life, not *all* his life. He was a man of strong impulses and great feelings, but also of a searching and splendid mind; he was a Christian, but also a doubter and his doubts accompanied him to the end of his days; he was Russian to the core, but he had a much better knowledge and appreciation of European literature than Tolstoy; he ascended the greatest spiritual heights, but he was constantly dragged down to a lower plane and sometimes to very low depths; he was the novelist of pity but he could be very cruel in his vivisection of the human mind; he was a patriotic and orthodox Russian and his vision was to some extent, in some directions to a great extent, limited by the sphere marked by these qualifications, yet his work in psychology and morals is of the greatest value for all mankind.

And so, in this case, if his way of working was in a great measure that of the literary hack, the proofs are not failing that he was very conscientious about the general tenor and value of his books.

About *Crime and Punishment* he once said: "At the end of November much was written and ready, but I burned it all and began afresh."

His book *The Gambler* was a result of that first fateful journey on the Continent — the second was of no happier kind, — but a much better-known and superior work was soon to follow. It was *Crime and Punishment*. The masterly treatment of the inner workings of the mind of Raskolnikov, the murderer, make it a book which famous criminologists have found most helpful in their studies, but the profound analysis of suffering, which the author combines with this exposition of criminal motives, give it a much wider, more general interest. Raskolnikov, this strange hero, who became a murderer mainly through intellectual speculation and the pride of his intelligence, and Sonia, the unfortunate, who is also the redeemer, a symbol of endurance and belief, will live for ever as great literary figures.

The book had a great success, but peace had not come yet for Dostoevsky — did it ever come except at luminous intervals to his tormented mind? — and another period of exile in Western Europe to which he had taken flight from the pressure of his debts, followed from 1867 to 1871, four long, for Dostoevsky interminable, years. But then, in 1871 we find him settled again at St. Petersburg, now for good, and circumstances, at last, become more favourable. For this he has to thank his young wife, Anna Grigorovna, who besides being a most devoted wife, proved herself a capable business woman. A helpmate in the best sense of the word.

In the meantime, however, two of his most famous books have been published: *The Idiot* and *Demons*. In *The Idiot* he has embodied most

directly his personal and national ideal, his faith in Russia, the Russian people and the Russian God. It is full of personal reminiscences. His own illness, epilepsy, is also the illness of Prince Myshkine, the hero, and the details of this illness are given with the accuracy of painful experience. This so-called "sacred illness" has had a remarkable effect on the writer's life and influenced to a great extent his artistic creations and philosophic speculations. Prince Myshkine is the ideal Russian as Dostoevsky understood him and he makes the prince a touchstone of character in others. He is not only good in himself but appeals to all good qualities or sides in other human beings.

Demons, the novel that followed, great as it is as another testimony to Dostoevsky's artistic and creative powers, his powers of composition and representation, is of a less satisfactory, in any case more controversial, nature in other respects. One may find it convincing enough in its several personages, seen separately or from the writer's standpoint in life — Dostoevsky's figures have always life and unity in them and we may not ask more from the novelist as a novelist. But the impression it leaves of the Nihilist and progressive movement in Russia, its aims and ideals during some of its fiercest and most troublous days, is very one-sided. It is more a caricature than a true representation of the motives actuating the men and women then at work — mostly in an underground way, and it could not be otherwise — for the political regeneration of their country. At a time when they were trying to secure a minimum of political freedom and democratic justice, Dostoevsky insisted on enlarging upon the spiritual dangers of liberty without alluding for one minute to its benefits, he painted in glowing colours the negative side and the excesses of the new movement without doing a semblance of justice to its positive and liberating qualities.

It was in harmony with his general view of life, but was it very helpful to his country?

One of the most remarkable of the smaller novels, published by Dostoevsky in these latter years, especially from the autobiographical point of view, is *The Underground Spirit*. Like *The Idiot* and other novels it contains many opinions, reflections, experiences, which one may take to be of a personal nature. Ordinov, the self-tormented hero of these pages, is used by the author for a study in introspection, in which he probes the very depths of his own conscience. The following lines are probably not unconnected with that awful period of hypochondria which the writer passed through during the period preceding his exile to Siberia.

"At times I suddenly plunged into a sombre subterranean, despicable debauchery or semi-debauchery. My squalid passions were keen, glowing with morbid irritability. The outbursts were hysterical, accompanied by tears and convulsions of remorse. Bitterness boiled in me. I felt an unwholesome thirst for violent moral contrasts, and so demeaned myself to animality. I indulged in it by night, secretly, fearfully, foully, with a shame that never left me, even at the most degrading moments. I carried in my soul the love of secretiveness; I was terribly afraid that I should be seen, met, recognised."

Reading this, one begins to understand why he could say once, that he was better in mind and body for his exile in Siberia, in spite of the fact that it was there that he had developed definite epilepsy.

But a work of far more importance for the world than *The Underground Spirit* is the last great book he left us: *The Brothers Karamazov*. In this powerful novel, which is rightly considered as the crown on his labours, every side of Dostoevsky's nature reveals itself. It is not a very attractive family, these

Karamazovs — in fact, I feel more at home amongst the Forsytes, though these too have their faults, their hard-hearted English qualities — it is not an attractive family, this sordid father, ferocious in his sensualism, who can say to his sons: "Ha, my children, my little pigs, for me there never was such a thing as a woman to be let alone; that's my creed, if you understand it? No, you can't understand it, your veins are still full of milk; you haven't completely broken your shell yet".

Such a father and his four sons form the principal figures of what is called the central work of Dostoievsky, a work which the great Russian critic Merejkowsky in his admirable study *Tolstoy and Dostoievsky* qualifies as follows: "We see the whole spectrum of love in all its blended shades and transformations, in its most mysterious, acute and morbid sinuities. Remarkable is the inevitable blood-bond between the monster Smerdiakov, Ivan "who fought with God", the cruel sensualist Dmitri, who seemed as if stung by a gadfly, the stainless cherub, Alesha, and their father according to the flesh, the outcast Fedor Karamazov. Equally remarkable is the bond between them and their father in the spirit, Dostoievsky himself. He would have disowned this family, perhaps, before men, but not before his own conscience, before God.

It is perhaps only after a more intimate acquaintance that one can gauge in their true inwardness, the character, merit and greatness of this representation of vice and virtue. But even at a first reading Dostoievsky's Karamazovs will strike one as having something titanic in their make-up, one feels the hand of a great and impassioned creator behind them. Between the animal and the mystic, between the north and the south-pole, between hell and heaven they show us such a panorama of human qualities, moving in the most divergent directions, such a blend of idealism and cynicism and they show it us in such a vigorous and dramatic manner, with such a fulness of life, as make this book of a unique character in the world's literature.

And one understands why Dostoievsky has been called *the greatest interpreter* of the Russian soul.

His books do not excel in beauty of form and the marvels of creative power and human insight, of ethical and psychological wisdom, which they contain, are scattered along miles of often wearisome travelling. This characteristic is bound up with the whole nature and philosophy of life of Dostoievsky. For the latter seems to imply the renunciation of one's personality and talents, of one's faculties and abilities, for the common good. Or, if this is putting the case in too extreme a way, that philosophy of life certainly does not agree with the slow and painful elaboration of the poetical sentence and great art in general. This want of art may more seriously endanger Dostoievsky's reputation amongst future generations than amongst the present in which Beauty has lost her queenship. One of her noblest characteristics is *concentration* and at some far-away time, when mankind may have come to the conclusion that its time is getting too precious for novels of more than a thousand pages, the Sonnets of Rossetti — so delightful in their condensed magnificence — may be eagerly read still, and the novels of Dostoievsky — so terrifying in their bulky dispersion — relegated to some dusty bookshelf.

But we shall not know that time, so need not worry about it.

We said Dostoievsky has been called the greatest interpreter of the Russian soul and, certainly, he is the delineator of that soul in its width and expansiveness, its generosity and its cruelty, its overflowing passions, its

impulsiveness, its convulsive changes from action to apathy, from apathy to action. But though he may be said to represent in these and other qualities the majority of his countrymen, I do not think he would be called a true mouthpiece by or for that section which in thought and life is more strongly related to the Western mind, the reforming or revolutionary section. Reforming or revolutionary — the two qualifications were very much the same in Dostoevsky's days and mostly a question of temperament; one could not reform without revolution. And this side of life separates him with a wide gulf from those leading Russian revolutionaries which we have seen at work in our own day. Undoubtedly he has a great deal in common even with them — our space does not allow us to explore his relation to the Revolution here to greater depths — but in two important points his view of life and appreciation of human qualities differs widely from theirs. The strongest characteristic of such men as Lenin and Trotsky, the characteristic which made them accomplish the in most eyes impossible, the characteristic which gave them their extraordinary and amazing influence over their countrymen, which has enabled them to keep the reins of the Russian state in their hands during nearly five years of conflicts without end, of storms and calamities, any separate one of which would have overturned a western government, their strongest characteristic is *Willpower* and *Conscious Thought*, willpower resting on conscious thought. Whatever may have been the motives of the masses which flocked to their standards in the turbulent days of 1917, willpower and conscious thought, their astonishing and convinced power of will and their boundless intellectual energy, applied to the extraordinary circumstances of the time, enabled them to reshape the present and future of Russia. They may be wrong and they may fail — to some extent they certainly will; once on their way, such movements are by their inner tension generally driven far beyond their limits of practicability — but this would not make their efforts of less interest, this would not make Human Will and Human Reason less important factors in the remodelling and renewing of the World.

There is much virtue in obedience and humility, much virtue in submission to what we consider the Will of God. It is only when we come to consider and weigh what the Will of God is (not the Christian, nor the Russian, but the Universal God) that we differ from Dostoevsky. Humility, love, pity, compassion, qualities of which he is the great exponent in his books, these forces of the unconscious mind form certainly the most essential material, the most necessary means of cementation in any and every society of human beings, and they have been lacking too much in all the larger societies of the past. The great and lasting merit of Dostoevsky's books is to impress their worth, their superior worth, once more, upon our minds. But hardly less necessary for the building up of the society of the future, and therewith of our own being, is another power: Reason, conscious, well-directed reason. Unfortunately reason is in this great novelist's books mostly used as a disturber of the peace or to defeat itself. Intellect and vanity, intellect and wickedness are too often synonyms in his books.

The last terrible years of war and chaos have shown us, as it was never shown before, how much mis-directed, destructive action there is in present-day mankind. But it makes the need and value of well-directed action, thoughtful, conscientious action all the greater.

Obsessed by the soul as he was, Dostoevsky underestimated the value and force of these more material and external workings of human society

on which the soul in its instincts and longings and presentiments to such a great extent depends, and by which it is constantly modified and reshaped. Man in society is a very different being from man alone.

Neither Shelley nor Dostoevsky saw society in *evolution*. Shelley revolted against the evils to which mankind was heir and which he saw encouraged and upheld by the religious and moral beliefs and superstitions of his days. But he did not see that these beliefs and superstitions had grown with men's minds and expressed both their strength and weakness, all the truth and error they had learnt from many ages of experience. The gulf between his dreams and reality he could only traverse by an arbitrary leap of the imagination. So, feeling himself powerless to alter man as he was, he took flight out of the harshness and cruelty of this world present to our senses and created his fairer visions of a happier mankind in a world of his own.

Dostoevsky kept nearer home, but I do not see that he was sufficiently convinced of the intimate and continuous connection between psychic and physical forces in their interpenetration and reciprocal effect, of the deep-going influences of economic conditions and social environment on our moral attitude and actions, of slums and want and ugliness and dirt, and their inevitable results in the deformities of the human mind and soul. They are in his books, these material powers and influences, rather too much of them in their evil aspects, but they are not there in their logical sequences, in their true *social* colours and connections. His changes of mind and heart are not dependent on that slow and for the more artistic and imaginative mind wearisome, process, that gradual, step-by-step, improvement in and by material circumstances, judged rightly so important by the modern scientific mind. Because both, the heart and the body, the attitude of the mind and its external envelopment, are bound up in a thousand ways, bound up in the constant intercourse of the day and the hour and the moment. His changes of heart are always more or less of a sensational, lightning nature, they happen in an unconscious, spontaneous, mystic way; it is not our common world of labour and effort, of order and reason in which his figures move, it is a world of impulses and passions, of excesses and extremes, of hallucinations more than of reality. Yet, though the sudden transformation of man, and to some extent of society, though conversion, regeneration, is of course a psychical possibility, the main development of both, man and society, is more to be found in that gradual intercourse, with improved conditions, between body and soul, between matter and mind, between institutions and the community, than in these sudden and rare electric changes. Reason and Labour, the agents of our daily and communal life, work much slower but their fruits are more permanent.

That fresh air and proper food are as necessary for the cure of crime as sermons and exhortations or the visions of a prophet, in any case that the latter are valueless without the former, does not strike us as obvious from Dostoevsky's books. On the contrary, fresh air and proper food seem to be rather negligible influences in his philosophy of life, in which the mind takes a rather independent attitude in its relation to the body. Notwithstanding his realism, so profound and magnificent in his treatment of individual, mostly pathological cases, reflections mostly of his own inner-life, he is a sentimentalist, a sensationalist in his general attitude towards society and its workings. He does not give its due to that great and preponderating cause of human actions in civilised life: our social environment and the thoughts and actions engendered thereby. There has been, there is still, a tendency amongst socialists and reformers to give to these external, to a

great extent material and economic, factors an excessive, a far too exclusive value in the progress of mankind, but the tendency to excess in Dostoevsky is all the other way. It lifts our humanity out of its material framework into the thin and unreal air of pure mind.

His social psychology is vitiated by this one-sidedness. The difference between men, as it expresses itself in the battle of life, is not so much that between saints and criminals or between intellectuals and mystics, as that between the grasping, acquisitive and the generous, creative mind, between predatory egoists and their victims, between those living in riotous wealth and those that are starved and stunted. These categories and those of Dostoevsky overlap each other at many points and to a considerable extent, but there remains a very great difference between them for all practical purposes of politics and social legislation.

But one-sided as Dostoevsky's view of life seems to me, the errors of a one-sided intellectualism, an intellectualism that sneers at love and charity, an intellectualism that thinks it can reform the world by unadulterated logic, such errors are also apparent enough. That he has drawn our attention in such a forceful way to the shallows and shoals in these waters of intellectualism will not be among the least of the great merits of his novels. The danger of his viewpoint and way of representation is that he may lead us away from the road of social improvement, which is at the best a slow and difficult road, thickset with hardships and disappointments, and make us sit down in passivity, hoping against hope on some sudden and spontaneous transformation of the individual man.

The truth is that our science, our environment, our educational and social institutions, our collective organisation and efforts have helped to mould and form the past generations, that among the forces which have had the greatest influence on the progress of man has been the conscious following in these matters of what appeared to the living generation as *rational ideals* in the relations with their fellow men. All along the endless path and process of human growth these ideals have unfolded themselves, however imperfectly, in the more external ways of laws and institutions.

If Dostoevsky acknowledges progress, it is not in the restless effort, the unceasing labour of the human mind, it is in some sudden, dramatic, accidental change of the human heart. Not to man's continuous longing and searching for knowledge and light, his eagerness and inquisitiveness, his desire for improvement of his own status and that of his fellowmen one would think that mankind had to thank its rise in stature and vision, but to the inexplicable ways of mysticism and regeneration.

We have long since gained the knowledge that kindness in the old individualist way is not sufficient, that we have to relay the *material* foundations of our society in a way which shall free human aspirations and human intercourse from the baneful influences, now keeping back and perverting the best and most generous intentions. That has to be done in a way in which science and reason play a very great part. Undoubtedly we shall never be able to do so without the love and pity, in which Dostoevsky sees the only hope and saving influence, but we repeat: the Sermon on the Mount is not sufficient. That love and pity has to be well directed, it has to know its proper sphere and limits and directions, it has to be translated in the practical work of customs and habits, of methods and organisation, of laws and institutions. It has to be supported by reason. Only so can we obtain that development of society which will

allow for the greatest development of the personality, its talents and capacities. Development, not renunciation, must be our aim.

* *

Neither Shelley nor Dostoievsky offer us a solution, in any way complete, of the problem which the future keeps putting before every thinking being, but then, no man will ever give us that solution except for some limited time and in a limited way. The solution that will serve us, has ultimately to be found by every individual for itself. And by every generation for itself.

Idealism and realism, pride and humility, rebellion and submission, feeling and reason, conscious will and unconscious thought, beauty and goodness, out of all these elements we have to construct our own road to heaven. But both Shelley and Dostoievsky have given us some lasting and brilliant contributions towards our own efforts in that direction, contributions which place them in a high rank as benefactors and heroes of the race.

Such men we must take as we find them. The pure and lofty idealism of Shelley's songs would have been impossible to him, if he had gone through the same deep straits of human infamy as Dostoievsky. The latter would not have been able to give us that arresting and powerful picture of the darker human passions and their struggle towards the light if his mind had dwelt amidst the golden mists and splendours of Shelley's uncompromising and radiant personality. Both are seers; a fierce and divine flame of missionary zeal burnt in both of them. Both are eminent and inimitable in their own different way which to a great extent *excludes* the other.

How very human, how magnificently human both are, and how different! Between the luminous heights of Shelley and the gloomy depths of Dostoievsky, heights and depths of which the boundaries are outside our ken, there seems to lie the infinity of human joys and sorrows, the infinity of human thoughts and feelings, the infinity of human passions and pity, the infinity of our beauty and our woe.

Amersfoort, May 1922.

J. DE GRUYTER.

Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude

Translated into Dutch

Preface

Thirteen years ago this translation was printed from a first draught, which I had not the leisure to copy or even to revise. It has now been carefully corrected, also in point of verse and diction.

Alastor is the first poem in which Shelley revealed his in-born fatality: his hunting after ideal beauty. He had been disappointed in trying to realize his social prospects, disappointed in his love, even — perhaps — already in his love for Mary, and so he saw his ideal as unattainable. He thought himself incurably ill, and so life seemed at an end: he could see it in its totality, like drowning people are said to see it in a flash of memory. He recognized himself as the solitary hunter after a vision, that, once seen, led him to his death.

The poem has two qualities: its impetuosity and its majesty. These together constitute its movement, which is the immediate expression of the poet's subject: the passionate and rapid and sacred life, that he wished to represent. Because in *Alastor* movement is the prime principle of imaginative expression, the poem lives by the concatenation of its parts, more than by the parts themselves, their feeling and their visibility. These two are of high value, but not of the highest: it is a fact, that some descriptions lack clearness, some thoughts comprehensibility, that many terms are vague or too often reiterated. But these deficiencies are of little moment: the connection of the parts, the movement makes up for them all. It is the strong flight of an exalted soul, overlooking the stream of its life.

As soon as this flight ceases, as soon as the poet ends his contemplation of *Alastor's* corpse, the song is finished. The strophe, beginning:

O for Medea's wondrous alchemy

does not belong to it. This line evokes a tone of almost morbid feeling, better known to Keats than to Shelley. Keats might have written it. The entire final strophe reflects a dark stagnation. It has not the highwinged connection of periods, which is Shelley's first element of clearness and comprehension. The thoughts, laden with allusion, move with difficulty. They are not the crowning end of the poem, but a reflective return upon its contents.

* * *

At the end of his life, the same Shelley who wrote *Alastor* — exactly the same — appears in *Epipsychidion*.

The beginning lines of this poem constitute a famous difficulty.

Sweet spirit! Sister of that orphan one,

Whose empire is the name thou weapest on —

These are the words, addressed to Emilia Viviani.

Well-known Shelley-students have tried to explain them. Richard Garnett was of opinion that "orphan one" had to be understood as "orphan sister" and that Mary Shelley was meant. Armin Kröder contradicted this and believed that the lines designated Shelley himself. A satisfactory explanation of the second line has, in my opinion, not been given.

I have sometimes thought: can it be that Shelley, by "that orphan one" understood *Alastor*?

Alastor represents the youth, seeking for a sister-soul; *Epipsychidion* celebrates the discovery of the sister-soul. Alastor was a "spirit" — Shelley calls him so. He was an "orphan spirit", for there was nobody to detain him when he left "his cold fireside and alienated home", in order to find strange truths. And he had a name that was, or expressed, his empire, namely solitude. "Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude" had been written by Shelley above this poem, not because this spirit led a solitary life, but because he was a creature of "self-centred seclusion", of in-born solitude. On this name, that images an empire, Emily wept; as it imaged also her claustral seclusion and imprisonment.

This explanation (like that of Garnett) makes plausible why Shelley speaks of "that orphan one", in the tone and with the terminology of one who refers to a person that is not he himself. At the same time it does not exclude the possibility of giving a symbolic sense to the word "orphan". He who has solitude born with him, feels himself naturally as without parents.

My supposition therefore appeared to me to enlighten more points than any other one. Nevertheless its truth is not proved and not provable. Perhaps it has no other value than that it instigates us to look at *Epipsychidion* in its relation to *Alastor*. That Alastor sought in vain what, six years later, Shelley believed to have found, may have caused the emotion out of which the new poem was born. It has really caused it.

I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect.

This is the exclamation, with which, immediately after the four prefatory strophes, the poem begins. It evokes *Alastor*, and it contradicts it.

This mental act of Shelley's wakens immediately its counter-act in the reflection that he is married to Mary. When he wrote *Alastor*, Mary could not object against his affirming that she was not the unattainable ideal. But how now, he having discovered that the ideal was attainable, that it was incorporated in Emilia Viviani? His answer was the theory of love as multifarious.

Aware of this conflict, I find it extremely difficult to confide in data, which otherwise would be above suspicion. Garnett may have had his opinion from Mary. Kröder — afterwards de Bosis — bases his upon some Italian lines in Shelley's handwriting. But these declarations — partly supposed, partly vague and incomplete — coming from the interested parties, have only a relative value. The poem, considered as a part of Shelley's life, remains our best counsel. And when I consider it as such, I cannot separate it from *Alastor*. It is at once its continuation and its contradiction. *Alastor* had been Shelley's first poem, the first that he recognized as his own, the first in which his inmost soul revealed itself. The great event of six years later was the reawakening, under the influence of Emilia, of the poet of *Alastor*. His cry: "I never thought" — proves that he was conscious of this reawakening. Alastor and Emily were the two spirits, who, across his life and his marriage, reached hands. Would it be strange, if this alliance had been expressed in the beginning of *Epipsychidion*, and if so, in words that nobody could understand?

These are the reflections which may make it excusable that I consoled myself with a personal explanation. If afterwards it may appear that the enigma of these two verses has not been touched by it, I shall still have had the joy of reading *Epipsychidion* with the eyes of Alastor.

ALASTOR

OF DE GEEST VAN DE EENZAAMHEID

Lucht, aarde en zee, mij dierbre broederbond !
 Zoo in mijn ziel de almachtige Moeder stortte
 Een vleug maar van natuurlijk meegevoel,
 En liefde waarmee 'k uwe liefde loon' ;
 Zoo dauwige uchtend, geurge noen, en avond
 Met pronk-omstoete zonnenondergang,
 En 't tinklend zwijgen van de plechtige nacht ;
 Zoo 't hol gezucht van herfst in 't dorre woud,
 En winters witte sneeuw en sterrige kronen
 Van ijs om 't grauwe gras en 't naakt geboomt ;
 Zoo 't weeldrig hijgen van de Lent, haar eerste
 En zoete zoenen-aêm, me ooit dierbaar waren ;
 Zoo vogel, klein insekt, zachtaardig dier
 Ik nooit bewust gekrenkt heb, maar altijd
 Liefhad en koesterde als mijn maagschap ; — dult,
 Beminde broedren, dan die lof en laat
 Me ook thans geen deel van de oude gunst ontgaan.

Moeder van dit onpeilbare heelal !
 Begunstig mijn gewijde zang, want ik
 Minde u altijd en u alleen ; ik nam
 Uw schaduw waar en 't donker van uw gang
 En mijn hart staart gedurig op het diep
 Van uw diepe geheimen. 'k Spreidde mij
 Een bed in 't knekelhuis op kisten, waar
 De Dood de aan u ontwonnen buiten telt,
 Hopend dat ik de onstilbre vragen stil
 Naar u en 't uwe, — een eenzaam geest, uw bô,
 Nopend dat hij 't verhaal mij overgeeft
 Van wat wij zijn. In stil, verlaten uur,
 Als nacht betooverd klinkt van eigen zwijgen,
 Mengde ik, als een bezeten alchimist
 Die 't leven zelf stelt op een donkre hoop
 — Wan-hopig —, gruwbre praat en vraag-gestaar
 Met mijn onschuldige lief, tot vreemd gewezen
 Vereend met ademlooze kussen, schiep
 Zoodaange toover als de onkrachte nacht
 Dwingt uw geheim te toonen, — en schoon nooit
 Ge uw innigst heiligdom ontsluiert, scheen
 Genoeg van nimmer mededeelbre droom,

Schemer-gedaante, diepe middag-peins
 In mij, zoodat ik nu volkomen klaar
 En roerloos, als een langvergeten lier
 Omhoog gehangen in de ledige dom
 Van tempel eenzaam en geheimnisvol,
 Uw aëm wacht, Groote Moeder, die mijn snaar
 Mag deinen doen met murmling van de lucht,
 En golving van de wouden en de zee,
 Stem van bezielde wezens, zang-geweef
 Van nacht en dag, en 't diep hart van de mensch.

Er was een dichter wiens ontijdig graf
 Geen mensch-hand vroom-eerbiedig heeft gebouwd,
 Maar herfstwind-vlagen door zijn lijk bekoord,
 Hoopten een pyramide eroverheen
 Van blader-lijken in de wildernis.
 Lieflijke knaap — geen rouwend meisje hulde
 Met treurgebloemt of wijkrans van cypres
 De eenzame sponde van zijn eeuwge slaap: —
 Zachte, edelmoedige, dappre — een dwalend bard
 Aëmde om zijn donker lot geen zucht en zang.
 Hij leefde en stierf en zong in eenzaamheid.
 Vreemdlingen weenden bij zijn hartstocht-toon,
 En maagden, als hij naamloos langs kwam, kwijnden,
 Naar zijn wilde oogen door verlangst verteerd.
 't Vuur van die zachte bollen brandt niet meer
 En Stilte, als ook verliefd op dat geluid,
 Sluit zijn muziek, nu stom, in ruige cel.

Gewijd vizioen en schittrend zilvren droom
 Voedden zijn kindertijd. Tafreel en klank
 Van de wijde aarde en de ommegaande lucht
 Zonden zijn hart hem-dierste werkingen.
 Bronnen van godlijke wijsgeerigheid
 Vloten zijn dorstige lippen niet: al 't groote
 Of goede of lieflijke, uit eerwaard verleën
 Heilig als feit of fabel, voelde hij
 En kende 't. De eerste jeugd voorbij, weerhouden
 Door koude haard noch vreemd geworden thuis,
 Zocht hij in vreemde streken nieuw geheim.
 Menige woestijn en warrige wildernis
 Lokte zijn vreesloos gaan; hij wierf er zich
 Met stem zoo zoet, en oogen, van wild volk
 Zijn rust en maal. Natuurs geheimste tred

Volgde hij als haar schaduw, overal
 Waar de vulkaan, vuurrood, met brandend smook,
 Velden van sneeuw en rotstoppen van ijs
 Een hemel spant, of waar meren van teer
 Op zwart naaktpuntig eiland aldoor slaan
 Met loomig schuim, of waar verborgen grotten,
 Duister en ruig, windend de bronnen langs
 Van gif en aardvuur, ontoegankelijk
 Voor gierigheid of trots, hun sterrige daken
 Van diamant en goud uitwelen boven
 Tallooze en ongemeten ruimten, rijk
 Aan zuilen van kristal en nissen, klaar
 Van paarl, en tronen: stralend chrysoliet.
 Noch had dat veld van weidscher majesteit
 Dan goud of steenen, 't wisslend hemeldak,
 Noch 't groen van de aard geringere aanspraak op
 Liefde en bewondring: lang verwijlde hij
 In onbewoonde dalen, had voor huis
 De wildernis: duiven en eekhoorns namen
 Hun bloedloos voedsel uit zijn veilige hand,
 Door 't zacht bedoelen van zijn blik gelokt;
 En de wilde antiloop die opschrikt, als
 Een dor blad ritselt in 't gestruik, hield even
 De bloode stappen in, ziende op een vorm
 Bevalliger dan haar eigne.

In ver gedwaal

Hooge gedachten volgend, zocht zijn voet
 De ontzachtbre puinen van een doode tijd:
 Athene en Tyrus, Baalbec, 't woeste veld
 Waar stond Jeruzalem, gezonken torens
 Van Babylon, de eeuwige pyramiden,
 Memphis en Thebe en zooveel zeldzaams als
 Gebeeldhouwd op albasten obelisk,
 Of jaspis-tombe of lang-verminkte sphinx
 Donker Ethiopië in haar zandige heuvels
 Verbergt. Tusschen de in gruis gestorte tempels,
 Reusachtige zuilen, wilde afbeeldselen
 Van meer dan mensch, waar marmren demons waken
 Bij 't koopren zodiacs-geheim, en dooden
 't Stom denken hangen langs de stomme wand,
 Draalde hij, broedende op gedachtnisteekeus
 Van 's werelds jeugd, brandende dagen lang
 Dat spraakloos volk beturend; noch, wen maan

't Geheimvol ruim met schaduwen bedreef,
 Staakte die taak hij, maar betuurde aldoor
 En tuurde, tot zijn ledige geest een zin
 Doorbliksemde als inblazing sterk: hij zag
 Trillen 't geboortgeheim van de aardsche tijd.

Zijn voedsel bracht hem een Araber-maagd,
 Haar daaglijksch aandeel, uit haar vaders tent,
 En spreidde tot zijn bed haar mat, en sloop
 Van rust en plichten om hem nategaan:
 Verliefd, maar vol ontzag niet wagende
 Van min te spreken: waakte als hij 's nachts sliep,
 Slaaploos zijzelf, om naar zijn mond te zien
 In slaap half open, waar zijn adem kalm
 Rees in onschuldige droomen: 't roode licht
 Bleekte de bleeke maan, als haar koud huis,
 Angstig en mat en hijgend, zij hervond.

De Dichter, zwervend, heel Arabië door,
 Perzië en de woeste Carmaniaansche streek,
 Over de hooge bergen die uit hollen
 Van ijs d'Indus en Oxus nederstorten,
 Wandelde vreugdevol, opgetogen, voort.
 Tot in het dal van Cashmir, binnen in
 Zijn stilste del, waar geurge planten onder
 De holle rots een wild prieel omwinden
 Neven een flonkrend beekje, hij vermoeid
 Zijn leden strekte. Een vizioen beving
 Zijn slaap, droom van verwachting, die nog nooit
 Zijn wang deed blozen. Een gesluisd meisje
 Zat naast hem, sprak tot hem, zacht en als plechtig.
 Haar stem geleeleek die van zijn eigen ziel
 In een gedachten-kalmte; haar geluid
 Een lang muziek-geweef van wind en stroom,
 Hield zijn diepst wezen in een web van veel-
 Kleurige draden en tint-wisslend licht.
 Haar onderwerp was kennis, waarheid, deugd,
 Van hemelsch vrijzijn de verheven hoop,
 Gedachten hem meest lief, en poëzie,
 Poëet zijzelf. De plechtige stemming van
 Haar reine geest ontstak door heel haar lijf
 Een vuur dat doorscheen, wilde maten hief ze
 Met stem, verstikt in sidderend gesnik,
 Bedwongen door haar pathos: naakte handen

Alleen, bewogen, slaand van vreemde harp
 Vreemde muziek, en in hun aadren-tak
 Sprak 't bloed zijn onuitsprekelijk verhaal.
 Het kloppen van haar hart was hoorbaar tijdens
 De pauzen in haar spel, terwijl haar adem
 Heviglijk in akkoord klonk met die vlagen
 Van tusschenpoozige zang. Zij rees opeens
 Alsof haar hart de last die uitborst, droeg
 Met ongeduld: hij wendde op dat geluid
 En zag bij 't warm licht van haar eigen leven
 Haar lijf dat gloeide onder de leenge sluier
 Van winde-weefsel, de opene armen bloot,
 De donkre lokken drijvende op de nacht,
 Haar buigende oogen stralend, mond ontsloten,
 Gereikt en bleek, en heftig siddrende.
 Zijn sterk hart zonk en kwijnde in overmaat
 Van liefde. 't Schokkend lichaam hief hij, hield
 Zijn stokkende adem in, wenschte in zijn armen
 Haar borst die hijgde: — zij deinsde even weg;
 Toen, zwichtend voor de onteugelbare vreugd,
 Met waanzinszwaai en korte aêmlooze kreet
 Omving zijn lijf ze in arremen van damp.
 Zijn duizlende oogen zwart omsluiërd, nam
 Nacht het vizioen op en verzwolg het: slaap,
 Een duistre vloed met kort weerhouden loop,
 Rolde zijn golf weer door zijn ledig brein.

De schok hem wekkend schrok hij uit zijn droom.
 't Koud-witte morgenlicht, de blauwe maan
 Laag in het westen, heuvels kleurig-klaar,
 Het duidelijk dal en 't onbewoonde bosch
 Spreidden rondom hem waar hij stond. Hoe vloden
 De hemeltinten die eerst gisternacht
 Zijn grot bespanden? 't Slaapwekkend geluid,
 't Geheimnis en de majesteit van de Aard,
 De vreugde, 't opgetoogne? Zijn moede oogen
 Staren op 't leeg tooneel zoo leeg van blik
 Als de zee-maan staart op de maan omhoog.
 De geest van zoete mensch-liefde beschoor
 Een nachtgezicht aan hem die tot die tijd
 Haar kostbre gaven smaadde. Heftig volgt hij
 Buiten het droomenrijk die schim die vliedt;
 En springt de grenzen over. Laas! helaas!
 Voltrok zich lichaams-, aêm-, en ziele-mengling

Ooit zóó bedrieglijk? Weg, weg, eeuwig weg,
 In padenlooze hei van duistre slaap,
 Dat schoone wezen! Leidt doods donkre poort
 Naar uw geheimnisvolle paradijs,
 O slaap? Voert flonkerboog in regenwolken
 En hangend bergland onder 't effen meer,
 Alleenig naar een zwart en waatrig diep,
 Terwijl doods blauw gewelf, walglijk bedampt,
 Waar iedre schim die rijst uit rottend graf
 Zijn dood oog bergt voor de verfoeide dag,
 Zal leiden, Slaap, naar uw verruklijk rijk?
 Die twijfel overstroomde als vloed zijn hart.
 De onzadigbare hoop ontwaakte en stak
 Zijn brein als was ze wanhoop.

Daglang hield

De dichter woordlooze gemeenschap met
 Zijn stille ziel. De hartstocht kwam bij nacht
 — De felle geest van een verstoorde droom —
 En schudde hem uit zijn slaap en leidde 'm uit
 In 't duister. Als een aadlaar die, gegrepen
 In ringen van de groene slang, haar borst
 Van 't gif voelt branden en zich voorwaarts stort
 Door nacht en dag, door storm en kalmte en wolk,
 Dol-duizelig van doodsnoed: blinde vlucht
 Over de wijde luchtwoestijn: zóó jachtend
 Voor schitter-schaduw van die minnige droom,
 Onder 't koud blikken van de nare nacht,
 Door warrige poelen, diepe hole-kloven,
 De slang in 't maanlicht schrikkend door zijn voet,
 Vlood hij. De roode zon daagde op zijn vlucht
 En wierp het spotlicht van haar levenskleuren
 Over zijn doodswang. Verder liep hij, tot
 Aornos bouw gezien van Petra's steilt
 Gelijk een wolk hong op de lage kim;
 Door Balk, en waar de halfvergane tomben
 Van Parthen-koningen op iedre wind
 Hun dunnend stof verstrooiden. Verder liep hij
 Verdwaasd, een moeizame woestijn van uren
 En dagen, binnen in zich 't broedend leed
 Dat teerde op zijn versmeulde levensvlam.
 Vermagerd was hij nu; zijn wapprend haar,
 Verdord door herfst van vreemde smarten, zong
 Rouwklachten in de wind; zijn matte hand

Hing als dood been in zijn verdroogde huid.
 Leven, en gloed die het verteerde, scheen
 Als in fornuis verborgen brandende,
 Alleen uit zijn donkre oogen. Hutbewoners,
 Menschlievend in zijn menschlijke behoeften
 Voorziende, zagen wondrend met ontzag
 Hun snelle gast. De bergbewoner, die
 Zijn spookgestalte aan duizlingwekkende afgrond
 Op eens zag staan, dacht dat de Windgeest zelf
 Met bliksemoogen, hijgende adem, voet
 Die op de sneeuw geen spoor liet, van zijn vaart
 Verpoosde: kindren borgen als hij kwam
 't Ontdaan gezichtjen in hun moeders kleed,
 Beängst door 't glariën van die wilde blik,
 Waarvan 't vreemd licht in meenge laatre droom
 Hen plaagde; jonge meisjes echter, door
 Natuur geleerd, begrepen half het leed
 Dat hem verteerde, noemden — valsche troost —
 Hem broer en vriend, drukten zijn bleeke hand
 Bij 't afscheid, zagen, vaag door tranen, 't pad
 Waarlangs hij heenging van hun vaders deur.

Hij poosde op 't laatst aan het Chorasmisch strand, —
 Eenzaam en wijd, zwaarmoedige woestijn
 Van moer en veen. Een innige aandrif drong
 Zijn voet naar de oever van de zee. Een zwaan
 Stond tusschen 't riet nabij een trage stroom,
 Rees bij zijn naadring, en met krachtige vleugels
 Stijgend ten hemel, boog zijn heldre vlucht hij
 Hoog over het onmeetlijk vasteland.
 Zijn oogen volgden hem: „Gij hebt een thuis,
 Gij schoone vogel; gij reist naar uw thuis;
 Daar zal uw zoete maat haar donzige nek
 Om de uwe slingren en uw weêrkomst vieren
 Met oogen glanzend van hun diepe vreugd.
 En wat ben ik dat ik hier dralen blijf,
 Met stem veel zoeter dan uw stervens-toon,
 Met weidscher geest dan de uwe, en lijf geschikter
 Tot schoonheid, heerlijkste vermogens spillend
 Aan doove lucht, aan een blinde aarde, en hemel
 Die op mijn mijmren zwijgt?” Een sombre glimlach
 Van hoop die wanhoopt plooit zijn trillende mond.
 Want slaap, dat wist hij, hield ontfermingloos
 't Kostbre bezit, en stille dood, misschien

Trouwloos als slaap, bood schaduw-lokaas aan,
 't Eigen vreemd schoon hoonend met twijfellach.

Verschrikt door zijn gedachten, zag hij op.
 Geen schoone duivel was nabij, geen klank
 Of beeld ontzette 'm dan in de eigen geest.
 Een kleine sloep die de oever nader dreef
 Trof 't ongedurig dwalen van zijn oog.
 Ze was al lang verlaten, want haar zijden
 Gaapten van meenge scheur, haar kranke binten
 Bewogen met de golvingen van 't tij.
 De onrustige drang noopte hem scheep te gaan,
 De Dood te ontmoeten op de sombre zee.
 Die machtige Schaduw, wist hij toch, bemint
 De slijmige holen van 't bevolkte diep.
 De dag was blank en zonnig, zee en lucht
 Dronk zijn bezielend stralen, en de wind
 Woei krachtig van de kust, de golven zwartend.
 Zijn grage ziel gehoorzaam, sprong de zwerver
 De boot in, spreidde in top van naakte mast
 Zijn mantel uit en zat dan eenzaam neer.
 De boot schoot over 't water en hij voelde
 Haar gaan gelijk een wolkflard voor de orkaan.

Als een die in een zilver vizioen
 En voor de vaart van geurge winden, drijft
 Op schitterende wolken, zoo gezwind
 Vlood langs het donkere en bewogen vlak
 Het krakend vaartuig. Warlwind zweepte 't voort,
 Met heftige vlaag en aanstortend geweld,
 Door 't kokend branden van het blanke schuim.
 De golven rezen. Hooger, hooger nog
 Wrongen hun nekken onder stormroê, woest,
 Als slangen worstlend in een giere-greep.
 Kalm, en genietende in het strijdgewoel
 Van golf stroomende op golf, en vlaag die zonk
 Op vlaag, en zwarte vloed op draaikolk stortend
 Met donkre en meesleurende loop, zat hij:
 Alsof hun geesten hem als dienaars waren
 Gegeven, dat ze 'm leidden tot het licht
 Van de oogen die hij liefhad, zat de Dichter,
 De hand aan 't roer. En de avond kwam nabij;
 De stralen van zoneinde regenboogden
 Hoog in schuim-vlagige fonteingewelven

Die over 't woeste diep zijn pad bespanden;
 Schemering, langzaam stijgend uit het Oost,
 Wond in donkerder wrong haar lokkenvlechten
 Over Dags stralende oogen en blond voorhoofd.
 Nacht kwam, in 't sterrekleed. Aan iedre kant
 Stormden vreeslijker de veelvoudige
 Stroomen van de oceaansche bergwoestijn
 Ten strijd, dondrend in donkre drang, — ten spot
 Van 't kalme sterrenheir. De kleine boot
 Vlood nog de storm, vlood nog als schuimvlok vliedt
 Langs steile val van wintrige rivier;
 Poozend op 't scherp van de gespleten golf;
 Dan achterlatend de uitgeborsten vracht,
 Die, vallend, de oceaan doorgroef; — vlood veilig,
 Alsof die breekbare en uitgeteerde mensch
 Een god van de elementen was.

Te midnacht

Klaarde de maan: en zie! 't luchthoog getop
 Van Caucasus, dat ijze-spitsig blonk
 Onder 't gestarnt als zonlicht, en rondom
 Wiens holenvoet draaipeel en golleven
 Brekende en kolkend dat geen weerstand baat,
 Schallen en woën voortdurend. — Wie behoudt?
 De boot vlood voort, — de stroom joeg kokend door, —
 De rotsen sloten zwart, zaag-armig zich,
 De berg, doorkloofd, hing over op de zee,
 En haastiger nog, en meer dan menschlijk snel,
 Geheven op de boog van effen golf
 Jaagde de kleine boot. Een open hol
 Gaapte, en zijn smalle en diepe winding in,
 Gulpte de woelge zee. De boot vlood voort
 Haar vaart niet mindrend. „Vizioen en Liefde!”
 Kreet luid de dichter. „Nu heb ik gezien
 Het pad waarlangs gij heentooft. Slaap en Dood
 Scheiden ons nu niet lang!”

De boot doordreef

De winding van de grot. Het daglicht scheen
 Ten laatste op 't vloeien van die sombre stroom;
 Nu, waar de felste strijd van golf met golf
 Bedaart, over de onpeilbare rivier,
 Bewoog zij langzaam. Waar de berg, gespleten,
 Die zwarte diepten blootlei voor 't azuur,
 Eer nog 't reusachtige lichaam van de stroom

Viel tot de voet van Caucasus met klank
 Die de eeuwge rotsen schokte, — vulde hij
 Met ééne draaikolk heel die wijde kloof.
 Trede na treê rees 't cirklend water op,
 Draaiende met onmeetbre vaart, en spoelde
 Met haastige slag op slag de knoestige wortels
 Van machtge boomen die hun reuzenarmen
 In donker strekten. Middenin verbleef,
 Weerspieglend, maar misvormend iedre wolk,
 Een poel, bedrieglijk en vreeswekkend kalm.
 Aangevat door de opgaande stroom, gevoerd
 Tot duizlens snel, rond, rond, en nog weer rond,
 Rees trap na trap de straf-gespannen boot,
 Tot, op de top van de allerhoogste bocht,
 Waar door een oopning van die oeverrots
 De waatren óverstroomen en een plek
 Van glassige rust midden dat golfgevecht
 Ontstond, de hulk poost, siddrend. Zal zij zinken
 Waar de afgrond dreigt? Zal de afloopende stroom
 Van de onweerstandbre kolk zich om haar slaan?
 Valt zij nu? — Wind, een dwaalsche vlaag van 't west,
 Hierheen geëdemd, vult het open zeil,
 En, kijk, met zacht bewegen, tusschen mos
 Van oeverglooïng, op een kalme stroom
 Onder een loovergrot, zeilt zij, en hoor!
 De gruwbre val vermengt zijn ver gedreun
 Met murmelkoelte in 't muzikale woud.
 Waar 't boomprieel terugwijkt en een kleine
 Ruimte van effen groen laat, wordt de kreek
 Gesloten door saamvattende oevers: gele
 Bloemen zien daar hun neergeslagen oogen
 Weerspiegeld in het kalm kristal. De deining
 Die de boot maakte brak die mijmertak,
 Voorheen door dwaalsche vogel, dartle wind
 Of vallend speergras of hun eigen sterven
 Alleen, gestoord. De zwerfing voelde lust
 Hun schitter-kleur door 't dorre haar te winden,
 Maar dan beving verlatenheid opnieuw
 Zijn hart en hij weerhield zich. Nog had niet
 De sterke drang, die bleek uit blos, strakke oogen
 En schimmig lijf zijn dienst verricht: hij hing
 Over zijn leven, zooals bliksem wolk
 Doorstraalt, hangt eer hij dooft, eer vlooden
 Van donker hem omsluiten.

Middagzon

Scheen nu op 't bosch, één uitgestrekte groep
 Van mengel-schaduw welker bruine pracht
 Een eng dal overwelft. Geweldige hollen,
 Gehold in donkre voet van hooge rotsen
 Die spotten met zijn klacht, brullen en galmen.
 De takkenbogen en vervlochten blaren
 Weefden op 't pad een schemer, waar geleid
 Door liefde of droom, of god, of machtiger Dood,
 De Dichter in Natuurs bemindste wijk
 Zocht naar een plek, haar wieg, zijn graf. Al donkrer
 En donkrer hoopt schaduw op schaduw. De eik
 Breidt zijn reusachtge en knoestige armen uit,
 Omhelst de heldre beuk. De pyramiden
 Van hooge ceder, nederwelvevend, vormen
 Plechtige koepels: onder ze en veel lager,
 Als wolken zwevende in een groene lucht,
 Hangen de esch en de accacia, drijvende
 Bevend en bleek. Rustlooze slangen lijkend
 In huid van vuur en kleurboog, kronklen kruipers
 Besterd met tienduizenden bloesems, rond
 De grijze stammen, en als kinderoogen
 Met lief bedoel en speelsche onschuldige list
 Om 't hart van wie hen liefheeft stralen slingren,
 Omranken deze de gehuwde twijgen,
 Hun innige bond nog nauwend; bladerweefsels
 Maken een net van de diep blauwe dag
 En 't middagheldre van de nacht, veelvormig
 Als tooverige wolken. Mossige zoomen
 Heuvlen zich voort onder die welvingen
 Riekend met geurge kruiden, beoogd met bloeisels,
 Heel klein maar schoon. Een donkrer delling zendt
 Uit muskus-roos doorvlochten met jasmijn
 Een geur die ziel doet smelten en haar noodt
 Op lieflijker geheim. Door deze kloof
 Houden de tweeling-zusters Stilte en Schemer
 Hun middagwaak, zeilende door de schaadwen,
 Als dampgedaanten, vaag; verder, een wel
 Duister en glanzend vol doorschijnend nat,
 Die 't takkenweefsel van daarboven beeldt,
 En elk afhangend blad en iedere plek
 Van blauw dat door een tijdelijke oopning springt;
 En anders niets wascht in dat spiegelvocht
 Zijn aanschijn, dan een onstandvastige ster,

Die schoon, als door beblaaarde tralie, blinkt,
 Of vogel, als gemaald, in 't maanlicht slapend,
 Of veelkleurig insekt beweegloos drijvend,
 Onbewust van de dag, eer nog zijn vleugels
 Hun pronk uitspreidden voor de middagblik.

Hier kwam de Dichter heen. Zijn oogen zagen
 't Eigen moe licht door de weerkaatste strepen
 Van zijn dun haar, duidelijk in donker diep
 Van 't stille water; zooals 't menschehart
 In droomen starende in het somber graf
 Daar zijn bedrieglijk beeld ziet. Hij vernam
 't Bewegen van de blaadren; 't gras dat sproot,
 En schrikte en blikte en beefde door 't besef
 Van ongewoon nabijzijn, en 't geluid
 Van de effen beek die uit geheime sprongen
 Van die donkre fontein rees. Naast hem scheen
 Een geest te staan — niet in een blinkend kleed
 Van schaduwig zilver of omlijstend licht,
 Ontleend aan wat de zichtbre wereld biedt,
 Bevallig, heerlijk of geheimnisvol; —
 Maar woudgegolf en woordelooze bron,
 En vliet die springt, en avondsomerheid
 Die 't donker nog verdiepte, was de taal
 Waarin hij sprak met hem, alsof zij bei
 Alles wat was waren, alleen... zijn blik
 Rijzende in diepste mijmring... zag twee oogen,
 Ster-oogen, hangende in nacht van zijn denken,
 Die met azure' en klare glimlach hem
 Te wenken leken.

Volgzaam voor het licht

Dat in zijn ziel scheen, ging hij, houdende
 De winding van de del. Het vlietwater,
 Dartel en wild, vloeide door menig groen
 Ravijn onder het woud. Het viel somtijds
 Temidden 't mos met een hol murmelen,
 Donker en diep; dan danste 't op de gladde
 Steenen; als kindsheid lachte 't wijl het ging:
 Dan kroop het vlakten door in kalm gedwaal
 En kaatste elk gras en zinkend knopje weer
 Dat neerhing op zijn helderheid. — „O stroom! —
 Die komt uit ontoegankelijk-diepe bron,
 Waar wil uw geheimzinnige water heen?

Gij beeldt mijn leven. Uw doodstille nacht,
 Uw flikkrend golven, luide en holle kolk,
 Onvindbre bron en onnaspeurbre loop,
 Zijn elke in mij verbeeld: en 't wijde ruim
 En de ongemeten zee zeggen niet eer
 Wat slijmige grot, welke afgedwaalde wolk
 Uw waatren inhoudt, als 't heelal zegt, waar
 Mijn levende gedachten wonen, wijl
 Mijn bloedloos lijf op bloemen wegteert in
 De haastige wind."

Het gras langs, aan de zoom

Van 't smalle water, ging hij; en hij prentte
 Op 't groene mos zijn voeten, bevend door
 Het schudden van zijn brandend lijf. Als een,
 Door vroolke waanzin opgestooten uit
 Zijn koortsbed, schreed hij; niet, gelijk zulk een,
 Het graf vergetend, waar, wanneer de vlam
 Van krachtlooze verrukking is gespild,
 Hij nederdaalt. Met snelle schreden liep hij
 In schaduw van geboomte, naast het vlieten
 Van 't wild babblende beekje voort; en nu
 Werden de plechtige boschswelvingen
 Vervangen door 't ééntintige avondlicht.
 Grauw rots keek uit schaarsch mos, en stiet op beek
 Die schuimend bruiste: sprietig rietgerank
 Wierp langs de ruige glooiing dunne schaduw,
 En enkel knoestge en oude sparretronken,
 Verweerd en kaal, grepen in wortelklauw
 De onwillige grond. Verandering kwam allengs,
 Toch ijslijk. Want, gelijk, als jaren gaan,
 Het voorhoofd rimpelt en 't haar dunner wordt
 En grijs; en waar spranklende dauwige oogen
 Schenen, steenbollen blinken; zoo, terwijl hij schreed,
 Verdwenen kleurge bloemen, warme schaduw
 Van groene hollen, met hun geurge wind
 En muzikaal bewegen. Rustig toog hij
 Langs stroom, die met een zwaarder massa thans
 De doolhof diep doorwentelde en zich daar
 Een pad knaagde door dalende boog op boog
 Met vreugdloos haasten. Weerzijds rezen nu
 Rotsen, die onverbeeldbaar van gedaant
 Hun zwarte en naakte toppespitsen staken
 In 't licht van d' avond, en, de steile wand

't Ravijn verduistrend, openden ze omhoog
 In kantelblokken zwart-gapende holen
 Wier windingen tienduizend stemmen gaven
 Aan 't stroomgeschal. Zie, waar zijn steenen kaken
 De pas verbreedt, breekt bruusk de berg en schijnt
 Met zijn opeengehoopte rotsgevaarten
 Te hangen over de aard: want onder 't bleeke
 Gesternte en maan die daalt, spreiden zich wijd
 Beëilande zeeën, blauwe bergen, stroomen,
 Scheemrige en breede streken, glanzig-donker
 Van een loodkleurige avond. Vuurge heuvels
 Menglen met schemer vlammen, op de rand
 Van verre horizon. Het naast tafreel
 Was, in zijn naakte en strenge eenvoudigheid,
 Een tegenbeeld van dat heelal. Een pijn,
 Geworteld in de rots, strekte in het ruim
 Zwaaiende takken, elke ontsadige vlaag
 Eén antwoord gevend, bij elk rustverwilt
 Trouwlijk in de eigen maat, met het gehuil,
 De donder en 't gestoom van 't huisloos water
 Zijn plechtige zang vereenend, daar de stroom,
 Breed, schuimend, jagend langs zijn steenige baan,
 Zich neerstortte in dat matelooze leeg,
 Zijn golven strooiende in de haastge wind.

Maar grauwe en steile wand en plechtige pijn
 En val, waren niet alles: één stil oord
 Was daar: de rand-zelf van die machtige berg,
 Door wortelknoesten en gevallen rotsen
 Gesteund: uitziende in onaantastbre vreë
 Op donkere aarde en buigend stergewelf.
 Een rustige plek die leek te glimlachen
 In de schoot zelf van 't gruwbre. Klimop klemde
 De breukige steenen in zijn vlechtende armen
 En overwies met altijd groen geblaart
 En donkre bezies 't gladde en vlakke ruim
 Van zijn nog onontwilde vloer, en hier
 Droegen de kinderen van herfstdwarrelwind,
 In dartel spel, het schittrend loof, dat welkend,
 Rood, geel of bleek gelijk een avondlucht,
 Met zomerpronk wedijvert. Dit 's de wijk
 Van iedere zachte wind, die door zijn adem
 De woestenij rust minnen leert. Eén stap,
 Eén menschestap alleen heeft ooit de stilte

Van 't eenzaam oord verbroken: ééne stem
 Bezielde er de echoos; de eigen stem alleen
 Die hierheen kwam aandrijvende op de wind,
 Opat de lieflijkste van menschgedaanten
 Die wilde holen tot de bergplaats maakte
 Van al de schoonheid en bevalligheid
 Haar eigen, er haar majesteit aan schonk,
 Muziek strooide op de harteloze storm,
 En vochtig loof en blauwe grottenaard,
 Voedsters van kleurgebloemt en takkig mos,
 De kleuren gaf van wang die bleekt en bloost,
 Die sneeuwige borst, dat donkre en zinkend oog.

De omfloersde maan, gehoornd, hing laag en goot
 Een zee van glans die op de horizon
 De bergen overvloeide. Gele mist
 Vulde de grenslooze atmosfeer en dronk
 Bleek maanlicht tot hij vol was. Niet een ster
 Scheen, niet een klank verklonk: de winden zelfs,
 Gevaars barsch speelfolk, sliepen op die steilt,
 Vast in zijn arm geklemd. O storm van dood!
 Wat sombre nacht splijt uw onzichtbre spoed!
 En gij, reuzig Geraamte, dat aldoor,
 Geleider van haar onweerstaanbre vaart,
 In uw vernietigende almachtigheid
 Vorst op de breeklijke aard zijt, — van het roode
 Slagveld, van 't dampend hospitaal, 't gewijde
 Bed van de vrijheidsheld, de sneeuwige peul
 Van de onschuld, van schavot en tronen roept
 Een machtige stem u aan. Verwoesting roept
 Zijn broeder Dood. Zeldzame koningsprooi
 Heeft hij bereid, snufflend de wereld door;
 Waarmee verzaad gij rusten moogt, en menschen
 Gaan naar hun graven, bloem of worm gelijk,
 Noch offren ooit meer aan uw zwart outaar
 't Roemloos geschenk van een gebroken hart.

Toen op de drempel van dat groen verblijf
 Des zwervers voetstap viel, wist hij dat Dood
 Hem na was. Nog een poos, voordat zij vlood,
 Opende hij zijn hooge en heilge ziel
 Voor beelden van vergane majesteit
 Die in zijn lijdzaam wezen nu verbleven
 Als winden vol van zoet muziek, die aadmen
 Door duistre traliekamer. Hij ontspande

Zijn bleeke en maagre hand op 't schorsige hout
 Van de oude pijn. Op klimop-groene steen
 Leunde 't vermoeide hoofd; zijn leden rustten
 Ontspierd, bewegingloos op de effen rand
 Van die verborgen kloof; — zoo lag hij dan
 En gaf zich op aan laatste werkingen
 Van 't vlotgeworden leven. Wanhoop, hoop,
 De pijngers, sluimerden: geen smart noch vrees
 Stoorde zijn rust; wat invloede in de zinnen,
 En 't eigen wezen ongemengd met leed,
 Maar zwakker, telkens zwakker, voedde kalm
 De stroom van 't denken; tot hij aadmend lag
 Vredig en zacht glimlachend: — laatst zag hij
 De groote maan, die op de westkim van
 De wijde wereld haar machtge hoorn verhief,
 In de ijle stralen ingeweven donker
 Zich menglend. Boven op de klippige heuvels
 Rustte ze, en nog, daar de gedeelde vorm
 Van 't breed gesternte zonk, sloeg 's Dichters pols
 Die in geheimvolle eenheid met Natuur,
 Haar eb en vloed, altijd bewoog, zwak mee.
 En toen twee mindrende lichtpunten maar
 Glansden door 't donker, deed het beurtgehijs
 Van zijn flauwe adem de stilstaande nacht
 Ternood bewegen: tot de laatste straal
 Gedooft was, draalde 't kloppen in zijn hart.
 Het poosde, 't beefde. Doch toen 't hemelwelf
 Volslagen zwart bleef hing de nachtschauw over
 Een beeld, koud, zwijgend en bewegingloos,
 Gelijk haar stemlooze aarde en ledige lucht.
 Zooals een damp met gouden glans gedrenkt,
 Dienaar van 't zonlicht, eer het westen het
 Verbergt, was thans die wondervolle vorm —
 Gevoel, beweging meer, noch godlijkheid;
 Breekbare luit, in samenklank besnaard,
 Waar hemeladem langsvloot; heldre stroom,
 Gevoed eens door veelstemmige golven; droom
 Van jeugd, die nacht en tijd voor altijd doofden,
 Stil, donker, droog en voortaan onherdacht.

O, thans Medea's wondre tooverkunst,
 Die oovral waar ze viel de aard glanzen deed
 Van schitterbloemen en het winterhout
 Van lentebloesem geuren! O dat God,
 Mild met vergiften, mij de kelk vergunde

Die één slechts dronk en leefde, hij die nu,
 Vat van doodlooze toorn, een slaaf die geen
 Trotsch voorrecht voelt in de rampzaalge doem
 Hem opgeladen, eeuwig de aard doorzwerft,
 Eenzaam gelijk Dood zelf! O dat de droom
 Die in zijn grot de donkre toovenaar schouwt,
 Als hij in sintels van zijn vijzel speurt
 Naar macht en leven, en zijn hand, verzwakt,
 Trilt in haar laatst verval, de wet mocht zijn
 Van de zoo schoone wereld! Maar gij vloodt
 Als een krachtlooze damp, die dageraad
 In gouden stralen kleedt, ai mij, gij vloodt,
 De dappre en schoone en edelaardige,
 Kind van genie en gratie. Hartloosheid
 Doet en spreekt in de wereld, wormen leven,
 Beesten en menschen, en de machtige Aard
 Heft van zee, berg, van stad en wildernis
 In zachte vesper of blijde ochtendzang
 Aldoor haar plechtige tonen: maar gij vloodt,
 Gij kent niet meer noch mint meer de gedaanten
 Van dit gedroomd tooneel, zij die u waren
 De reinste dienaars, zij die zijn, helaas,
 Nu dat gij vloodt. Laat op die bleeke mond,
 Zoo zoet zelfs in zijn zwijgen, op die oogen
 Die slaap in dood afbeelden, op dat lijf
 Nog door geen worm geschonden, niet een traan
 Vallen, niet in gedachte. Ook, als die tinten
 Vergaan zijn en dat hemelsch wezen zelf,
 Op de ongevoelige wind verwaaid, slechts leeft
 In zwakke maten van mijn simple zang,
 Laat dan trotsch vers, gedachtnis vierende
 Van dat wat niet meer leeft, noch verf die treurt,
 Noch beitel, in machtloos verbeelden hun
 Koud pogen toonen. Kunst, welsprekendheid,
 Al de vertooningen van de aard beweenen
 Vergeefs een leed dat nacht maakt van hun licht.
 Want dat is leed „te diep voor tranen”, als
 Alles op eens sterft, een verheven Geest
 Wiens licht de wereld tooide, hun die blijven
 Zelfs niet de drang tot snik of kreunen laat,
 't Verzet van hoop die zich hartstochtlijk hecht, —
 Maar bleeke Wanhoop, koude Roerloosheid,
 Natuur een vorm, een web het menschbedrijf,
 Geboorte en graf niet als zij zijn geweest. —

The Pan-erotic Element in Shelley.

One of the deepest feelings of Shelley's soul is expressed in a place, where the superficial reader would be least likely to look for its expression: in a play by Shaw. The young poet Marchbanks in *Candida* says to the horrified typist Miss Proserpine: 'We all go about longing for love; it is the first need of our natures, the first prayer of our hearts; but we dare not utter our longing: we are too shy' And again: 'You feel that you could love anybody that offered the poets talk to themselves out loud, and the world overhears them. But it is horribly lonely not to hear some one else talk sometimes'.

To this feeling the greater part of Shelley's poetry owes its birth. It is the strongest impulse to his creative energy. It modifies his views about many things apparently not connected with it. It finds in his poems its most fervent expression and in his prose its most impassioned vindication. It determines the critical standard by which his work will have to be judged. It makes this work into a soul's treasury, from which the mere beauty-seeker must needs depart empty-handed. For the absence of it, or anything resembling it, in the reader's mind will raise between him and the poet a wall which true enjoyment cannot overleap. It is, according to a Dutch critic,¹⁾ the criterion of the poetic temperament.

— — — — —

'You feel that you could love anybody that offered', says Marchbanks. This comprehensiveness is typically Shelleyan. Lionel in *Rosalind and Helen* 'loved all things ever'. In the essay *On Love* the poet says: 'I have everywhere sought sympathy'. And in the same essay he gives to the question: 'what is love?' the following answer: 'It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves'.

The incompleteness of the human soul, then, its inability to live for and by itself, lies at the bottom of this desire. The void requires filling up, and to that end the soul turns literally everywhere. Naturally, it first goes out to another soul, its antitype, 'a miniature of our own self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the prototype of everything excellent or lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man'. The youth in *Alastor* 'thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself'. And the voice of the veiled maid in this poem is 'like the voice of his own soul, heard in the calm of thought'.

But if his search is in vain, then, 'in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters and the sky. In the motions of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart'. The love which man refused, will be granted by Nature, whose law, whose very existence is love and intercourse. Do not the fountains mingle with the river and the waves clasp one another? How could Nature then repulse one, who calls himself 'this world of love, this me' (*Epipsychidion*), in whom, as in Lionel, 'love and live were twins, born at one birth'?

¹⁾ J. C. BLOEM, *Het verlangen (De Beweging, 1915)*.

In winds and trees and streams and all things common
 In music and the sweet unconscious tone
 Of animals, and voices which are human,
 Meant to express some feelings of their own ;
 In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
 In flower and leaves, and in the grass fresh-shown,
 Or dying in the autumn, I the most
 Adore thee present, or lament thee lost.

(*The Zucca*).

Needless to say, it is neither in Nature's nor in man's power, to grant the soul's desire, to fill its void, once for all. And so the seeker's quest does not end till death. He will turn in dissatisfaction and disappointment from one object to another. Therefore, only a hopelessly prosaic mind will discover an inconsistency in the poem alluded to above, ¹⁾ where the poet plaintively observes a contrast between the accepted desires of natural objects and the rejected offers of the human soul.

The comprehensiveness of the search for an anti-type, the impossibility of complete, and even more the very great possibility of partial attainment, logically preclude the restriction of the heart's affections to one human being. Hence the lines in *Epipsychidion* :

I never was attached to that great sect,
 Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
 Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
 To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
 Of modern morals, and the beaten road
 Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
 Who travel to their home among the dead
 By the broad highway of the world, and so
 With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
 The dreariest and the longest journey go.

.....
 Narrow
 The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
 The life that wears, the spirit that creates
 One object, and one form, and builds thereby
 A sepulchre for its eternity.

After the foregoing, it will be superfluous to emphasize that the multiplicity of its objects does not, in any way, detract from the intensity of the passion. That eminent critic, Mr. Arthur Symonds, ²⁾ who says of Shelley that his way of falling into and out of love is a sign that his emotions were rapid and on the surface, is surely wrong for once. The flippant Lord Henry in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, who remarks : 'those who are faithful

¹⁾ *Love's Philosophy*.

²⁾ *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*.

know only the trivial side of love, it is the faithless who know love's tragedies', is just as near to, or rather as far from the truth.

In the same way, the logical consequence of the all-embracing pursuit of an idealised equal, will be a disregard of sex. To this point the poet strains his feelings in the fragments connected with *Epipsychidion*, when he says:

And as to friend or mistress, 't is a form

or:

If any should be curious to discover

Whether to you I am a friend or lover,

Let them read Shakespeare's sonnets, taking thence

A whetstone for their dull intelligence.

However, the unpleasantly frivolous tone of what follows ('I'll pawn my hopes of heaven', etc.) should be a warning to the student who wants to step, at this point, from the domain of Shelley's writings into the sanctuary of his private life, to walk guardedly or, better still, to keep on the threshold.

There is one other result of Shelley's comprehensive conception of love: unlike the ordinary lover, he need not fear the danger of satiety. 'All things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed', says Gratiano in one of his rare lucid moments. The Dutch poet Boutens complains 'dat uit bezit en uit gemis dezelfde leegheid over is'. And Jack London refines on this theme in his story *When God Laughs*. The Shelleyan lover runs no such risks. Not his 'the heart high-sorrowful and cloyed, the burning forehead and the parching tongue', his love is 'for ever warm and still to be enjoyed'. Only once in all Shelley's poetry is the word satiety put side by side with love:

Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

(*To a Skylark*).

At this point it may be well to point out the side of Shelley's pan-eroticism which has hitherto not been considered, the altruistic one. The youth in *Prince Athanase*, whose spiritual experiences have rightly been identified with Shelley's own, 'did not close the portals of his mind to any whom life's sphere may comprehend within its wide array'. What is said of the poet in Gray's *Elegy*: large was his bounty, and his soul sincere, is equally applicable to Prince Athanase. In fact, Shelley says in strikingly similar words:

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,

And to his many friends — all loved him well,

Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell.

His love of his kind goes further still, for:

Such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead.

And as the capacity for love is, to Shelley, unlimited in the receiver, so it is in the giver. Those who are morally shocked at the first aspect of his idea of love, can hardly find food for criticism in the second.

True love differs in this from gold and clay
That to divide is not to take away,

and again :

If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole ; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared.

(*Epipsychidion*).

These last three words are significant, if they refer, as I am firmly convinced they do, to the recipient of the poet's love, not to himself.

The desire to give was in his mind an equally strong goad to action as the hunger to receive. It haunted him to the point of obsession as much as its egoistical counterpart.

For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other Heaven.

(*Queen Mab*).

Not only that it filled a void in times of sorrow, it also drained the cup of his happiness, when there was none to share it. It rendered selfish enjoyment impossible. While his soul is drinking in the beauty of the Mediterranean, he cries out:

How sweet ! did any one now share in my emotion.

(*Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples*).

This line contains the transition from the range of his personal to his artistic experiences. The wish to impart joy is the main source of his creative energy. This point cannot be too strongly emphasized, and a comparison with Keats becomes inevitable. The latter once said of himself : 'I write merely for the enjoyment of creating beautiful things. I should go on writing if I knew that no one cared for my work, or if every morning the fruits of my labour of the previous night were burnt'. This is quite in accordance with the illogical, old-time catchword, which it has cost modern authors and critics so much trouble to outgrow, of 'art for art's sake'. And it is in startling opposition to Shelley's utterance in a letter to Leigh Hunt : 'It is impossible to compose except under the strong excitement of an assurance of finding sympathy in what you write'. In the preface to *The Revolt of Islam* we find that 'it is the business of the Poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings, in the vivid presence of which within his own mind consists at once his inspiration and his reward'. And in *Julian and Maddalo* he speaks slightly of men who 'study some stubborn art for their own good'. Artistic egoism was as foreign to Shelley's nature as any other form of egoism.

On one of the first pages of Stijn Streuvels, diary called *In Oorlogstijd*, the writer describes how a friend and himself lay on the top of a hill in Flanders, on the 30th of July 1914, talking about the possibility of seeing a battle from that point, and then he says : 'de heerlijkheid van 't grandiose schouwspel wekt het verlangen naar de werkelijkheid om inderdaad de legerscharen te zien oprukken — om van den aanblik te genieten'. A sentiment

like this could never have been expressed by Shelley. The reasoning which underlies it, namely, that no sacrifice to mankind is too great, as long as art profits by it, would have been utterly distasteful to him. To him a thing could never be at the same time beautiful, that is right from the artistic point of view, which a battle may be, and destructive, that is bad from the moral point of view, which a battle certainly is. To continue on this road of approach to Shelley's mind would lead me to a discussion of the union of the moral idealist and the artist in Shelley, which does not lie within the scope of the present article. But it may be permitted to point out that the innate thirst for the sympathy of mankind was one of the motives which made him appeal to all its interests: its love of sensuous beauty, certainly, but also its other ideals, moral, social, political even. And he could do so with impunity, because he was a true poet, and a true poet makes whatever he touches beautiful. Although he himself professes that he hates didactic poetry, he could not help making the world better at the same time when he was making it more beautiful, because to him the ethical ideal was the same as the aesthetical, because to Shelley, far more than to Keats, Truth was Beauty, Beauty Truth. As the expanding bud opens its leaves to the rays of light and warmth, so the soul of Shelley let in Truth and Beauty. And their common origin is the Sun of Love.

Hence his conception of love colours his views of all things with which the happiness of man is bound up: religion, morals, the state, marriage. Love, he says in the preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, is the sole law which should govern the moral world. It is not compatible with current religious or political beliefs:

To live, as if to love and live were one,
 This is not faith or law, not those who bow
 To thrones in Heaven or Earth, such destiny may know.
 (*Revolt of Islam*, Canto VIII).

And some of Athanase's friends believe that

God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell
 On souls like his, which owned no higher law
 Than love.

In the Temple of Nature only such love can be solemnized:

We will have rites our faith to bind,
 But our church shall be the starry night,
 Our altar the grassy earth outspread,
 And our priest the muttering wind.
 (*Rosalind and Helen*)

But, though conventional religion may go against it,

Jesus Christ Himself did never cease
 To urge all living things to love each other.
 (*Fragments connected with Epipsychidion*).

Shelley's views on the relation between love and marriage are expressed in the lines from *Epipsychidion* quoted above, and in the *Notes on Queen*

Mab. When we find there, that 'love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness', and that 'constancy has nothing virtuous in itself, independently of the pleasure it confers', we realize more than ever, that marriage is indeed not for such as Shelley. But their gain is proportioned to their loss. On the one hand, they may say at the end of their lives, in the words of Henriëtte Roland Holst:

Mij werd het of 'k sinds jaar en dag,
Aan den buitenkant dwaalde van 't leven,
En hunkrend naar binnen zag.

Shelley himself felt it in that way, when he wrote in one of his last letters: 'One is always in love with something or other. The error consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal.' But on the other hand, theirs can never be the fate of those who, as it says in the preface to *Alastor* 'keep aloof from sympathies with their kind; who dare to abjure the dominion of love, whose hearts are dry as summer dust, and who thus constitute the lasting misery and loneliness of the world'. For, though sought and missed, or gained and lost, at a dear price,

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, o Loe! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thine ambrosial dew; —
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investeth it; and when the heavens are blue
Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some light robe; — thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men; and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore: the weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken — yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not?

(*Prince Athanase*).

Therefore, we may feel sure that if an early death had not ended his troubles, Shelley would, in spite of all, have gone on, or, like the clergyman in Galsworthy's *A Bit o' Love* have prayed for strength to go on, till he loved all living things.

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Essay on Shelley. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston, 1911.

The romantic life of Shelley and the sequel. By F. GRIBBLE. London, 1911.

Keats and Shelley Studies. By MARY SUDDARD. Cambridge, 1912.

Imagery and Style in Shelley. By EDITH BIRKHEAD. 1912. (Primitiae. Essays in English literature by students of the University of Liverpool).

Percy Bysshe Shelley, poet and pioneer. By HENRY S. SALT, 1913.

The Life of P. B. Shelley. By THOMAS MEDWIN. With Introduction and Commentary by H. B. FORMAN. Oxford University Press, 1913.

Platonism in Shelley. By LILIAN WINSTANLEY, 1913. (English Association Essays and Studies).

Shelley, Godwin and their Circle. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. (Home University Library). London, 1913.

Letters about Shelley. By DOWDEN, GARNETT and ROSSETTI. London, 1917.

Shelley in England. By R. INGPEN, 1917.

Shelley. By ANDREW OSBORN, 1919.

The Relations of Percy Bysshe Shelley with his two wives Harriet and Mary. By EDWARD T. TRELAWNEY, 1920.

A Philosophical View of Reform. By P. B. SHELLEY. Edited by T. W. ROLLSTONE. Oxford University Press. 1920.

Correspondence of Lord Byron (London, Murray 1922).

Studies in Literature, second series. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Cambridge University Press. London, 1922.

Shelley, Byron, Milton and Chaucer are among the writers dealt with.

Three Studies in Shelley and An Essay on Nature in Wordsworth and Meredith. By ARCHIBALD T. STRONG. Oxford University Press. London, 1921.

These three studies deal with *the Faith of Shelley*, *the Sinister in Shelley*, and *Shelley's Symbolism*. The first examines the poet's attitude towards Christianity, his belief regarding the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of necessity, the perfectibility of human nature, his conception of evil, and the influence of Spinoza, Plato, and Godwin on his thought. The essay on *Symbolism* discusses Shelley's metaphorical use of such words as *veil*, *serpent*, *meteor*, *poison*, *scorpion*, *boat*, *moon*. *The Sinister in Shelley* exposes 'that in his poetry which puts him in touch rather with Poe and Baudelaire than with Sophocles and Plato', and mainly concerns itself with his want of veracity or 'semi-delusions', his interest in the supernatural, his relations with women, and, in his writings, his constant preoccupation with putrefaction and decay.

¹⁾ The following collection of books and articles on Shelley, published since 1908, though not exhaustive, will be found fairly complete, and as such, it is to be hoped, useful. For the bibliography before 1908 the reader is referred to ACKERMANN, *Percy Bysshe Shelley, der Mann, der Dichter und seine Werke* (Dortmund 1906). To the title of some of the works, mainly the less accessible ones, a short summary or appreciation has been added. The compiler's best thanks are due to Fr. Helene Richter, Vienna; Dr. F. Asanger, Bochum; Prof. A. Koszul, Strasbourg; Prof. V. Mathesius, Prague; Prof. S. B. Liljgren, Lund; Mr. D. Spanjaard, The Hague; Mr. M. Brakasma, Leeuwarden; and the staff of the Groningen Public Library. — J. KOOISTRA.

Shelley and His Poetry. By E. W. EDMUNDS. London, Harrap and Co. 1911.

This little volume, belonging to the Poetry and Life Series, is a combination of a biography and an anthology, an unobjectionable book in the hands of a beginner, though rather too full of commonplaces.

Select Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited with Introduction and Notes by GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. Boston, U.S.A. and London, D. C. Heath & Co. 1908.

The Cenci by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Boston, U.S.A. and London, D. C. Heath & Co. 1909.

These two editions belong to Heath's Belles-Lettres Series. The "Select Poems" contain a good introduction to Shelley's lyrics and 10 pp. of literary notes. The Introduction to *The Cenci* gives an excellent analysis of the play; besides, some interesting things are said in it about Sh.'s obligations to Shakespeare. Also the appendix, dealing with the sources of the *Cenci* is useful. An exhaustive bibliography fills the last pages of this valuable publication.

Shelley's View of Poetry, a lecture. By A. C. BRADLEY, 1908. (English Association Leaflets, no 4).

After insisting on the wide meaning of the word poetry, the author points out that Sh. was never particular about fine phrases and details of execution. But no poetry is more manifestly inspired. It is free from the vices of self-consciousness. Sh.'s theory of poetry is not opposed to his own practice: the poet may write of absolutely anything, so long as he can colour it with the hues of the ideal. With regard to the lines in 'Adonais'

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,

B. remarks that Shelley tends to forget the other side, viz. that the many colours are the white light broken.

The true moral effect of poetry is produced through imagination, and not through doctrine; the true moral virtue of Shelley's poetry lies in an intuition of the unique value of love.

How Shelley approached the Ode to the West Wind. By H. BUXTON FORMAN. Macmillan & Co, 1913.

In one of the poet's note books given by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley to Dr. Garnett we see Shelley's struggle with the terza rima and find the passage:

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!

adumbrated in the lines:

But as my hopes were fire, so my decay
Shall be as ashes covering them. Oh Earth,
Oh friends, if when my has ebbed away
One spark be unextinguished of that hearth
Kindled in

The author remembers having seen "somewhere at some time" a holograph manuscript of the ode or part of it, containing for its last line:

O Wind,
When Winter comes, Spring lags not far behind.

and calls the change into the form which we know, "a transformation from the thinker's dogmatic assertion to the singer's tremulous question".

On the first two lines of Epipsychidion. By A. DE BOSIS. Macmillan & Co, 1913.

Garnett, in 'Relics of Shelley' has said (p. 97): The orphan one, Emilia's spiritual sister, is Mary Shelley, whose mother died in giving her birth; the name is Shelley's own.

De Bosis says, the orphan one is the spirit of Shelley. "I suspect that Mr. Garnett and others have been led into that error by the word 'Sister' taken as a bond between two similar beings, as though besides sister to sister one could not be sister to a brother!" The proof — thus De Bosis — is furnished by the few lines of Italian at the back of one of the leaves of the holograph manuscript of 'The Mask of Anarchy'.

bella dolce
chi sei la sorella

Anima
Di quella orfana anima che regge
Il nome e la forma mia

And why, says the author, is Shelley's name a source of tears to Emilia Viviani? Because 'persi' in Italian means 'lost'. The reader, to whom this explanation seems somewhat fanciful, will be positively startled by the last line of this clever study, which runs: I would be glad, if my interpretation should be accepted, for, although it differs essentially from Dr. Garnett's, *I propose or rather state it simply because I know it to be right.* (the italics are De B.'s).

Shelley and Calderon (and other essays on English and Spanish Poetry). By MADARIAGA. Constable & Co, 1920.

Shelley discovered a resemblance between Calderon and Shakespeare. Madariaga states a difference: Shakespeare's mind was as neutral to man's ways and thoughts as water to colour. He was a pantheist, and his view of the world was essentially aesthetic. His philosophy was poetry. Calderon lived in and for his Catholic faith. His ideas were strictly orthodox and his mind was dogmatic.

There is in Shelley's poetry a certain internal stiffness, an almost mechanical rigidity, hidden under an admirably fluid external rhythm, which becomes quite pronounced in the grotesque or satirical works, such as *Peter Bell the Third*, and *Swellfoot the Tyrant*.

We are here at one of the points where Shelley and Calderon meet. Shelley does not understand comedy. He was as dogmatic in his revolutionary creed as Calderon in his religion. The composition of the Ode to the West Wind is the most brilliant example of Calderon's action (sic) over Shelley. Shelley's taste for weird scenery was not unlike that of Calderon. Rocks, crags and precipices are their favourite element.

Madariaga calls Shelley's mind opposed to Matthew Arnold's and Wordsworth's British utilitarianism. Mary said his tastes discarded human interest. Madariaga disputes this notion: it is precisely because Sh. was too deeply obsessed with *man* that he could not write on *men*. His poetry did not dwell on human character, but only because it was overwhelmed by human *destiny*. And that is perhaps why Sh. found in Calderon a fellow-mind.

Note on a Passage in Shelley's Ode to Liberty. By THOMAS J. C. SANDERSON. (Doves Press. Hammersmith, 1914).

Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us
In the dim West; impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

Swinburne said: The construction (from 'impress' onward) is wild and falls to pieces. The sense at starting is clearly: Impress us with all ye have thought and done, which time cannot dare conceal, or: let all ye have thought and done impress us, etc.

Rossetti (1870) takes *ye* to refer to Spain and England.

Forman (1876) identifies *ye* with Republicanism in America.

Mr. Sanderson objects that Sh., of all others, would not appeal to Spain, the protagonist of Tyranny, the champion of the Papacy, the author of the Inquisition, "to impress us, . . ."

Mr. Forman's interpretation does violence to the text in several respects. (Forman, by the way, conjectures that 'us' should be 'as').

S.'s reading is as follows: *ye* refers to 'the eternal years'; *us* is simply us, the people, or world at large; 'impress us from a seal all ye have thought and done' is the matter of the appeal which the twins of a single destiny, are invited to make to the eternal years. S. understands 'the eternal years enthroned before us in the dim West' to mean the years of revolution already accomplished in the West (this revolution is achieved, fixed and unchangeable, enthroned and matter for a 'seal') and refers for a comparison to the lines in 'Hellas':

But Greece and her foundations. . . .

. . . on all the world of men inherits Their seal is set.

The destiny of the twins is single, — Liberty!

b. GERMAN.

Spensers literarisches Nachleben bis zu Shelley. Von T. BÖHME. Berlin 1909. Mayer und Müller, pp. IX + 349. (Chapter 7, 5. Spensers Einfluss auf Shelley).

Die persönlichen Beziehungen zwischen Byron und den Shelleys. Von M. EIMER. Heidelberg 1910. C. Winter, pp. XII + 149.

P. B. Shelley als Übersetzer aus italienischen, deutschen und spanischen Dichtungen. Von J. GIESEN. I Teil. Shelley als Übersetzer aus dem Italienischen. Freiburg 1910. Diss. pp. 75.

Wörterbuch zu den englischen Dichtungen von Percy Bysshe Shelley. Von L. VOLKLAND. Teil I. A-M. Leipzig 1910. Diss. pp. X + 81.

P. B. Shelley's Sprachstudien. Seine Übersetzungen aus dem Lateinischen und Griechischen. Von F. ASANGER. Münster 1911. Diss. pp. 141.

Shelley als Romantiker. Von H. SCHMITT. Marburg 1911. Diss. pp. 52.

Shelley's Verskunst. Von A. KRÖDER. Münchener Beiträge, 1913.

Besprechung: Van Dam. *Englische Studien*, 34, 1.

Das poetische Geschlecht der Substantive in den Dichtungen Percy Bysshe Shelleys. Von H. LYRE. Kiel 1916. Diss. pp. XVI + 189.

Tennyson und Keats. Eine Untersuchung des Einflusses von Keats auf Tennyson mit Berücksichtigung von Shelley. Von F. SCHNEIDER. Münster 1916. Diss. pp. VIII + 110.

Studien zu Shelleys Lyrik. Von H. HUSCHER. Leipzig 1919. B. Tauchnitz. pp. 156.

Reviewed *Engl. Studies*, II, 149.

Die Beziehungen zwischen Byron und Leigh Hunt. Von W. SCHIRMER. Freiburg Diss.

Besprechung: Helene Richter, *Englische Studien*, 1917.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. Sämtliche Dichtungen. In Einzelübertragungen herausgegeben von J. H. NEUENDORFF. 1 Bändchen: Alastor. Dresden 1909. pp. XVI + 35.

P. B. Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. Erste kritische Ausgabe mit Einleitung und Kommentar, herausg. von RICHARD ACKERMANN. Heidelberg 1908. Carl Winter. XLIV + 132.

Besprechung: Helene Richter, *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, 30 Jan. 1909.

Zu Shelley's Dichtung 'The Wandering Jew'. Von M. EIMER. (*Anglia*, 38, 3, 4).

Shelley als Romantiker. Von H. SCHMITT. (*Englische Studien*, 44, 1.)

The Nascent Mind of Shelley. By A. M. D. HUGHES. (*Engl. Studien*, 45, 1.)

Some Recent English Shelley literature. By A. M. D. HUGHES. (*Engl. Studien*, 45, 2.)

Einflüsse deutscher Räuber- und Schauer-romantik auf Shelley, Mrs. Shelley und Byron. Von M. EIMER. (*Englische Studien*, 48, 2.)

Ergänzungen zu Captain E. E. Williams' Journal. (1821—'22). Von M. EIMER. *Englische Studien*, 49, 1.)

Ein unbekannter Brief Shelleys an Ollier. Von W. FISCHER. (*Engl. Studien*, 51, 3.)

Synæsthesien in der englischen Dichtung des 19 Jahrhunderts. Von E. VON SIEBOLD. (Shelley, p. 223—246). *Engl. Studien*, 53, 2.

Shelley in Fiction. By L. H. ALLEN. (*Zeitschr. für franz. und engl. Unterricht*, 6, 5 und 7, 2).

Shelley und der Weltkrieg. Von W. WAGNER. (*Zeitschr. für franz. und engl. Unterricht*, 16, 1.)

P. B. Shelley. Zum hunderdsten Gedenktag seines Todes. Von H. RICHTER. (*Neue Freie Presse*, 8 Juli 1922).

c. FRENCH.

Shelley, traduction et introduction. Par A. KOSZUL. Les Cent Chefs d'Oeuvre Etrangers. La Renaissance du Livre, Paris 1922.

In the press, about 200 pp.; extracts translated, occasionally in blank or rhymed verse.

La Jeunesse de Shelley. Par ANDRÉ KOSZUL. Bloud, Paris 1910. 439 pp.

Essentially a psychological and literary study; some unpublished material in the Appendices pp. 401-439.

De l'emploi du symbole dans la poésie de Shelley. Par CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON. Revue germanique, Juillet-Aout 1912. pp. 426-432.

Especially the symbolical value of light and shade.

Oeuvres Poétiques de Shelley, traduites en français par RABBE. Paris 1908.

d. ITALIAN.

Saggio di Studi Shelleyani. By L. BERNHEIMER. Piacenza 1920, 35 pp.

Treats of Shelley's sojourn in Italy and the poems there composed.

e. CZECH.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, VÝBOR Z PROSY (A Selection of Prose Writings). PŘELOŽIL, ÚVOD A POZNÁMKY NAPSAL F. CHUDOBA. (Translated, with a preface and notes, by F. Chudoba). (OTÁZKY A NÁZORY, XLVII. PRAHA, J. LAICHTER. 1920. Two volumes. Vol. I. Pp. XLV+278. I. Essays on Literature and Fine Arts. II. Philosophical and Religious Pieces. III. Political Pamphlets). Vol. II. Pp. 334. (I. Narrative Fragments II. Letters).

F. CHUDOBA, Shelley v ZRCADLE SVÝCH DOPISŮ (Shelley in the mirror of his letters). NOVINA, 3/1909. PRAHA. Pp. 371 ss., 402 ss., 425 ss., 459 ss., 494 ss., 522 ss. (Reprinted in F.

CHUDOBA, BÁSNÍCI, VĚSTCI A BOJOVNÍCI. ČÁST PRVÁ. PRAHA, MÁNES. 1915. Pp. 17-53].

F. CHUDOBA, THOMSONŮV Shelley (Thomson's Shelley). PŘEHLED, 7/1908-9. PRAHA. Pp. 825 ss., 866 ss.

f. FINNISH.

Sonnetter och Sanger, translations of foreign poetry by E. ZILLIACUS. Helsingfors 1921

g. POLISH.

Stowacki-Shelley. By R. CIOTKOSZ. Tarnow 1909, 42 pp.

The author compares and draws an elaborate parallel between Stowacki's *W Sewajcaryi* and *Beatrice Cenci*, on the one hand and Shelley's *Epipsychidion* and *The Cenci* on the other.

h. DUTCH.

Shelley's Alastor, vertaald door Dr. K. H. DE RAAFF, met inleiding van W. Kloos. (Rotterdam, Brusse.)

Percy Bysshe Shelley. Prometheus Ontboeid, vertaald door ALEX GUTTELING. (Wereldbibliotheek).

Shelley. Prometheus Unbound, door J. J. VAN DER LEEUW. (*Minerva*, 11, 18, 25 Mei, 2, 8 Juni 1916).

Gutting's Prometheus-vertaling door P. N. VAN EYCK. (*Beweging*, 1916. II).

Van Eyck en Gutting's Prometheus-vertaling door W. KLOOS. (*N. Gids*, 1916. IV).

Prometheus' zonde, door K. KUIPER. (*Onze Eeuw*, 1911. I.)

Shelley. Adonais, vertaald door A. GUTTELING. (*Beweging*, 1914. IV).

Shelley. Het Kruidje-roer-mij-niet, vertaald door G. DE GRAAF. (*Buiten*, 8 April 1911.)

Nieuwere Literatuurgeschiedenis, door W. KLOOS.

Deel III, hoofdst. XXIX, bl. 27, hoofdst. XXX, bl. 82; deel IV, hoofdst. LXXXV, bl. 177, hoofdst. LXXXVI, bl. 184, hoofdst. LXXXVII, bl. 192; deel V, hoofdst. CIX, bl. 196; deel VI, hoofdst. CXIII, bl. 7, hoofdst. CXIV, bl. 24, hoofdst. CXVII, bl. 66, 67 en 72, hoofdst. CXVIII, bl. 82 en 83, hoofdst. CXX, bl. 111 en 125, hoofdst. CXXIII, bl. 159 en 167; deel IX, hoofdst. CLVI, CLXIV, CLXVI bl. 197.

Opstandigheid en Dichtkunst [III, de beweging van '80 en Shelley]. Door Is. P. DE VOOYS. (*Beweging*, 1911. I en II).

Aanteekening by Shelley's Epipsychidion. Door A. VERWEY. (*Beweging*, 1916, II).

Ruin-ravin. Door W. KLOOS. (*N. Gids*, 1916, dl. II, blz. 273-291; 448-459).

Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. By J. KOOISTRA. (*Neophilologus*, jrg. 1).

Demogorgon in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. By A. G. VAN KRANENDONK. (*Neophilologus*, jrg. 2).

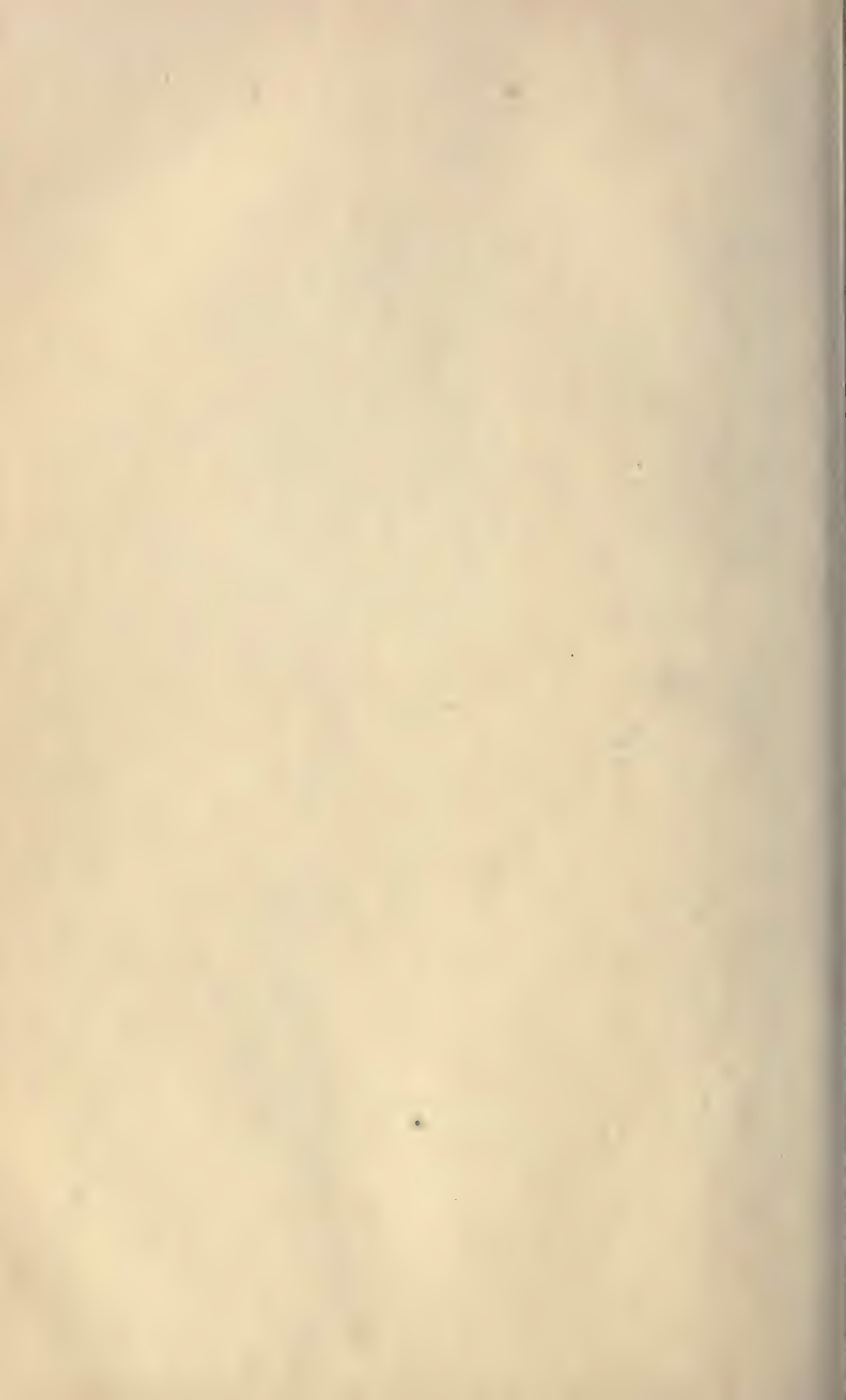
Some notes on the metre of The Sensitive Plant. By A. G. v. KRANENDONK. (*Neophilologus*, jrg. 4).

- Shelley en Vondel*. Door A. T. A. HEYTING. (*Tijdspiegel*, 1911, III).
De dichtkunst verdedigd. Door H. WISMANS. (*Katholiek* 1917).
Shelley. Door H. WISMANS. (*Katholiek*, 1917).
Vertaling van The Ode to the West Wind. Door H. WISMANS. (*Katholiek*, 1917).
Over Vondel, Milton en Shelley. [De bezielende gedachte in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound]
 Door D. TOL. (*N. Gids*, 1917, I).
Shelley's Hellas. Door H. BOEKEN. [Aanteekeningen over kunsten letteren]. (*N. Gids*, 1915, II)
Shelley, Verzen, door WILLEM KLOOS. [met toelichting]. (*N. Gids*, 1921, II).
Vertaling van Ode to the West Wind. Door R. TER LAAN. (*Amst. Weekbl.*, 8 Juli 1916).
Praeludium van Alastor, vertaald met inleiding door R. TER LAAN. (*Groot Nederland* 1918, II).
Shelley's Adonais in het Friesch, vertaald door D. KALMA. (*Gulden Winckel*, 1917).
Een verklaring van de eerste verzen van Shelley's Epipsychidion [see English section]
 (N. Rott. Ct., 4, 9, 22 Maart 1916 Av., 7 Maart '16 Ocht.).
Id. (K. H. DE RAAF, *Nieuwe Gids*, 1916, I).
Id. (ALBERT VERWEY, *Beweging*, 1916, II).
Prometheus. Door C. VAN BRUGGEN. bl. 527—557. (Nijgh en Van Ditmar, 1919).
Gedigte, door TH. WASSENAAR. (Swets en Zeitlinger)
 (Contains two sonnets „Aan Shelley” pp. 18 and 19).

i. FRISIAN.

- Shelley's Adoneis*, oerset en ynlaet fen D. KALMA. (Van der Spoel & Co, Grou 1916).
Shelley's Alastor yn oersetting fen RINKE TOLMAN en D. KALMA. (A. J. Osinga, Snits 1918).
Shelley's Ode oan Frydom (Frisia, 4e jrg. 1920).
De greate stimmen. Fen D. KALMA. [Ynlieding ta moderne taelkinst, III. Shelley (syn tiid), IIIa — syn wirk] (*De nye Mienskip*, Jrg. I No. 5 en 6).
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The Women of George Eliot's Novels.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are remarkable for the progress made in science. Much of it was due to the method of analysis, of inductive inquiry and of research in all the facts of nature for the laws which underlie them. The favourable results gained by it, induced artists to adopt the same procedure with regard to literature. The first outcome of this attempt were mere photographic studies of life. But gradually this new method was applied in a more sympathetic spirit to the deeper problems of the human heart with a view of interpreting man from within in his motives and impulses, of showing why he acts, and of unfolding his subtler elements. Thus, some fifty years ago, the psychological novel came into existence. Its centre lies in the development and analysis of man's soul, in the invisible world of inclinations and dispositions. Its problems are inward, and though circumstance may be indispensable, it serves but as a setting.

One of the most conspicuous representatives of the psychological novel is George Eliot. She combined profound culture in philosophy with keen observation and a rare capacity for imaginative insight. Being besides of a passionate and highly susceptible nature, all nerves and impulses, she had undergone many painful struggles and hard disappointments, already before she took to novel-writing. Consequently she was all the better able to understand equal suffering in others; for, as she says herself: "There are certain secrets taught only by pain."¹⁾ Thus she was well prepared for the study of the human heart on which she lays great stress in all her works. Her method, as she tells us, was to begin with minds, thoughts and passions, and then invent the story for their sake and fit it to them. Everything was dependent on "her psychological conception of the dramatis personae."²⁾ The soul of woman with her greater depth and range of emotions had naturally a special attraction for George Eliot. She delights in showing her to us in the process of expanding, in opening her inmost secrets, in analysing her motives. Each of her novels contains one or several female figures, many of whom may be ranked among the best in English literature.

George Eliot delineates altruistic souls, who suppress all claims of self-gratification and devote themselves entirely to the welfare of others. But she also introduces to us egoistic women who regard all their selfish demands as rights, and every claim upon them as an injury. And she draws mixed characters in whom the conflict between individual life with its need of self-development, and the laws given by society, between egoistic desires, and duties which conscience sets up, is violent and does not always end with victory.

The chief representatives of altruism are to be found in George Eliot's earlier novels, so in *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*, in which in the person of Mrs. Barton we are shown self-sacrifice in its pathetic form; in *Adam Bede*, in which Dinah Morris personifies self-devotion under the influence of religion, and in *Silas Marner*, in which Mrs. Winthrop's cheerful readiness to help her neighbours is so agreeable.

¹⁾ J. W. Cross: G. Eliot's Life I. p. 55.

²⁾ " " " " " I. p. 349.

Milly Barton, the wife of the Vicar of Shepperton, is introduced to us as a loving wife and mother, a kind mistress and a genuine friend whose overflowing love for her husband and her children keeps her heart always light, even when her feeble body is exhausted with the day's work. When her health in consequence of the exertions and privations she had taken upon her for her family, is daily failing more and more, the "fair, gentle Madonna" in spite of her illness, never complains, till the great friend of mankind, death, comes to lead her into a better country, too early for her family, but in due time for the patient sufferer. Her last hour is quite in keeping with her life: she cannot deny her loving nature. Her parting words are full of motherly tenderness for her poor children, and of gratitude for her husband. "You have been — very — good to me. You — have — made me — very — happy". ¹⁾ — Happy? Yes, for

Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself has any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair. ²⁾

The delineation of Milly Barton's character was George Eliot's first attempt in this direction. It was a good beginning and a fair promise for what was to come after. But she confesses herself, that her work was not yet perfect. "That was my first bit of art, and my hand was not well in. I did not know so well how to manipulate my materials". ³⁾ She tried too much to explain her character by means of description, instead of allowing it to evolve in the action of the story. There is, in fact, too much of a portrait of one of George Eliot's acquaintances in Mrs. Barton.

Not so in Dinah Morris, one of the heroines of *Adam Bede*, of whom G. Eliot writes in her journal: "The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt; but Dinah is not at all like my aunt. Indeed, there is not a single portrait in *Adam Bede*, only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations. Everything else grew out of the characters and their mutual relations." ⁴⁾

Dinah Morris is a Methodist preacher. A slim girl with an oval face of transparent whiteness, with soft grey eyes and pale reddish hair, she stands before her audience speaking directly from her own emotions and inspired by her simple faith. After the early loss of her parents she had already as a child become acquainted with all sorts of misery, both bodily and mental, and her innate love for the suffering part of mankind increased daily. She tended the sick and comforted the mourning, not only out of her natural inclination, but especially because she regarded herself as called by God to minister to others, to have neither joys nor sorrows of her own. By her frequent visits to the sick and sorrow-stricken she had gained so good an experience in the treatment of afflicted souls that even minds, very hardened and shrivelled through want, ignorance and guilt cannot resist her. That is especially seen when Hetty Sorrel, a cousin of hers, who had murdered her child and, though facts spoke strongly against her, denied it, is brought face to face with Dinah. Her gentle and prudent words, overflowing with love and tenderness, become the key to the unhappy girl's heart. Hetty pours forth the confession of her crime and Dinah pacifies her bewildered mind and directs her thoughts towards God. — Hitherto Dinah had only

¹⁾ *Ibidem*, p. 126.

²⁾ William Blake, *Songs of Experience*.

³⁾ J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. I, p. 486.

⁴⁾ *Ibidem*, p. 446 ff.

known charitable love, that sort of love which is hardly to be distinguished from religious feeling. But by and by she comes to know what real love is, and a hard struggle between her inclination and her duty or what she considers to be her duty rises. "It is a temptation that I must resist," she thinks, "lest the love of the creatures should become like a mist in my soul, shutting out the heavenly light."¹⁾ Yet soon she becomes aware of her error. "It is the Divine Will," she says to Adam Bede, "my soul is so knit to yours that it is but a divided life I live without you."²⁾ She becomes his wife and spreads over the circle of his family that pure joy and happiness which can spring forth only from unselfish souls.

Dinah's character is undoubtedly a fine one, one which we cannot but admire. Her self-devoting love, the delicacy and nobility of her feeling are delineated with elaborate skill. But we regret that G. Eliot did not attribute to her heroine some of those faults of which she says that they

Are the fruity must of soundest wine
Or say, they are regenerating fire
Such as has turned the dense black element
Into a crystal pathway for the sun.³⁾

Then Dinah would have harmonized better with her surroundings, and we would not have been obliged to say with Seth Bede that she was "too good and too holy" for this world.

While Dinah's ideal nature rouses doubts as to its reality, no such thoughts enter our minds when we turn our attention to Mrs. Winthrop in *Silas Marner*. She is one of those fine creations of G. Eliot's which, with subtle differences and variations, we find in *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton* as Mrs. Hackitt, in *Adam Bede* as Mrs. Poyser, and in *Middlemarch* as Mrs. Cadwallader. They are women with a wide heart, a ready hand, and a more or less ready tongue, women who stand forth fresh and life-like, and are not easily to be forgotten. In all of them one of the greatest charms of George Eliot's characters makes itself felt: they talk entirely to their nature. There is nothing stilted or affected in their speech.

"Let somebody run to Winthrop's and fetch Dolly," says Dr. Kimble, when a woman has been found frozen in the Stone-pits. "She is the best woman to get."⁴⁾ That she is indeed, Dolly Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife, the person of whom all think first in Raveloe when there is illness or death in a family, or when extraordinary help is wanted. For Mrs. Winthrop is sure to come, and the mere aspect of the good-looking, fresh-complexioned woman is comforting and reassuring in trouble and confusion. She feels strongly drawn towards the sad and the suffering, and does her best to relieve them. That is best shown in her behaviour towards Silas Marner, the weaver who having been betrayed by his friend and deserted by the girl whom he loved, had lost all his confidence in mankind, and had set his whole heart on money. Her kind words, her never-failing help, the services rendered to him with the fine tact of a noble-hearted woman bring Silas again into a friendly contact with his neighbours, and change the miser entirely. There are people whom frequent intercourse with suffering and sad men makes whimpering and morose. No such thing in Dolly. She gets along wonderfully with her husband who is rather fond of his quart-pot. "Men would be so," she says good-humouredly, "who could help it that

¹⁾ *Adam Bede*, vol. II, 249.

²⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 324.

³⁾ *Middlemarch*, p. 484.

⁴⁾ *Silas Marner*, p. 188.

it had pleased Heaven to make them naturally troublesome like bulls and turkeycocks?"¹⁾ What about Mrs. Winthrop as a mother? We do not hear much of her in this respect, only that she sadly spoils her youngest son, as she herself is obliged to confess. When, however, Eppie's, Silas Marner's adopted daughter's knowledge of Mrs. Winthrop makes her feel that a mother must be very precious, can we then doubt that she is a kind and loving mother?

With Mrs. Barton, Dinah Morris and Mrs. Winthrop the series of altruistic women in George Eliot's novels is far from being complete. There are still more who deserve being mentioned. Mrs. Hackitt in *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*, who helps the Vicar's family in such a delicate way; Mrs. Meyrick, the "little mother", in *Daniel Deronda*, for whom to live means to make others, especially her children, comfortable; Mirah Cohen in the same novel, who shows how unselfish love is entirely satisfied in the completeness of the beloved subject; Mrs. Garth in *Middlemarch*, to whom thinking of her family's welfare comes as natural as taking breath; sweet Lucy Deane in *The Mill on the Floss*, who, still suffering from the consequences of a great disappointment, chiefly brought about by her cousin Maggie, secretly goes to comfort her. All of them make us feel that life is really worth living when its object is not the gratification of our own pettish desires, but the endeavour to lighten the burdens of others.

G. Eliot's delineation of nearly all her female egoists is remarkable for a lofty toleration. Her personal experience of human misery and suffering had taught her this great lesson of life. Therefore she contemplates the faults of men with kindness, and her condemnation of evil is tempered by the consciousness of her own frailty.

A relentless and yet sympathetic touch is to be observed in her presentation of that beautiful little sinner Hetty Sorrel. It seems that G. Eliot, like Mrs. Poyser, though perfectly aware of all the shallowness of Hetty's nature, cannot help continually gazing at the girl's charms on the sly, and being fascinated by them, in spite of themselves. And who is not likewise attracted by her spring-tide beauty: her cheeks like rose-petals, her dark eyes which hide a soft roguishness, and her delicately curled hair? Who can forget Hetty in the dairy where she is shown to us in the nicest attitudes and movements? Having thus secured our sympathy for the lovely girl, G. Eliot begins to develop her character, sure that, once in love with her heroine, we will never judge her too harshly. And we do want such a preparation, for that charming beauty is an egoist in the strictest sense of the word, knowing but one god, her pretty little self, and one law, the gratification of her vanity and her pleasure-craving nature. She belongs to "those plants that have hardly any roots: you may tear them out from their native nook of rock, or wall, and just lay them over your own ornamental flower-pot, and they blossom none the worse. Hetty could have cast all her past life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again."²⁾ Can we sympathise with this girl in whom egoism has killed all noble feelings, whose exterior so little corresponds to her interior? Scarcely! Yet G. Eliot shows us the same Hetty, suffering from the terrible consequences of her selfishness. This bewildered, most pathetic figure in prison is no longer the bright girl we used to see. Her deep misery, though chiefly brought about by her own guilt, moves us to the core and elevates her character. Our sympathy

¹⁾ Compare *Silas Marner*, p. 128.

²⁾ *Adam Bede*, p. 205, vol. I.

which her heartlessness has forfeited, is called back by her misfortune. We wish to be in Dinah's place to be able to say some kind words to the unhappy girl who is going to begin a new life in exile, a dreary and joyless life, haunted by the remembrance of a stain that cannot be washed away.

Hetty's character had, like that of Dinah, its germ in recollections of G. Eliot, but only its germ. Everything else was free invention. That it was masterly we feel especially when Hetty is relieved against Dinah, so when each of the girls is shown to us in her bedroom: Hetty in all her finery before her looking-glass, Dinah praying and meditating, or when the cousins meet in prison. The greater interest of most readers will probably be with selfish little Hetty; for the delineation of her character strikes us as more true to life.

"Mothers are made to like pain and trouble for the sake of their children," says little Mrs. Meyrick. We have seen how true this was in the case of several mothers. But G. Eliot also portrays a mother of quite a different character who lacks nearly all those qualities which make her our ideal in our infancy, our most confidential friend in the passionate periods of our lives, our best refuge in trouble, and our dearest remembrance of the happy time of our childhood when we have grown old. This mother is the Princess of Halm-Eberstein in *Daniel Deronda*. When she sees her son, from whom she had separated herself when he was a little child, for the first time after many years, she gives him, who up to now had not known his mother, the history of her life. Her father, an orthodox Jew, wanted to educate his motherless child according to the strict laws of his faith, and with a thousand "musts and must nots" he hemmed in the girl who had a passionate desire to do whatever she liked. She "who felt a man's genius" was obliged to suffer the slavery of being but a girl. She wanted to become a singer, but her father did not allow it, and his will was iron. He forced her to marry her cousin. Him she could rule, and so she could now realize the wish of her girlhood. She became one of the first singers of Europe, and lived a myriad of lives in one. After the early death of her husband she wished to free herself entirely from all ties and therefore asked one of her numerous admirers to adopt her child Daniel, and never to reveal to him who his parents were. Her life, however, turned out different from what she had expected. She began to lose her voice, and unable to endure the prospect of failure and decline she married the Prince Halm-Eberstein, making her friends believe that she preferred being the wife of a Russian nobleman to being the most renowned singer of her time. Her voice came back when marriage had bound her again, and she was obliged to live a commonplace life which she hated so much. She lived it, though, till a slow fatal illness seized her and brought back to her conscience the command of her father: to deliver to her son a chest containing his grandfather's documents. That and not a mother's love was her motive for seeing Daniel. The meeting is consequently formal and cold, and her parting words: "We shall hear no more of each other," show to her son only too well that near as this woman's life is to him by the ties of nature, there is yet scarcely any other so remote from him.

There is a certain resemblance between the behaviour of the Princess and that of Hetty as a mother. Neither has motherly feelings for her child, but regards it as a troublesome burden. But though Hetty's guilt is the greater, and though the motive of the Princess for her separation from Daniel, her ambition, is higher than the pettish vanity that form the basis of Hetty's action, we yet feel more repelled by the cold and deliberate way

in which the Princess gives away her only son, than by Hetty's crime which we know was not committed with full consciousness. But when we consider the unhappy and joyless childhood of the Princess, the disappointments of the years which followed, we can understand how it was possible that she became a bitter and unloving mother, and we feel less inclined to condemn her.

In Hetty G. Eliot delineated the egoism of a girl, in the Princess that of a mother. How a wife by her selfishness can paralyse the noble faculties of her husband is shown in the person of Rosamund Vincy in *Middlemarch*.

Rosamund, the eldest daughter of a Middlemarch manufacturer, a girl of great beauty, has been brought up in great luxury, got her education at one of the best schools and is regarded as "a rare compound of beauty, cleverness and amiability." Most of the young men fall in love with her. But Rosamund's taste is exquisite. None of her admirers corresponds to her ideal of a husband, till a young physician, Tertius Lydgate, settles at Middlemarch. He has talents and high aspirations, is the descendant of a good family, carries himself with a certain air of distinction, in short, is thoroughly refined. Such qualities strike Rosamund. He, and no other must become her husband. After a few months she is Mrs. Lydgate, and her husband thinks himself the happiest of all mortals. But alas! How soon was he to become aware that Rosamund's love is a love that

Seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease
And builds a hell in heaven's despite. ¹⁾

Lydgate's married life becomes a series of disappointments which have their roots in his wife's egoism. A real understanding between him and her never comes about. Each lives in a world of which the other knows nothing. No wonder, therefore, that Lydgate, in spite of his prosperous career, regarded himself as a failure. For he whose spirit was framed for the pursuit of great ends, who had a burning desire to become a reformer of his profession, was daily obliged to acknowledge the decay of his ardour and to state the paralysing influence upon his enthusiasm, exercised by the pettish egoism of Rosamund, "his basil plant," as he called her, that is a plant which had flourished wonderfully on a murdered man's brains."²⁾ Lydgate died early, and Rosamund afterwards married a rich physician who satisfied all her desires. She used to speak of her happiness as a reward, and though she never said what this reward was for, she was convinced that she had merited it by her great patience with Lydgate.

Rosamund's selfishness greatly differs from that of Daniel Deronda's mother. The Princess is perfectly clear about her egoism, and her means to attain her ends are straight ones. She does not excuse herself, nor does she want others to excuse her. Rosamund, however, is always sure that nobody can justly find fault with her, she herself least of all. What she likes to do is for her the right thing, and with so great cleverness does she manage to get the means for doing it that only those who come into closer contact with her, are able to see how shallow and heartless this beautiful creature is.

Mr. Cross, G. Eliot's second husband, tells us that of all the characters his wife had attempted, she found Rosamund's the most difficult to sustain, owing to the fact that such a nature was entirely alien to hers. But nevertheless

¹⁾ William Blake, *Songs of Experience*.

²⁾ *Middlemarch*, p. 618.

she well succeeded in gathering up "the unobtrusive but terribly potent promptings of a narrow egoism . . . into a convincing whole":¹⁾ Rosamund Vincy.

[To be continued.]

Gleiwitz, Upper Silesia.

MARIA E. KAWA.

The Dialectal Distribution of certain Phonological Features in Middle English.

Section II.

The *i*-mutation of *ēa* in O.E. and M.E.

§ 78. The investigation of the geographical distribution of M.E. *u*, *i*, representing O.E. *ēa* -*i*, is rendered somewhat difficult by the fact that we have to draw our conclusions from rather scanty material. The words which contain the vowel in question are few in number, and those which occur as Pl.-N. elements are fewer still. In dealing with other phonological features of M.E. dialects we can usually collect at least some hundreds of examples, from which fairly satisfactory conclusions can often be drawn. But although we are chiefly concerned here with the south-western counties, which possess some of the most extensive and most easily accessible 12th—15th century records, it is extremely difficult to find in each county even two or three Pl.-Ns. which illustrate the phonological development here dealt with.

Examination of the O.E. charters does not lead to any more definite results, though the Pl. N. material is occasionally supplemented by independent words occurring in the few English charters which we possess. But as in other cases, the appearance of W. Saxon types in O.E. written documents from counties which can scarcely have used these types in the spoken language, renders a difficult problem still more involved. When, for instance, we find a 10th century Cambridge charter writing *gehyrsum* and *âlȳsednesse*, and *hȳrð* appearing in an 11th century Staffs. charter, we can hardly take these seriously. However, the small body of material given below does at least give some indication as to the position of the boundary between those counties which in O.E. had *ē* as the *i*-mutation of *ēa* and those which had *īē*.

§ 79. General view.

The counties that seem to have had O.E. *īē* for *ēa*-*i* are the following: Hants. (§ 80), Dorset (§ 81), Devon (§ 82), Somerset (§ 83), Wilts. (§ 84), probably Berks. (§ 85), possibly Gloucester (§ 86) after the 9th century. Middlesex (§ 87) apparently used both the *īē* and the *e*-type. Kent and Sussex, Suffolk, Surrey, Worcester, certainly belonged to the *ē*-area (§ 89). Northants. (§ 88) has only *y* spellings, but these may very well not represent the genuine dialect form.

In M.E. what evidence there is points to practically the same boundary. It is almost impossible to trace the line of division between the area which levelled *īē* under *ī* in E.W.S., and that which retained the diphthong until L.W.S. and then rounded it to [y]. The [y]-type is by far the more common. M.E. forms suggest Berks. as the centre of the *ī*-type.

¹⁾ J. Oliphant, *Victorian Novelists*, p. 127.

The following paragraphs give the Pl.-N. material for each county, supplemented where possible by forms from literary texts. It seems best to give the O.E. and M.E. evidence together. Since the [ȳ]-boundary is almost identical in the two periods, the one serves to illustrate the other.

§ 80. Hampshire. This county certainly had [ȳ] for the \bar{i} -mutation of *ea* in L.W.S. It appears as early as the last quarter of the 9th century, when King Alfred's will (880—5), Kemble 314, has *hyran*, *hyraþ*, *gehyran*, *gehyrde*. A 10th century charter (Birch 1066) has *hlype burnan*. Ælfric's *Lives of Saints* has \bar{y} , with \bar{i} sometimes before a front cons. (Schüller: *Lautl. von Ælfric's L. of S.* p. 21); the *Grammar* has \bar{y} with a very occasional \bar{e} (Brüll: *die altengl. Lat.-Gr. des Ælfric*, p. 20).

Two hundred years later, the Egerton M.S. of the *Moral Ode* (c. 1200) has both *u* and *e*: *ileue*, *ileueð*, *ileuen*, *vneþe*, — *ihuren*, *i-hurd*, *alused*. The 12th century Codex Wintoniensis generally writes \bar{y} (*hyrð*, *gehyran*, *cýpinge*, etc.), apparently copying the spelling from earlier documents. The Crondal Court Roll of 1281-2 has the personal name *Chupmann*. In the 14th century Hants. has *u*, *i*, and *e*: *Lupstones crofte* (Crondal Rec. 90; O.E. *hliþe*) — *hyrd(e)* (Lib. de Hyda 56³); *Prestlyp* (Lib. de Hyda 107, 108) — here (Lib. de Hyda 70). The *Usages of Winchester* have only one example: *herd* (*English Gilds*, p. 359). Apparently the [ȳ]-type was dying out in the spoken dialect by this time, though still surviving in the Place-Names.

§ 81. Dorset. The earliest example of *y* for \bar{ea} -*i* is in an 11th century charter: *gelyfe* (vb) Kemble 942.

In the M.E. period we find the form *stupel* (O.E. *stīepel* 'steeple') fairly often in Pl. Ns. It is rarely spelt with *i* and only once with *e*. 13th cent. F.A. II (1285) *stupel*- (2); *stypel*- (3). H.R. I (1275) *stupel* (1). 14th cent. F.A. II (1316—46) *stupel*- (9); *stepel* (1). Brit. Mus. Add. 221; 222 (1399): *stupel* (2).

§ 82. Devon.

In the 10th century only *y* is used for \bar{ea} -*i*: *hlypan* (Napier II 14³; 34). The 11th century documents (chiefly manumissions) printed by Earle in the *Land-Charters* from the *Leofric Missal* have 5 *i*-forms to 3 *y*: *alisde*; *alisednesse*, *-nisse* (3); *cipa*; — *alysde* (2); *lysde*. As soon as O.E. \bar{ie} became \bar{y} , it naturally shared the development of the other O.E. \bar{y} (that from Pr. O.E. \bar{u} -*i*); the latter seems to have been unrounded in Late O.E. in the dialect of part of the country at least (§ 119). The *i*-forms given above (for \bar{ea} -*i*) are more probably due to this unrounding than to the spread of the *i*-type from another dialect, since none of the neighbouring counties has anything but \bar{y} .

§ 83. Somerset. In an 11th century charter given by Earle (C.C. C.C. 140) occurs the form *hyrsumien*. In the following century *u* is the usual spelling: The Liber Hen. de Soliaco (1189) has only *-u*: *de luphiæt* (O.E. *hlypgeat*); *luphieta*; *lupehieta* (2). The 12th century M.S. of the Charters of Bath Priory has *u*, *i* and *e*: *lupyet* (2); *hlypgete*; *lepegeate*.

§ 84. Wiltshire. The O.E. charters have \bar{y} and \bar{ie} , but no trace of *i*-forms. Kemble 328 (after 900): *lyfde*; *gehyrdan*; *flyman*. Kemble 3536 (after 931): *gehieraþ* (3). Kemble 421 (939): *bymera*. Kemble 1290 (995): *gelyfð* (2).

Both *u* and *i*-forms are used in the 13th century; in the 14th century, *u*

is the usual spelling, but *e* occurs also. For the 15th century I have found an equal number of *u* and *e*-forms.

13th cent. Cal. Inq. *Stupel*- (2); *chuppe*- (2). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Chippe*- (4).

14th cent. F.A. V *Stupul*- (1); *Chup*- (1); *Steppul*- (1). Malm. Reg. *Lupe*- (4); *Stepel*- (1).

15th cent. F.A. V (1428): *Stupul*- (5); *Stepel*- (4).

§ 85. *Berkshire*. I have no material for this county for the O.E. period. Fortunately the forms in the 12th century Abingdon Chartulary fix the type pretty definitely. According to Langer (*Zur Sprache des Abingdon Chartulars*) the regular spelling is *i*; *u* occurs once only, *e* occasionally before *ȝ*.

If the original Berkshire type were *y* as in Hampshire, the Abingdon *i* would represent an E.M.E. unrounding from *y*. If such an unrounding had taken place it must have included O.E. *y* from *ū-i*; but we know that the latter vowel remained in M.E. in Berks (§ 119), therefore the Abingdon *i* cannot have developed from *y*, but must be the original O.E. type. Since this is the only county where the existence of the *i*-type can be established, it may be suggested that the *i*-forms which are such a typical feature of the writings of Alfred may have originated in this dialect, the king himself being a native of Berkshire.

§ 86. *Gloucester*. The 9th century charter (Kemble 243—c. 840) writes *e*: *hernisse*. This charter is decidedly Non-W.S. in character, and seems to represent the earlier dialect of the county. By the 10th century many W.S. features have crept in, among them being the W.S. *īe* for *ēa-i*. In the 10th cent. charters 2 *īe*, 2 *y*, 1 *i* are found. Kemble 426 (949): *hirð*; *hyrð*. Kemble 385 (940): *hierp* (2). Kemble 692 (995): *aflȳmde*.

The 13th century Pl. Ns. indicate the *i*-type: *Digelecroft* (Glos. Cart. III 70); *Lippehiete* (Berkeley Mun. 84. c. 1238); but *Robert of Glos.* uses no *i*-forms; he generally writes *e* (*stepel*, *ȝeme*, *fleme*, *leue*, etc.), and occasionally *u* (*yhure*, *hurd*, etc.). Trevisa writes both *u* (*uy*) and *y* (Pfeffer: *Die Spr. des Polych. John Trevisas*, Tiberius M.S.) the former being the commoner. Pfeffer gives the following examples: *hure* (inf). (3); *hurde* (4) pret.; *yhurd* (4) p.p.; *ihurd* (1) pret.; *huyreð* (3); *huyre* (3); *hyre* (1); *hyrep* (1); *hyryng* (1); *yche* 'increase' (1).

Since forms of Pl. Ns. are often more archaic than literary documents, it is possible that the *i*-forms are the older type, introduced into Glos. in the O.E. period from Berks. (? through Oxford), while the *u*-forms are the result of the spread of the more southern [y]-type at a later date.

§ 87. *Middlesex*. This county had both *īe* and *ē* for *ēa-i*. The earliest form is *y*: *hyrdð* Birch 1085 (962). The 11th cent. charters have only *e*: *herp* Kemble 886; *alesednysse*, *flemenefȳrmðe* Earle p. 302-3. The two types must have coexisted, however, since both appear in the M.E. period. The early London Documents seem to have *y*: *yȝe*, *hrisyȝe*, *alysednesse*, *alisendnesse* (Dölle: *Zur Sprache Londons vor Chaucer*, p. 37). The Trinity Homilies have one example of *u* beside the usual *e* (Wyld: *Essays and Studies* VI p. 139). Davy's *Dreams* (c. 1310) has only *here*, *stel*. The [y]-type had apparently died out by this time; this is not surprising, as Middlesex is practically surrounded by *ē*-counties, Essex, Kent, Bucks. (?), Surrey. (For the last county see Wyld: *English Studies* Vol. III No. 2. p. 3.). Bucks. has only *e* in M.E. Place-Names: *Stepel Cleydone*, etc.

§ 88. Northampton. If the forms in the 10th and 11th century charters are genuine (Kemble 399 (944): *hindehlypan* (2). Kemble 736 (1021-3): *hindehlype* 2) and represent the pronunciation then in use in the local dialect, this type must have disappeared very early, since *e* is the only spelling used in the later part of the *Laud Chronicle* (1122-54): *stepel*, *aflemdon*, *begemen*, *herdon*, etc.

§ 89. *e*-counties. Sussex has *herp* in the 11th century: Kemble 732 (1016-20).

Kent has only *ê*-forms: *herap* Birch 536 (873); *beleuap* Kemble 737 (1023).

The early Suffolk charters have *gæhyrð*, *geherap* (Sweet 2nd Reader. Ch. 45, 46). The latter must be the genuine dialect form. Worcester has *e* with one example of *y*: 10th cent. Sweet: 2nd Reader ch. 31 (904): *hernisse*. 11th century. Kemble 804 (1049-58): *gehersume*. Kemble 898: *hærð*. Kemble 676: *hersumnesse*. Kemble 675: *hyrsumnesse*.

The only M.E. Place-Names I have found are *Hyndelep* Worcs. Reg. 366, 151a (13th cent.). *Lazamon* (Early M.S.) has usually *e*: *fleman*; *zemen*; *heren*; *herde*; *ileue*; *alesen*; etc. Both *i* and *u*-forms occur, but are very rare: *ihire* (1); *ihirē* (1); *hirde* (1); *ihirde* (1); *bi-liueð* (1); *digelnesse* (1); *digelniche* (1). — *hure* (1); *ihurde* (1); *ihurden* (2).

Section III.

O.E. *eo* in the M.E. dialects of the south and west.

§ 90. The O.E. diphthong *eo*, whether long or short, became [e] in M.E. in the eastern counties and most of the northern and central midlands. The *e* appears very early in some districts: Suffolk, in an 11th century charter (Sweet: 2nd Reader. ch. 46) has *derast*, *werð*. An 11th century manumission from Herts. has *ātenne* (Kemble 1352). But in the west midlands and south-west the diphthong *eo* had a different development. At least as early as the end of the 11th century it seems to have been rounded and monophthongised to [ø], and perhaps subsequently raised to [y]. The rounded type remained as such through the 13th and 14th centuries, and in some counties even into the 15th century, when it was finally ousted by the northern and eastern *e*. The western type is represented in M.E. texts and Pl. Ns. by the spellings *u*, *ue*, *o*, *eo*, *oe*, all of which seem to imply some degree of rounding. The *eo*-forms are particularly common in literary documents of the west-midlands; the *eo*-spelling is never used in these texts to represent the ordinary mid-front vowel, and therefore probably indicates a rounded pronunciation.

Practically all the documents which have *u*, *o*, etc. have also a large number of *e*-forms, probably owing to the influence of official scribes; and this habit of writing *e* where a rounded vowel was apparently pronounced may have helped on the spread of the *e*-type in pronunciation. But the *u*-forms are frequent enough to enable us to discover with some degree of certainty the area over which the rounded pronunciation obtained. We need have no hesitation in assuming that where *u* is written the rounded vowel was pronounced, and though on the outskirts of the *u*-area the *e*-type was probably more widespread, the occurrence of *u*-spellings shows that the *u*-type was known to, and at least occasionally employed by the speakers of the local dialect.

§ 91. The following counties were certainly within the *u*-area: Hampshire, Dorset, Devon, Somerset, Wilts., Berks, Oxford, Gloucester and Hereford. Names of places in these counties occur with *u*-spellings pretty frequently in 13th and 14th century documents.

In Hampshire (§ 100) the *u*-forms are more numerous than the *e*-forms in the 13th and 14th centuries, but by the 15th century they have almost disappeared. In the Egerton M.S. of the *Moral Ode* (c. 1200. This M.S. is believed to have been written in Hants.) the usual spelling is *eo*; *e* is often used, and *ue*, *u* are fairly common. The 14th century *Usages of Winchester* have generally *e*, but *u*-forms also occur. (§ 100).

In Dorset (§ 101) the *u*-forms are less common; the 14th century material shows that this county was within the *u*-area; lying as it does between Devon and Hants, it must in any case be expected to have shared their development in this respect, and the fact that no *u*-forms appear in the 13th century is probably due to lack of material.

Devonshire (§ 102) has a larger proportion of *u* to *e*-forms than any other county. Here too they seem to survive longest, for a few occur as late as 1447-50 in the letters of John Shillingford, Mayor of Exeter. Shillingford's use of *u*-forms is striking, both because his writing does not often show the influence of Regional Dialect, and because we have no other examples of *u* so late as this in any literary documents, though in Pl. Ns. the *u*-type survives rather longer.

Wilts. (§ 104) has besides *u* a number of *oe* and *eo* spellings, particularly in the 14th century Malmesbury Register. The rounded type must have been very firmly implanted in the dialect of this county, for even in the 15th century the Wiltshire poem of *St. Editha* (c. 1420) has many examples of *u*-forms: *hulde* (O.E. *heold*); *bude* (O.E. *beodan*); *dure* (O.E. *deore*); *vrthe* (O.E. *eorða*); *furre* (O.E. *feorr*); etc.

Berkshire (§ 105) has more *u* than *e*-spellings in the 14th century, but in the 15th century *u* is very rare. In Oxford (§ 106) the *u*-forms seem to have vanished as early as the 14th century.

In Gloucester (§ 107) *u* remains till the 15th century. Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle* (14th cent. M.S.) has numbers of *u*-forms, such as *bihulde* (O.E. *biheold*); *chuse* (O.E. *ceosan*); *dup* (O.E. *deop*); *dure* (O.E. *deor*); *vrl* (O.E. *eorl*); *furpe* (O.E. *feorða*).

Trevisa (Pfeffer: *Die Spr. des Polychr.*, §§ 81, 101-108) has *e*, *eo*, *eu*, *u*, *ue*: *fer*; *ver*; *sterres*; *derk*; *hert*; *deuel*; *lever*; *vel* 'fell'; *prest*; *þeves*, etc. — *leorne*; *eorþ*; *deop*; *þeof*; *leovere*, etc. — *leurne*; *yleurned*; etc. — *huerdes*; *luernede*; *duepe*; *pueves*; *pruest*; *luef*; etc. — *lurneþ*; *lurnede*; *huld*; *ful*; *vulle*; *brust*; *lup*; *dupe*; *prust*, etc.

In Hereford (§ 108) *u* is rare in Pl. Ns., but *u* and *ue* are very frequent in the English poems of MS. Harley 2253 (written at Leominster, c. 1310): *buen* (O.E. *beon*); *huld* (O.E. *heold*); *duere* (O.E. *deore*); *huerte* (O.E. *heort*); *pruest* (O.E. *preost*); etc.

§ 92. Besides the counties enumerated above, which belong definitely to the *u*-area, there are others, bordering on these, which show traces of *u*-forms. This is only to be expected, as the *u*-boundary naturally did not in all cases coincide with the county boundaries. In these outlying districts the *u*-forms are confined to names of places on or near the border-line of a real *u*-county. I have not been able to discover any examples of the rounded type in the border-counties of Warwick and Northants., but it

seems to have existed as at least a possible pronunciation in certain parts of Shropshire, Worcs., Bucks., Surrey, and perhaps Sussex.

§ 93. Shropshire (§ 109) has a 13th century form *Faintru* (mod. Faintree); this village is in the S.E. corner of the county, near the border of Herefordshire.

§ 94. In Worcester (§ 110), the Severn was perhaps the boundary. The 13th century Worcester Register has one *u*-form: *furthendello* (O.E. *feorða*), and several *o*-forms. The earlier M.S. of *Lazamon* (said to have been composed at Arley Kings, N.W. Worcs.) has usually *eo* for O.E. *ēð*. There are also a fair number of *u*-forms, and about the same number of *e*-forms. *ě* is always used before a back consonant, apparently from an O.E. type with smoothing. A few *o*-spellings appear for both the long and the short vowel.

§ 95. In Buckingham (§ 111) the *u*-forms appear in the name of one place only — Hertwell in S.W. Bucks., near the Oxford border. This appears as *Hurtwelle* in 13th and 14th century documents, though *Hertwelle* is the more usual form.

§ 96. It does not seem possible that the *u*-type can ever have been used as far east as Herts., and there are a few Pl.N. forms from this county which are difficult to explain. I have noted, for instance, at least one example of *Burkhamstede* (for Berkhamstead) in a Buckinghamshire manuscript in the British Museum. More striking is the form *Hurtford*, which occurs among the signatures to the *Proclamation of Henry III* (1258). Also *Hvrtfortscr* or *Hurtfscr* is rather a favourite spelling for Hertfordshire in some of the volumes of Pipe Rolls. It would be rather far-fetched to imagine a western scribe for each of these documents, and the problem cannot be definitely solved without further examination of Hertfordshire material.

§ 97. From Hampshire the *u*-forms certainly spread eastward into West Surrey (§ 112). This is proved by 13th, 14th, and 15th century forms of Pl. Ns. from the S. W. of the county, and by a few independent words in the 13th century Chertsey Chartulary (*e* is more usual than *u* in the Pl. Ns.; the Chartulary generally has *ě*, but *e* and *u* occasionally). The West Surrey poem *The Owl and the Nightingale* has four rhymes which illustrate this point: in lines 66, 849, 1673, *cunne* (from O.E. *y*) rhymes with *heonne* (Cotton MS. *honne*); in line 863 *sunne* (O.E. *synn*) rhymes with *heonne* (O.E. *heonan*), showing that *eo* here represents a rounded vowel. (See on this point, Wyld: *Essays and Studies* VI p.p. 139-142; *English Studies*, Vol. III, No. 2).

§ 98. It is possible that the *u*-forms penetrated also into part of West Sussex. I have noted from 14th and 15th century MSS. in the British Museum the Sussex Pl. Ns. *Feningetrue*, *Buntesgraue* (§ 113), and these forms may indicate a variation from the *e*-type which was normal in Sussex; but they are not very satisfactory evidence. I have not been able to discover the modern names of these places, but apparently they were in the west of the county.

§ 99. The *u*-forms appear also, strangely enough, in Lancashire. This seems to be a genuine *u*-area, though isolated from that of the south-west. I have not as yet found any trace of *u*-forms in Cheshire or in North Shropshire. Only the *u*-spellings from Lancashire documents are given below (§ 114); the *e*-forms are decidedly more common.

§ 100. Hampshire. 13th cent. H.R. II (1273-83): *Dur-* (2); *Berk-* (1). Crondal Rec. *Dupe-* (6); *hurt-* (2); *sturte* (2) (O.E. *steort*).

14th cent. Crondal Rec. *Hurt-* (4); *Dupe-* (5); *sturte-* (3). F.A. II (1316-46): *Dupe-* (6); *Dur-* (1); *Url-* (2); *Burk-* (1); *Hurt-* (2); *Nuther-* (1); *Bunet-* (1) (O.E. *beonet*); — *Prest-* (2); *Hert-* (3); *Nether-* (1); *Cherl-* (1). Lib. de Hyda: *Hort-* (1); — *Der-* (1); *Nether-* (2); *by-nethe* (1); *lefyst* (1); *-thef* (2).

15th cent. F.A. II (1428): *Hurt-* (1); — *Dep-* (5); *Prest-* (1); *Hert-* (2).

Moral Ode (M.S. Egerton): *iben*; *heuene*; *beð*; *lef*; *leue*; *leure*; *þeve*; *dere*; *swere* 'neck'. — *beo*; *beon*; *beop*; *deofel*; *deofles*; *beode*; *heolden*. — *bo*; *frond*; *dore*. — *bue*; *buen*; *bueþ*; *buð*; *durlinges*.

Usages of Winchester: *chese*; *lese*; *freleche*; *beth*; *erthe*; *ferþynge*. — *buþ*; *furþe*.

§ 101. Dorset. 13th cent. F.A. II (1285): *Cherl-* (2); *Stert-* (3); *Nether-* (1). 14th cent. F.A. II. *Dure-* (3); *-tru* (1); *sturt-* (2) (O.E. *steort*); *Nuther-* (1). — *Prest-* (2); *-tre* (2); *Nether-* (3); *Cherl-* (2); *Hert-* (1). Cerne Cart. *Nuther-* (1). — *Deouele-* (2); *Heort-* (1).

§ 102. Devon. 13th cent. F.A. I (1284-6): *Dup-* (1); *Hurt-* (1); *Chulme-* (1) (O.E. *Ceolmund*); *-truwe* (2). — *Der-* (1); *Hert-* (2); *-tre* (2). H.R. I (1274-5): *Dup-* (4); *Chulme-* (O.E. *Ceolmund-*) (3). — *Depe-* (1); *Hert-* (6); *Bever-* (2). Reg. Bron. *Dupe-* (1); *Dure-* (1). — *Dep-* (1).

14th cent. F.A. I (1303-46): *Dupe-* (8); *Pruste-* (2); *Chulme-* (1); *-tru* (2); *Hurt-* (1); *Churl-* (5); *Furth-* (3). — *Hert-* (11); *Cherl-* (1); *-trewe* (11). Reg. Brant. *Dup-* (3); *Dur-* (6); *Prust-* (1); *Hurt-* (2); *Churl-* (2). — *Prest-* (4); *-tre* (4); *Hert-* (5); *Cherl-* (2). From MSS. in the Brit. Mus. *Dup-* (1); *Churl-* (3); *Hurt-* (11). — *Cherl-* (1).

15th cent. From M.S.S. in the Brit. Mus. *Dup-* (1); *Churl-* (1). — *Cherl-* (1). Shillingford (1447-50) (Cam. Soc., 1871) has the following *u*-spellings: *durer* 'dearer' (1); *buth* 'are' (34).

§ 103. Somerset. 12th cent. Lib. Hen. de Sol. (1189): *-stuert* (2). 13th cent. H.R. II (1273-6): *Dur-* (2); *Nuther-* (4). — *Der-* (1); *Cherl-* (1). F.A. IV *Prest-* (1); *Der-* (2); *Cherl-* (4).

14th cent. Bath Cart. Linc. M.S. *Dur-* (1). — *Dep-* (1); *Cherl-* (7). F.A. IV *Dur-* (3). — *Prest-* (2); *Cherl-* (4) *Berk-* (4); *Nether-* (4). From M.S.S. in Brit. Mus. *Hurt-* (2); *Nuthur-* (1). Mon. Sec. Ind. (1350): *Nether-* (2); *Hert* (1); *-sterte* (8).

15th cent. F.A. IV (1428): *Dure-* (2). — *Nether-* (1).

§ 104. Wiltshire. 12th cent. Lib. H. de Sol. (1189): *-true* (1); *sturte* (2). 13th cent. Sar. Reg. *Dup-* (1); *Nuther-* (2). — *Prest-* (1); *Der-* (1); *Nether-* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. III *-storte* (2). — *Nether-* (3).

14th cent. Malm. Reg. *Hurt-* (1). — *Choerl-* (5); *Stoerte* (1); *Noether-* (1). — *Cheorl-* (1); *Heort-* (3); *-steorte* (3). — *Prest-* (1); *Cherl-* (40); *Nether-* (2); *Stert-* (1).

§ 105. Berkshire. 14th cent. Abing. Obed. *Duyr-* (2). F.A. I *Hurt-* (1). Hurl.-Chart. *Nuthere-* (3). — *Benet-* (1); *Nethere-* (1). F.A. I *Cherl-* (2). From M.S.S. in the Brit. Mus. *Hurt-* (3).

15th cent. F.A. I (1428): *Hurt-* (1); — *Hert-* (2); *Cherl-* (1).

§ 106. Oxford. 12th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *Dup-* (1); *Churl-* (1). — *Cherl-* (7). 13th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *-sturte* (1). — *Der-* (1); *Prest-* (2); *Cherl-* (13); *Nether-* (3). H.R. II *Pruste-* (2); *Nuther-* (6); — *Cherl-* (1).

14th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *Prest-* (1); *Nether-* (1); *Cherl-* (2).

§ 107. Gloucester. 12th cent. Lib. H. de S. -*true* (1).
13th cent. Glos. Cart. *Dur-* (2). — *Dep-* (1); *Der-* (1); *Prest-* (15); *Benet-* (1); *Cherl-* (2); *Nether-* (1). F.A. II *Dur-* (2). — *Dere-* (1). H.R. I *Der-* (2); *Nether-* (2).

14th cent. F.A. II *Dur-* (7); — *Der-* (4).

15th cent. F.A. II *Dur-* (1). — *Der-* (1). Glos. Hist. *Hert-* (1); *Cherl-* (2).

§ 108. Hereford. 12th cent. Brit. Mus. Addit. 19594 (1158-1164): *Hurt-* (1).

13th cent. Reg. T. de C. *Prest-* (18); *Cherl-* (1).

14th cent. F.A. II *Hurt-* (3). — *Prest-* (3); *Nether-* (3).

15th cent. F.A. II *Hurt-* (2). — *Prest-* (3); *Nether-* (4).

§ 109. Shropshire. 13th cent. H.R. II (1254-73): -*tru* (1); — *Prest-* (5); -*tre* (5); *Cherl-* (1); *Nether-* (1); *Benet-* (3); *Hert-* (2). F.A. IV *Prest-* (2); -*tre* (3).

14th cent. F.A. IV. *Prest-* (2); -*tre* (1).

§ 110. Worcester. 13th cent. Worcs. Reg. *Rud-* (1). — *Dor-* (3); *Horde-* (17); *Hort-* (1); *Storte-* (7); -*trowe* (1). — *Bever-* (6); *Berk-* (1); *Cherl-* (7); *Erth-* (1); *Herde-* (6); *Nether-* (12); *Depe-* (1); -*tre* (1).

14th cent. F.A. V (1346): *Rud-* (1). — *Benet-* (1); *Cherl-* (1); *Hert-* (1); *Bee-* (1) O.E. *beo*; -*tre* (1).

15th cent. F.A. V. (1428): *Bu-* (1); *Rud-* (1). — *Beo-* (1). — *Bent-* (2); *Cherl-* (3); *Hert-* (3); *Nethur-* (1); -*tre* (2).

§ 111. Buckingham. 13th cent. F.A. I (1284-6): *Hurt-* (1). — *Prest-* (5); *Chelmond-* (1); *Nether-* (1). H.R. I *Hert-* (2).

14th cent. From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus. *hurt-* (3). — *hert-* (4); *depe-* (3); *prest-* (7). F.A. I: *Hert-* (5); *Prest-* (4).

§ 112. Surrey. (*u*-forms only are given here). 13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Hurt-* (7). — *Hort-* (1). Chert. Cart. *nuðer* (1); *binuðe-* (2); *ðuef* (1). — *frond-* (1).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *Hurt-* (1).

15th cent. F.A. I (1428): *Hurt-* (1).

§ 113. Sussex. (*u*-forms only). 14th cent. From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus.: -*true* (2).

15th cent. From a M.S. in the Brit. Museum: *Buntes-* (6) (O.E. *beonet-*).

§ 114. Lancashire. 13th cent. Lancashire Inquests: -*true* (2); *Hurt-* (1). Cockersand Chartulary: *Dur-* (6). Lancs. Pipe Rolls: *Dupe-* (1). Chart. of the Priory of Lancaster: *Nuther-* (1) (O.E. *neodor*).

[To be concluded in the next number.]

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

MARY S. SERJEANTSON.

Translation M. O. 1921.

Het is altijd een van mijn zwagers vurigste wenschen geweest een zeereis te doen naar Indië op een van de groote Nederlandsche mailbooten. Het is hoogst onwaarschijnlijk, dat die wensch ooit vervuld zal worden. Indien hij mocht besluiten thans te gaan, zou hij zijn betrekking moeten vaarwel zeggen zonder gerechtigd te zijn tot pensioen, aangezien zijn gezondheid

hem, menschelijkerwijze gesproken, in staat zal stellen nog vele jaren het aan zijn ambt van postdirecteur verbonden werk te verrichten. En op vijf en zestigjarigen leeftijd zal hij misschien bij zich zelf denken, dat hij maar beter doet stilletjes in het vaderland te blijven, nog afscheiden van de vraag, of hij zijn vrouw, die op al zijn vacantie-uitstapjes zijn onafscheidelijke reisgenootte is geweest, zou kunnen bewegen hem te vergezellen. Het leven aan boord van zulk een groot, drijvend hotel als de hedendaagsche mailbooten zijn, schijnt hem uitermate verrukkelijk toe. Hij houdt hartstochtelijk veel van de zee, misschien omdat hij in een dorpje aan de Hollandsche kust geboren is. Hij herinnert zich levendig, hoe hij, op een duin gezeten, uren lang kon zitten turen naar de golven, die braken op het strand, of naar den verwijderden horizon, waar nu en dan een zeil of een rookwolk zichtbaar werd van een of ander voorbijvarend schip. Het kostte hem altijd veel moeite zich los te rukken van dit schijnbaar eentonige, maar in werkelijkheid steeds afwisselende schouwspel, en wanneer hij eindelijk de zee den rug toekeerde, voelde hij zich, alsof hij afscheid genomen had van een dierbaren vriend. Waarom is hij dan geen zeeman geworden? zult gij vragen. Indien hij zijn eigen zin had kunnen volgen, zou hij zonder twijfel naar zee gegaan zijn, zooals velen van zijn schoolmakkers, zelfs toen bleek, dat hij sommige kleuren niet voldoende kon onderscheiden, wat hem belet zou hebben op te klimmen tot den rang van stuurman of kapitein. Zijn vader wierp echter zooveel bezwaren op, en alleen de gedachte er aan bedroefde zijn moeder zoozeer, dat hij om hunnentwil een betrekking koos, die hem nooit aan de gevaren van het zeemansleven zou kunnen blootstellen. Ieder jaar heeft hij een maand vacantie, die hij bij voorkeur op een van onze rustige badplaatsen aan zee doorbrengt. Het toppunt van genot evenwel zou voor hem zijn een reis van eenige weken te doen als eerste klasse passagier van een der schitterend ingerichte booten van onze groote scheepvaartmaatschappijen. Bij mooi weer zou hij den ganschen dag op het dek zitten, de frissche zeelucht inademend, gezellig pratende met medepassagiers, een lievelings-schrijver lezend, en heel dikwijls droomerig kijkend in de verte. Bij stormachtig weer zou hij aan dek blijven en met ontzag de reusachtige golven gadeslaan. Hij zou ze niet vreezen: hij kent ze van zijn jeugd af; hij zou zich even veilig voelen als thuis in zijn woonkamer.

It has always been one of the most ardent wishes of my brother-in-law to make a voyage to the (Dutch) East Indies on one of the large Dutch mailsteamers. It is most improbable that this ¹⁾ wish will ever be fulfilled. If he decided (should decide) to go now he would have (will have) to resign his post without being entitled to a pension, as, humanly speaking, his health will enable him for many years to come to do the work connected with his office of postmaster. And at the age of sixty-five he will perhaps think within himself that he had better stay quietly in his native country, apart from the question if he would be able to persuade his wife who has been his inseparable (constant) companion on all his holiday-trips, to accompany him. Life on board such a large floating hotel as the modern mailsteamers are (as m. are nowadays), seems exceedingly delightful to him. He is passionately fond of the sea, perhaps because he was born in a village on the Dutch coast. He remembers vividly how, seated on a dune, he would sit for hours gazing at the waves breaking on the beach, or that the distant horizon, where now and then a sail or a cloud of smoke of some

¹⁾ not that.

passing ship became (would become) visible. It was always very difficult for him to tear himself away from this seemingly monotonous, but in reality ever varying (changing) spectacle (scene), and when he at last turned his back upon the sea, he felt as if he parted from a dear friend. Why then did not he become a sailor? you will ask. If he had been able to have his own way (If he could have had h. o. w.), he would undoubtedly have gone to sea, like many of his schoolfellows, even when it appeared that he could not sufficiently distinguish some colours, which would have prevented him from rising to the rank of mate or captain. His father, however, raised so many objections, and the mere thought (of it) grieved his mother so much, that for their sake he chose a profession (calling) which could never expose him to the dangers of a sailor's life. Every year he has a month's holiday which he spends by preference at one of our quiet seaside places. The acme of delight (enjoyment) for him, however, would be to make a voyage of some weeks as a first class passenger of one of the splendidly appointed (equipped) boats of our large (big) steamship (shipping) companies. On fine days he would sit on deck all day, inhaling the fresh sea-air, chatting pleasantly with fellow-passengers, reading a favourite author, and often looking dreamily at the distance. In stormy weather he would remain on deck and watch with awe the huge waves. He would not fear them: he has known, them from his youth; he would feel as safe as at home in his sitting-room.

Notes and News.

A Pilgrimage to the Remains of Shelley and Keats (1822(1)—1922).
On one of the days of July of this year we — two friends of mine and I — came from the splendid Basilica di S. Paolo fuori le mura (outside the Porta S. Paola or Porta Ostiense, one of the southern gates of Rome) and went to the quiet Cimitero Protestante, in the shadow of the wall of Aurelianus and the Pyramid of Caius Sestius. No other visitors were there. A little arrow points to the grave of Shelley, another to that of Keats. The fact that it was just a century after Shelley's untimely death when I approached his grave, deepened the impression it all made on me when I stood before the final resting-place of that unquiet spirit, and read the inscription which itself breathes Shelley's spirit:

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

By his side the grave of his friend Edward Trelawney, "ce beau débris du romantisme héroïque, ce vieux corsaire qui accompagna Byron en Grèce et présida aux funérailles antiques de Shelley." ¹⁾ The inscription on his tomb-stone runs:

- * These are two friends, whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave: let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

From Shelley and his friend we walked to Keats and his friend Severn, in that solitary nook of the old cemetery. How touching, that these two poets, who trod such lonely paths in life, should each of them be accompanied by a true friend even after death.

¹⁾ *L'Oeuvre de Swinburne* par Paul de Reul. Bruxelles, 1922.

"This grave", I read, "contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tomb stone:

"Here lies one
Whose name was writ in water"
Feb. 24th 1821.

A tablet in the wall close to Keats's grave, bears an inscription which gives in its first two lines a beautiful, heart-felt answer to the poet's complaint, which makes us happily forget the ugliness of the lines that follow:

Keats, if thy cherished name be "writ in water",
Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek,
A sacred tribute, such as heroes seek,
Though oft in vain — for dazzling deeds of slaughter.
Sleep on! Not honoured less for epitaph so meek. —

The next day we visited the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in the Piazza di Spagna, to the right of the Spanish steps leading to Santa Trinità dei Monti. On the first floor there are two rooms, a sitting-room and a bed-room, in which Keats lived and suffered, and breathed his last, tended by Severn, and listening to the music of the murmuring waters of the historic and picturesque Bernini fountain in the Piazza.

On the 23rd of February 1903, eight American writers then in Rome, organized informally a movement "to purchase by popular subscription", as it said in the circular in which money was asked for the carrying out of the plan, "the house on the Piazza di Spagna in which John Keats lived and died, and to establish therein a permanent memorial of Keats and Shelley, consisting of a library of their works in various editions, portraits and manuscripts of the poets, etc., the trustees of the memorial to have also perpetual guardianship over the graves of the poets and of their two companions, Severn and Trelawney, buried beside them." The circular continued: "Aside from the main purpose of the present project — to preserve with proper honor two of the most sacred places of English literature — such a memorial is greatly needed by reason of the fact that in Rome — the goal of all cultivated travellers and readers — a complete edition of the poems and letters of Keats is not to be bought. The scheme will provide a place and facilities for a comprehensive study of both poets." Among the English supporters of the scheme we find the names of the Earl of Crewe (son of Keats's biographer, Lord Houghton), Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Sidney Colvin, George Wyndham, etc. The plan proved successful and since 1906 there has no longer been any danger of attempts such as had been made by the Roman municipality "to move the remains of Keats and Severn," attempts that had only been defeated by the interposition of Queen Victoria. —

Hilversum, Aug. 24.

J. VELDKAMP.

English Association in Holland. The Annual Committee Meeting was held at Utrecht on June 11. The Executive Committee for 1922-1923 was constituted as follows: Prof. Dr. J. H. Kern, Groningen, President; R. W. Zandvoort, Nijmegen, Hon. Secretary; Miss J. M. Kraft, Utrecht, Ass. Secretary; Miss F. J. Quanjer, The Hague, Hon. Treasurer.

To commemorate the centenary of Percy Bysshe Shelley, lectures will be given in ten different towns, under the auspices of the *English*

Association. During the second week of October, *Lascelles Abercrombie*, Lecturer on Poetry in the University of Liverpool, will lecture at Hilversum (10), Nijmegen (11), Haarlem (12), Arnhem (13) and The Hague (14). The following note, contributed by Mr. W. van Doorn, may be of interest:

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Lecturer in Liverpool University, is well-known both as a writer of imaginative literature, and as a theorist on art in its various aspects. As a poet he has impressed the reading public less by his lyrics ('Interludes and Verses', 1908; 'Emblems of Love', 1912), all of them *de longue haleine*, than by his verse dramas, especially *The Sale of St. Thomas* (1911, reprinted in *Georgian Poetry I*), *Deborah*, (1912) and *The End of The World* (1914; recently reprinted in *Four Short Plays*). *The Sale of St. Thomas* especially has gained him a very great reputation. As one of his critics (Miss Sturgeon in *Studies of Contemporary Poets*) has put it: 'spiritual vision is here united with intellectuality as lucid as it is powerful: the mystic is also the humanitarian: imagination is balanced by a good grip on reality; the sense impressions are fine as well as exuberant'. — Mr. Abercrombie's *Essay Towards a Theory of Art* appeared this year and illustrates the same gifts.

In the third week of October, Prof. C. H. Herford, of the University of Manchester, will deliver lectures at Groningen (17), Amsterdam (18), Utrecht (19), Leiden (20) and Rotterdam (21). Prof. Herford's works, among which we mention *The Age of Wordsworth*, *Literary Relations of England and Germany in the XVIth century*, and the chapter on *Shelley* in the *Cambr. Hist. of Engl. Lit.*, are so well-known among Dutch students of English literature that we have no doubt many will welcome the opportunity of hearing him lecture.

Between November 21-25, St. John Ervine, author of several plays and novels, and dramatic critic of *The Observer*, will lecture on *The English Theatre: its Past, Present and Future*. The lectures will be given at Amsterdam (21), Haarlem (22), Utrecht (23), Arnhem (24), Rotterdam (25).

In the same week of November, Laurence Binyon, Keeper of the Oriental Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, will give a lantern lecture on *Chinese Painting*. He is well-known both as a poet and a writer on Oriental art. The series will be arranged as follows: Hilversum (21), Leiden (22), Nijmegen (23), Groningen (24), The Hague (25).

Lectures on *London in the days of Pepys* will be given by Mr. A. H. Blake in January. Particulars will be announced later on.

Applications for membership should be made to the local branch secretaries, whose addresses will be found on page 2 of the cover. Copies of the *Bulletin*, with full information on the aims and activities of the English Association, may be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, 41 Nieuwe Gracht, Utrecht.

English studies at Groningen. In announcing the publication, after thirty years' discussion and preparation, of the new 'Akademies Statuut' in last year's August number (p. 108), we expressed a fear 'that the Minister of Education, who seems to be fond of organization on paper, (would) think he (had) done enough for the universities by giving them the new rules.'

Time has unfortunately shown that our fear was only too well founded: the Minister has refused to grant money for the appointment of assistants for modern languages at Groningen University. The plan of the University was humble enough: the pitiful salary of *f* 2000 was thought sufficient for the men who were to be entrusted with the most important part of the training of the future scholar and teacher, unless, indeed, it was thought sufficient to have assistants in order to save the appearance of providing for the practical training of future modern language masters. Anyhow, the miserable pittance proposed was too much of a drain on the Dutch Treasury. The Minister has refused, however, to face the consequence that is clearly unavoidable to any one who is acquainted with the subject: he is not going to abolish modern language studies at Groningen. And the University professors of modern languages, unfortunately, have let slip an opportunity to show that they are indifferent to political machinations: they should have informed the Minister that they intended to reveal, by a public pronouncement, the truth that Groningen is no place to study foreign languages. This would have been both more practical in its political effect, and more fair towards the men who were inexperienced enough to put their trust in a Minister's 'plans' and on the strength of these resigned the positions they held in secondary schools. Instead of entering upon the path of honesty by a gate that is, indeed, narrow as we are taught to expect, both the Minister and the University, trusting in the ignorance and indifference of the public, are, seemingly, intending to pretend that it is possible to study modern languages at Groningen. A plan has been invented to help in keeping up this pretence, with an ingenuity worthy of a politician or a pettifogging lawyer, rather than of a genuine scholar. It is a specious scheme of semi-official assistants with a semi-official, but nominal, salary, to be eked out by contributions from the pockets of the unfortunate undergraduates who put faith in the University's claim of being able to offer a training in modern languages.

By this twopenny-halfpenny invention the inferior position of living languages at Groningen is even more strongly emphasized than at Amsterdam. The examinations in Groningen will necessarily be held by men who do not even profess to teach the subject they examine in. We do not mean to imply that the situation at Groningen is essentially worse than at Amsterdam. No, the arrangements are not really different, and as to the person selected for English, we have no objection to make. Mr. Kooistra, although we should have preferred to see the teaching of literature entrusted to him, would no doubt set up a reasonable practical standard, but he will not be able to do anything, for he will not examine.¹⁾ And his lectures, according to the announcement in the newspapers, are to be for undergraduates only. This must mean, as anybody will understand who is at all acquainted with the trend of University opinion on this subject, that the supporters of the scheme are of opinion that undergraduates should not be required to reach the standard expected from candidates for the A-examination. It is true that Professor Kern does not share this view, but the publication of the newspaper 'communiqué' referred to makes it more than doubtful if he will be able to carry through his will against his colleagues or the promoters of the scheme. A new grade of English examinations will thus be set up, superior to the L. O. standard, but below the M. O. examinations. We are sorry that good men, after being induced to give up their position in

¹⁾ See the German testimony in our note on the *Zs. f. franz. u. engl. Unterricht* in the Bibliography.

secondary schools, have practically been compelled to undertake this work, which really ranks with that of a dancingmaster rather than with the task of a University teacher.

With regard to the position of the living language we have frequently expressed, but in vain, our opinion that it is not given its due in the new arrangements, to the detriment both of scholarship and of the schools. We do not wish to add anything, but only quote a recent pronouncement by Prof. Delbrück, the veteran scholar of syntactic fame. In a little book on modern German syntax he declares ¹⁾ that historical and comparative grammar has too long been concerned almost exclusively with the oldest periods. And he continues: "In gegensatz dazu lernte man den wert der gegenwärtigen sprachen höher einschätzen. Das geschah, wie ich denke, hauptsächlich durch die glänzende entwicklung der romanischen philologie. Zuerst meinte man, dasz die romanischen sprachen eine mehr oder weniger kümmerliche entartung des Lateinischen darstelden. Dann sah man ein, dasz auch hier gesetzmässige entwicklung vorliegt, und es wird allgemein zugestanden, dasz wir an den romanischen und anderen lebenden sprachen vieles für die alten sprachen gelernt haben, z. b. in der lautlehre". Of course Delbrück is thinking of the historical study of modern languages, but that he is fully convinced of the absolute necessity of a thorough study of the living stage is shown by what follows: 'Ähnlich wie mit dem Romanischen, aber auch nur ähnlich, verhält es sich mit dem Germanischen, denn es ist nicht zu leugnen, dasz in dem gelehrten betrieb das Gotische, Althochdeutsche und Mittelhochdeutsche vor dem Neuhochdeutschen ungebührlich bevorzugt worden sind. Diese und ähnliche erfahrungen haben uns dazu geführt, das wesen und die entwicklungsgesetze der sprachen möglichst an den lebenden zu erforschen, und haben den verfasser dieser schrift, der selbst zu der sprachvergleichern gehört, veranlaszt, seine eigene muttersprache und in dieser die umgangssprache zur grundlage seiner darstellung zu wählen.'

The position of modern languages in our universities is at present such that the best we can hope is that very few people will undertake the study of these subjects there. The universities, as far as modern studies are concerned, will become institutions for granting degrees, not centres of teaching, still less research. And the few schoolmasters who will own their training as well as their degree to the university, will be in the unenviable situation of accepting £ 500 a year extra for their incompetence. It will be the task of the Modern Language Association to awake both the public and the authorities to the true facts of the situation. As for ourselves, we can only recommend those who are qualified to take a University degree to avoid modern languages, and, if they take them, to spend as much of their time as possible at foreign universities. Those who are compelled to take an M. O. diploma will only go to the University, if at all, for their study of historical English grammar.

K.

Morsbach's Successor. Prof. Dr. Hans Hecht, of the University of Basel, has been appointed Professor of English at Göttingen, and will succeed Prof. L. Morsbach as such at the beginning of Christmas Term.

We refer our readers to the "Festschrift" in honour of Prof. Morsbach, published by our namesake *Englische Studien* in March 1920 (cf. E. S. II, 96), and to our reviews of books by Prof. Hecht in vol. II, 60 and vol. III, 20.

¹⁾ *Grundlagen der neuhochdeutschen Satzlehre*, p. 84 f.

Translation.

1. Starting his horse the Prince followed by the whole cavalcade rode over the bridge to the sound of a cheery blare of horns. 2. They swung out of the Bosch immediately and presently came to the meadowlands which were to be hunted. 3. It was a fine, mild morning, such as one sometimes meets with in February, even in this country: one of those winter days which bring us the balmy breath of spring in the breeze and which would almost make us believe that we shall soon see spring return, if we did not know that we still had March with its blustering storms and April with its showers to struggle through first. 4. And besides not one of the harbingers of the warm season was yet to be seen in the far-reaching meadow: no stork had returned yet to look up its old place: no peewits showed themselves yet, wheeling in graceful circles so that their wings, when they catch the rays of the sun, glitter like sparks of light: only here and there flocks of starlings darted away from the horses' feet or an old crow, perched on the top of a farm-gate seemed to await the arrival of the party and only then raised its heavy wings, as if with difficulty, to settle down again a little farther off.

5. Then, however propitious the state of the weather might be, that of the hunting-ground was less so, as the greater part of the ground was rather swampy with here and there large pools which one could ride round as long as one advanced at (a) walking-pace, but which it was to be foreseen could be avoided with difficulty once one was pursuing the game. 6. It may indeed seem strange to us living now(adays) that a day should be selected for hunting in such an unsuitable season, which moreover at the present day belongs to the close-time. 7. But, although in the seventeenth century, the sporting season and close-time were unknown, none the less hunting even at that date was forbidden when the ground was covered with snow or ice; while the hunting-regulations in Holland strictly forbade hunting more than twice a week throughout the year, as also taking more than two hares and one or two brace of rabbits on one day. 8. The natural consequence of this provision was that sportsmen never let an opportunity escape unless it were decidedly unfavourable.

9. The encountering of occasional obstacles such as the pools I have mentioned, and the ditches which intersected the meadow-land, had had the result that most of the sportsmen, including the ladies, did not ride on over the meadows, but kept to a byroad from which they could overlook the open country. 10. As for the Prince, who as a true sportsman shrank from no obstacles, he remained at the head of the others and pushed on, straight across country.

Observations. 1. *Putting his steed into motion.* — Hunter = jachtpaard. *To the merry tooting of the horn.* Under a joyous trumpet sound. Under referring to attendant circumstances is very rare; we could only find one instance in our notes: sitting down under the clapping of hands and stamping of boots (Pett Ridge, *Thanks to Sanderson*, p. 144). Acquitted amidst a tempest of applause. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Dec. 1898, 420). — *Glad blare of horns.* H. Bradley in 'The Making of English' says: "Poets and rhetorical writers can still speak of 'a glad spirit', 'a glad landscape', but in ordinary talk we express the notion by other words, such as *joyous*, *cheerful*, *happy*, while *glad* is used only to characterize the state of feeling pleasure for some specified cause. — *Retinue (suite)* = Du. *gevolg*."

2. *They immediately wheeled out of the Bosch* is correct. The word *Bosch* is a place name (as shown by the capital letter) and should be kept in the English translation. *Came at the meadows*. The correct preposition after *come* is *to*. The verb *arrive* is followed by *at*. — *That were to be hunted (over); shot (over)*. During his stay the Belvoir coverts were *shot over*. (*Times Weekly Ed.*, 19 Jan. 1895). Colloquially the preposition is omitted: We shall soon be able to *shoot* the big coverts in the hollow. (*Daily News*, October 6. 1881).

3. *Sultry morning*. Do not mix up Du. *zwoel* (sultry; oppressively hot) with Du. *zoel*. — *Like one sometimes meets with in February*. *Like* is not a conjunction in literary English, but is often used in that function, especially in conversational English. — *Even here at land*. A literal translation of the Dutch is impossible. — *On which already a fragrant spring air streams to meet us*. Too literal. — *Nearly makes us believe*. — *We will soon see spring return*. Weak-stressed *will* is used in the first person to express an intention (See Kruisinga's *Accidence and Syntax*, § 441.) *I will help you* = Du. *Ik zal je eens helpen*. In our sentence the use of *will* would be wrong. — *Did we not know that*. An if-clause is sometimes expressed by inversion without a conjunction: Did you believe in God you would not say that. (Fergus Hume, *Lady Jim*, 265.). — *Breeze, gust, squall, storm*. A *breeze* is gentle and may be fitful, a *gust* is pretty strong, but especially sudden and brief, a *squall* is a *storm* that begins suddenly and is soon over, perhaps consisting of a series of strong *gusts*, a *storm* is a violent disturbance of the atmosphere, generally attended by rain, hail or snow.

4. *Add to this that not one of the heralds of spring revealed itself*. — *Extended meadow* should be *extensive m.* *Extended* would convey the idea of possessing extension, occupying space. We perceive it (viz. a body) as something different from our perception, and we perceive it as having something not in our perception; we perceive it, in short, as *extended*. (Mc. Cosh, *Berkeley*. 67.). In another sense: Mr. R. came towards me with *extended arms*. (*Pearson's Magazine*, Aug. 1904, 145.). *Extensive*: Beyond the lake lay an *extensive chase* (W. Scott, *Kenilworth*). — *The acquainted spot*. This application of the word 'acquainted' is no longer current (Obsolete of persons, archaic of things. N. E. D.): Things *acquainted* and familiar to us. (Shakespeare, *2 Hen. IV.*, V. 2.). We are at home and upon *acquainted ground*. (Lamb, *Elia* II. IX. 294). Modern use: I am well *acquainted* with the road. (*Century Magazine*, 1892. 220.). — *Lapwing, Pe(e)wit*. The name *plover* is also popularly given to this bird, the eggs of which are sold as 'Plovers' eggs' (*Oxford Dictionary*). As a matter of fact the *plover* belongs to a different species (Du. *plevier*, *pluvier*): The Dutch word *koppel* is rather ambiguous; it may either mean a couple or pair or a whole flock of birds. From the context it would appear that the word has the latter meaning. — *The coming of the pageant*. *Coming* is right, but *pageant* suggests a formal march, a brilliant or stately spectacle arranged for effect; especially a procession or parade with elaborate spectacular display; a showy parade. The Church *pageant* in 1909. Historical *pageants*. — *Making graceful circles, in which process their wings twinkled like sparks of light*. — *Darted from before the horses' feet*. — *Sitting on a farm-gate*. — *Stile* is quite wrong for 'rustic gate' (Du. *overstap*). — *Cavalcade*. — *Only then did it raise*. The whole sentence is not negated. See Kruisinga, *Accidence & Syntax* § 2071. — *In order to settle again at a distance*. —

5. If we prefer *weather-conditions* to *state of the weather* the rest of the sentence requires alteration: *those of the hunting-ground were less so*. The

singular *weather-condition* is incorrect. (Poutsma, II, i. v.). — *Favourable-Propitious-Auspicious*. Favourable is the most comprehensive term. Like *propitious* it may be applied to both persons and things. *Auspicious*, on the other hand, is exclusively said of events or appearances. — *Pretty miry*. — *But, as might be expected, could, with difficulty, be avoided once the hunt was in full swing*. — *It was to foresee*. The passive form ought to have been used.

6. *It may well seem strange to us*. See Poutsma, I, p. 75. You may well look astonished (Kingsley, *Hypatia*, Ch. X.). The situation is one which might well draw a smile. (*Strand Magazine*, May 1916, 546). You may well ask "What is to know?" for the expression is an ambiguous one. (Mivart, *Nature and Thought*). In these examples *well* means *justifiably*. — *That a day was selected*. Not absolutely wrong, though as a rule *should* is used after clauses expressing a personal feeling or opinion. — *Close time* (with or without a hyphen) also *close season*. The sportsman, though possessed of every requisite qualification in the way of licence or permission to shoot, is not entitled to kill or take game at all times. Firstly, he may not do so either upon Sundays throughout the year, or upon Christmas Day, under a penalty of £ 5; and, secondly, the law has set apart certain periods of the year when game is not to be taken. These latter provisions are contained in the Game Act 1831. The close times vary to a certain extent in different countries and localities, but they will generally be found to include the breeding times of the species in question.

7. *People knew no time for opening and closing the hunting-season*. — *Yet . . . all the same, hunting was not allowed*. — *When snow or ice was lying on the land*. — *Throughout the year; The whole year round*. Both correct. *Throughout the whole year* is a blending of these two in which the word *whole* is redundant. — *Two times* is not English. See the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. — *To catch more than two hares* sounds unsportsmanlike and had better be replaced by *take or kill*. — *Two braces of rabbits*. Words denoting a definite number, such as *gross*, *stone*, *brace* etc. take no plural s.

8. *Limitation* would not be taken to mean *restriction, provision, regulation*. It is in limitation that the master comes out. (One should not attempt what is beyond one's powers.) — *The natural result*. — *The amateurs let slip no opportunity unless it was downright unfavourable*. Right, except for the word *amateur*, which fails to render *liefhebber* in our text. An amateur is a person attached to a particular pursuit, study or science, as to music or painting; especially one who cultivates any study or art, from taste or attachment, without pursuing it professionally. (Webster.) Perhaps *enthusiast* would suit. — *Occasion* is wrong: On that *occasion* I had no *opportunity* of speaking to him.

9. *Did not cross the meadows, but took a short cut*. *Du. binnenweg* has two meanings: 1) little frequented road, or by-road; 2) crossing that shortens the distance, short-cut. It is not clear from the context what is meant.

10. *Keen sportsman*. — *Was dismayed by no obstacles. Concerning the Prince* = *Betreffende den Prins*.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss W. D., Enschedé; Miss M. G., Amsterdam; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss T. v. M., 's Hertogenbosch; Mr. J. P. P., Rotterdam; Miss A. E. S., Gorleston-on-sea; Mr. B. S., Koog a/d Zaan; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

„Ik zeg je, Peter,” zei Mevrouw Emming tot haar man, een geacht geneesheer en burger van Berlijn, „dat Mevrouw Van Pelten niets mankeert; ze is alleen ziek van verlangen naar haar man en haar kind.”

„Weet je het weer beter dan ik?” vroeg hij plagend, terwijl hij haar in de wang kneep en zich bukte om haar te kussen. Ze was veel kleiner en aanmerkelijk jonger dan hij: niemand zou dan ook gedacht hebben, dat dit kinderlijke vrouwtje, behalve ander kroost, al een tienjarigen zoon had. „En hoe is Mevrouw tot deze diagnose gekomen?”

„Wel, als ze bij ons komt, kijkt ze niet om naar de jongens, maar Marietje verwerpt en vertroetelt ze, zelfs meer dan mij lief is. Ze heeft me al een keer of vijf gevraagd, hoe oud ze is; tien tegen één, dat haar eigen dochtertje van denzelfden leeftijd is, en blonde krullen en blauwe oogen heeft, net als ons kind. Trouwens, Mevrouw is zelf ook blond: het zou dus best kunnen.”

Dit gesprek tusschen den dokter en zijn vrouw had plaats in de gang van hun echtelijke woning, een ruim bovenhuis van één verdieping in één der Berlijnsche voorsteden, terwijl Mevrouw Emming haar man in zijn overjas hielp en daarna uitliet, een kleine vriendelijkheid, die ze hem elken dag, als hij zijn patienten ging bezoeken, bewees. Het was een morgen in 't begin van Mei, mooi, maar tamelijk frisch, en aangezien de dokter graag in een open voertuig reed, had ze hem met moederlijke bezorgdheid overgehaald niet zonder overjas uit te gaan.

„En wat zou je dan aanraden te doen?” hervatte Dr. Emming. „Ik zou berglucht voorschrijven, haar naar Zwitserland sturen, naar dat plaatsje waar haar man woont, je weet wel, waar ze dien tunnel aan 't bouwen zijn, en — de rest komt vanzelf”, antwoordde ze op vertrouwelijken toon.

„Haar naar Kandersteg zenden?” zei de dokter peinzend, „hm, ik zal er eens over denken.” Hij deelde niet het vaste geloof van zijn vrouw, dat deze twee trotsche menschen weer tot elkaar te brengen zouden zijn. Eigenlijk was hij een beetje huiverig in zoo'n intieme aangelegenheid als een soort van bemiddelaar op te treden.

De dokter liep vlug de trap af, maar vóór hij in zijn auto stapte, keek hij naar boven en wuifde met de hand tegen zijn beide jongste kinderen, die hun neusjes plat drukten tegen het raam om Paatje te zien weggrijden. Terwijl de auto de straten doorvloog, haalde Dr. Emming een notitieboekje te voorschijn met de lijst van zijn patienten en keek het eenige minuten in. Bij den naam van Pelten kwamen hem onwillekeurig de woorden van zijn vrouw in de gedachten. Haar idee was misschien nog zoo kwaad niet. Er bestond altijd eenige kans, dat er een verzoening tot stand gebracht zou kunnen worden tusschen den heer Van Pelten en zijn vrouw. Ze hadden wel een hevigen twist gehad, maar het was geweest over een betrekkelijk onbeduidende zaak. Toch had dit tot een volslagen vervreemding geleid. Geen van beiden kon echter iets ergers dan overmatige trots en koppigheid verweten worden. Misschien zou het gemis van elkanders bijzijn hen langzamerhand wel zachter gestemd hebben. Bij nader overleg besloot de dokter dus op den raad zijner vrouw in te gaan.

Reviews.

Language, its nature, development and origin. By OTTO JESPERSEN.
London, George Allen & Unwin Ltd. 1922. 448 p. 18 sh. net.

All the numerous details of this new book by Jespersen marshal around the great problem of the general principle of the evolution of language, which the author, in his last chapter (p. 429) defines as follows: “The evolution of language shows a progressive tendency from inseparable irregular conglomerations to freely and regularly combinable short elements”. In the very earliest period, when language was originating, these “conglomerations” consisted in the songs by which primitive man gave utterance to his emotions, in special to that of love, and only very gradually did the primitive communities begin to see in these long groups of syllables the names of the phenomena and facts to which those emotions referred. And then commenced the evolution that lasted for several millennia, towards ever simpler forms, the evolution via the more complicated systems of language, which we know among the Indians e. g. and the already less synthetic systems of e. g. Sanskrit and Latin, to the strongly analytical systems, such as those of French, Danish and especially English.

These ideas are not new to those who know Jespersen's "Progress in Language", but all the same this is an entirely new book, owing to the abundance of new material and the clear arrangement of it. The author once more proves himself a master who stands above the problems, who does not allow himself to be caught by the doctrine of any particular school, and who applies the necessary criticism to his own ideas as well. He praises Madvig and Whitney for "the sobriety of their reasoning and their superior clearness of thought"; these are also his own qualities, but he escapes the error that he notes in them of reconstructing primitive men to their own image "as serious and well-meaning men endowed with a large share of common-sense" (p. 433).

Jespersen's ideas on the evolution of language have already had a great influence, and nowadays most scholars will probably agree with him that languages show a general tendency towards an evolution from a complicated synthetic system to a simpler analytic system. Jespersen considers this evolution as progress: "that language ranks highest which goes farthest in the art of accomplishing much with little means, or, in other words, which is able to express the greatest amount of meaning with the simplest mechanism" (p. 324). This is of course no longer the statement of a demonstrable or refutable fact, it is a personal valuation, and just as much as a man is at liberty not to think that society an ideal one that combines a maximum output with a minimum of labour, where material life goes without a hitch, so to say, so it is not necessary for us to rejoice with Jespersen at the fact that languages in general are more and more able "to express the greatest amount of meaning with the simplest mechanism". The oldest language was more poetical than the more modern languages, says Jespersen; are we to rejoice at such a development? Do we not notice repeatedly, in various fields of human activity, that all progress in a certain direction is apt to be attended by the loss of much that is sympathetic in another field? During the time that I often used to speak with Russian men and women from the people, I was fascinated again and again by their fine way of telling things; in general our own people are far behind them in this respect. And folksongs like the Russian we do not possess by far. And Puškin, as a poet, is unsurpassed in European literature. Am I, none the less, to consider Dutch, Danish or English superior as compared with Russian because the latter employs a great number of flexional forms and more long word formations? It may be true that for handling a more synthetic language more complicated psychic processes are required, but a man who speaks such a language as his mother tongue does not suffer the slightest discomfort therefrom, and one does not detect any more rapid mental wear in him than among us and our likes. I for one prefer to be content with noting evolution in language without speaking of progress or retrogression.

The main line along which the evolution of language progresses is intimately linked up with the evolution of communities. And the separate moments in the history of separate languages will also probably have to be considered in connection with social phenomena. But as soon as we come to details, we are faced with great difficulties. Great popularity was and is still enjoyed by the "substratum theory", which accounts for linguistic change from the adoption of a language by a population that formerly spoke another language. Anyone feels that this doctrine contains a kernel of truth, but none the less it can only account for a very small portion of the facts of linguistic change. The critical consideration of the "substratum theory," and the reduction of its scope to more modest proportions are a very successful part of Jespersen's

book. At the same time he, too, has not found the formula that explains, once and for all, the enigma of the phenomena of linguistic change. Besides the not entirely deniable influence of the ethnical substratum he believes especially in two social factors: "In the first place, the influence of parents, and grown-up people generally, may be less than usual, because an unusual number of parents may be away from home, as in great wars of long duration, or may have been killed off, as in the great plagues Secondly, there may be periods in which the ordinary restraints on linguistic change make themselves less felt than usual, because the whole community is animated by a strong feeling of independence and wants to break loose from social ties of many kinds, including those of a powerful school organization or literary tradition" (p. 260). It is not to be denied that similar social conditions may and must further rapid linguistic change, but they can no more be considered as the general or even as the principal cause of linguistic change than the influence of the ethnical substratum. I should like to point out two things for which an adequate explanation still remains to be given:

1. Although the "junggrammatische" view of sound law and analogy puts too simple a construction on the facts, the history of language not only reveals to us sound laws, but even groups of sound laws which operate in a common tendency. Thus Primitive Slavonic has eliminated all falling diphthongs and all final consonants, in consequence of a tendency towards "free contact" and a rising wave of sonority. How do such tendencies originate? Our insight into the interaction between the individual and the crowd must become considerably clearer and more concrete before such a question can be answered.

2. When from a language a number of younger languages have developed that exist fairly independently from each other, sometimes even entirely apart, we are often struck by a strong parallelism in development, as if their history were pre-determined in its main features. Meillet has drawn attention to this more than once. How is this? No one has answered this question yet, nor has Jespersen done so by pointing to the isolated life of groups of children and to the sense of independence of entire communities of men as the causes of intensive linguistic change.

Thus Jespersen's new book is not, any more than his former writings, the last word on the great problems that occupy him and every philologist. But it does belong to the best of what has been written on them. Our knowledge will not have got beyond the period of question marks for some time to come, each new theory is capable of being contested, supplemented and improved. But this labour of correction must be done with an unprejudiced mind and Jespersen is eminently unprejudiced. Some have seen in "sound symbolism" a main factor in the origin and history of language, others have stoutly denied this theory; a sober critical examination of the question is to be found in Jespersen. In how far does the development of children's speech give us an image of that of the speech of mankind? A clearer discussion of the question than Jespersen gives us cannot be desired; of far-reaching theories only that is kept which can stand sound criticism. And thus it is with every new problem that Jespersen brings within the scope of his investigation.

In this way his book has great value for everyone who is interested in the fundamental problems of philology, and it will keep its value as long as the reading public prefers an unprejudiced judgment to doctrinaire theories.

The English School of Lutenist Song-writers. Transcribed, Scored and Edited from the Original Editions, by E. H. FELLOWES, M. A., Mus. Doc. John Dowland, First Book of Aires (1597). Part I. Nos. 1—10. Winthrop Rogers (18 Berners Street W. 1) 1920. — 5/—.

I have in my possession a dainty, green volume, (cheap at the pre-war price of one shilling), entitled *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age*, and edited by that distinguished literary veteran, the late Mr. A. H. Bullen. This handy volume has beguiled many an idle hour, and has often set me wondering about the tunes to which these lyrical gems were sung. Names like Byrd, Kirbye, Campion, John Dowland, conveyed nothing to me, although I understood quite well that their work was something very unlike Schubert's. And again I had occasion to be vexed at my defective equipment as a teacher of English and English literature.

An average Hollander will, on hearing about English songs, think of two types, and two types only. The one is the modern music hall song, the other is the sentimental wail, beloved of Mid-Victorian drawing-rooms, and not nearly impopular yet, when things are looked into. Ah, what pleasant tears have been drawn from perfectly willing eyes by such beautiful songs as 'Nita, Juanita', and 'The Cottage by the Sea', and 'Won't you Buy my Pretty Flowers'!

To such a believer in the negligibleness and the insipidity of English song — of course he does not know 'Come, Lasses and Lads', or 'Since First I Saw your Face', or 'A-hunting We Will Go', or 'Gather your Rosebuds while ye May' — the scholarly work of Dr. E. H. Fellowes should come as a revelation.

John Dowland was a lutenist, a performer on the lute. The 'General Preface' tells us many interesting things about the school of which he was the chief adornment. Its career was shortlived but brilliant, beginning with Dowland's first volume in 1597 and practically ending with the same composer's *A Pilgrim's Solace* published in 1612. 'During this period some thirty volumes, or sets, were issued, of which copies have survived to our own time.... The words were set by these Lutenist composers with a true appreciation of their poetic value; their sole purpose was to enhance the beauty of the recitation of such lines through the medium of simple musical expression as opposed to any idea of elaborate device.'

Dr. Fellowes gives two versions of each song. There is a literal version, which when played upon a harpsichord should produce an effect closely approaching that of the lute. But there is also an alternative version intended for the modern piano, in which 'the original barring of the voice-part has been somewhat modified with the object of simplifying the interpretation of the music. The principle of irregularity in this matter has been retained, and.... the crotchet (or minim) unit remains constant in value right through each song, whatever may be the variations of rhythm.'

John Dowland was of Irish extraction, his name being originally Doolan. According to his editor, he was not only one of the greatest song-writers that England has ever produced, but he is to be placed unhesitatingly among the world's greatest song-writers of all time. Personally I hesitate to place him as high as that supreme master of song, the gentle and genial Austrian Franz Schubert, who combines the most exquisite melodies with simply marvellous pictorial qualities. I am even inclined to rate him a little lower than Lawes or Purcell. But he deserves to be known and appreciated as he was in Elizabethan times, when he celebrated triumphs all over the Continent. And the book is to be warmly recommended to such members of the English

Association in Holland as are willing to oblige social gatherings with a song, and are anxious to lay hands on a musical volume whose quaint contents are sure to appeal.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The vicissitudes of the Chapbook will be dealt with in our next number.

Two Americans on Dryden.

The Poetry of John Dryden: By MARK VAN DOREN. — Harcourt, Brace and Howe. 1920. —

John Dryden and a British Academy: By Professor OLIVER F. EMERSON (Western Reserve University, U. S. A.). — From the Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. X. Milford. 1921. — 1/6.

Two very dissimilar things; one, a book, well and warmly written, a rehabilitation of Dryden, the poet; the other, a sober treatise, setting forth Dryden's merits as a student of his mother-tongue. Both are welcome.

The romantic conception of poetry, prevalent, nay rampant, from the time of Rousseau down to our days, and not nearly extinct yet, has always been hostile to literary work like Dryden's, giant though he indisputably is. But the realm of poetry is not a church, or, if it really must be circumscribed by certain tenets, we should be careful to reject any that would leave Dryden outside. True, he cannot poetize over a primrose by a river's brim, but he can draw characters. True, he has not any stool 'to be melancholy upon', but he has much intermittently flowing humour. True, he is unequal, like Wordsworth, but where he falls below his level, he — unlike Wordsworth — does not make the impression of mistaking his own dulness for inspired wisdom. And granted that his colouring is not subdued and that he does not scumble his outlines, — does that prevent him from being an artist?

'Latterly the critics with historical bent and eclectic taste have been busy either at placing Dryden in time or at explaining his imperfections by an appeal to the shortcomings of the audience for which he wrote. This tasting and this research have done much to lay bare huge flaws and inequalities in the surface which Dryden presented to posterity. Little has been done in the way of exploring the large spirit which worked beneath that surface, or in surveying other surfaces less conspicuous . . . The story of Dryden's poetry is the story of a sinewy mind attacking bulky materials.' Not unfrequently the sinewy mind loses vigour, so that the bulky material gets diluted, as we find it diluted in a poet who must have been dear to Mr. Mark van Doren's Dutch forbears, long-winded Jacob Cats:

'As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restored by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.'

(Britannia Rediviva.)

More often, however, the poet warms with his subject, e.g. where he gives free renderings of eloquent passages in Lucretius, his favourite Latin author. Then there is a passionate, jerky movement in his verse, which rouses and stirs

'We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
 In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart
 Which to that other mortal shall accrue
 Whom of our matter time shall mold anew.
 For backward if you look on that long space
 Of ages past, and view the changing face
 Of matter, tossed and variously combined
 In sundry shapes, 't is easy for the mind
 From thence t' infer, that seeds of things have been
 In the same order as they now are seen;
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
 Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
 And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled.¹⁾

And if Dryden's songs 'never go deeper than the painted fires of conventional Petrarchan love' (Mr. van Doren's metaphor seems rather curious), he is the master of the prologue and epilogue in English. The ninety-five pieces which he is known to have composed for delivery from the front of the Restoration stage, "give, more adequately than any other division of his work, a notion of his various powers: his speed, his precision, his weight, his melody, his tact. He seems to have been braced in writing them by his consciousness that they would be heard by acute and critical ears in actual playhouses; for he has purged himself of conceits, bombast, and mannered elegance. They are his most speaking poems; they have the warmth of flesh and blood. He has written some of them as much for fun as for money.... They are a running commentary on forty years of his life, as well as a living mirror in which the tiny theatrical world of Charles and James is shrewdly reflected".

The Poetry of John Dryden is a fine book. This is not to say that it is in every way perfect. Sometimes the author seems to lack the sense of historical perspective, e.g. where he says that 'the wars Waller sung were petty affairs' (p. 28). Were they really? The Dutch wars certainly were not, and no naval encounter in the late war can be compared for grandeur with Tromp's and de Ruyter's sea-fights, or with van Wassenaer Obdam's disaster off Lowestoft in 1665.

The author's American ear often hears lines of verse differently from a European's. In

'But baffled by an arbitrary crowd',

where, according to Mr. van Doren, there is no pause whatever, a slight pause will certainly occur after the word 'baffled'. And Guyomar's speech (from 'The Indian Emperor'), quoted on page 111, contains at least three

¹⁾ Rer. Nat. III 847—860.

Nec, si materiem nostram collegerit aetas
 post obitum rursumque redegerit ut sita nunc est,
 atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitae,
 pertineat quicquam tamen ad nos id quoque factum,
 interrupta semel cum sit retinentia nostri.
 Et nunc nil ad nos de nobis attinet, ante
 qui fuimus, neque iam de illis nos adficit angor.
 Nam cum respicias inmensi temporis omne
 praeteritum spatium, tum motus material
 multimodis quam sint, facile hoc adcredere possis,
 semina saepe in eodem, ut nunc sunt, ordine posta.
 Nec memori tamen id quimus repraehendere mente
 inter enim ictast vitali pausa, vageque
 deerrant passim motus ab sensibus omnes.

'departures from the iambic norm,' though we are assured there are none.¹⁾

Are the possibilities of rime so very great in English? (page 110). In this respect it is far inferior to Italian and French, for the simple reason that English has a wider vowelrange than either of the two, and more consonants. *Quiet* only rimes with *riot*, though Mr. Herbert Trench has found an additional *fiat*, and Aleister Crowley has hit upon *eyot*. Is there a pure rime to *anger*? Professor Housman's *holt* and *hanger* is ingenious, but allows no repetition. Many English poets cannot do without *love-move* or *gush-bush* or *the wind-mankind*.

Literary references ought to have been more detailed. It will not do to refer merely to 'Theocritus', when a quotation is given from his third idyll, lines 18 and 19.

* * *

The British Academy was founded in 1901 and was granted a royal charter in 1902. It embraces four divisions: (1) History and Archæology; (2) Philology; (3) Philosophy; (4) Jurisprudence and Economics. So it corresponds to the famous French *Académie* as it developed afterwards. But the avowed aim of the real founders of the latter institution, including Richelieu, had been the improvement of the French language, and the composition of dictionaries and grammars. And not only Dryden, but also John Evelyn and other notable contemporaries were strongly in favour of an English Academy modelled on the lines of the French prototype. The matter was even taken up by the Royal Society. But the project, such as it was, fell through, and Professor Emerson finds various causes for its failure. He also points out how reluctant Dryden was to abandon this pet notion of his. In his *Dedication of Troilus and Cressida* to the Earl of Sunderland he strongly urges the necessity of an Academy.

"The perfect knowledge of a tongue was never attained by any single person. The court, the college, and the town (not the country-side, W.v.D.) must be joined in it. And as our English is a composition of the dead and the living tongues, there is required a perfect knowledge not only of Greek and Latin, but of the old German, the French, and the Italian; and to help all these, a conversation with those authors of our own who have written with the fewest faults in prose and verse . . . I am desirous, if it were possible, that we might all write with the same certainty of words and purity of phrase to which the Italians first arrived, and after them the French . . ."

Dryden's eloquent appeal was of no avail. Perhaps it was as well. Dryden's failure contributed to the success of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the dictator.

W. v. D.

Brief Mention.

Longfellow's Excelsior, edited by FRED. QUANJER. Landmark Series for the study of English idiom. Rijswijk, Blankwaardt en Schoonhoven, 1922.

This little book is intended for students and general readers who want to increase their knowledge of idiom by the direct method. To this end a well-known poem has been chosen, which is treated word by word, synonyms and allied expressions being given in abundance. The notes are preceded by a paraphrase of the poem. Space does not allow of any criticism of detail; the booklet is well worth acquiring for those who have already attained some proficiency in English, and who want a change from the ordinary handbooks.

Z.

¹⁾ 1. To that sea-shore where no more world is found.

2. Where, for a while, my eyes no object met.

3. Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise.

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Containing selections from "Poems, 1908-1914," "Swords and Ploughshares" (1915), "Olton Pools" (1916), "Tides" (1917), "Loyalties" (1919), and "Seeds of Time" (1921).

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¹⁾ This instalment includes books published up to June. The list will be brought up to date in the next number. Ed.

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ERRATUM.

On page 189 of this number read: Translation M. O. 1922, instead of 1921.

¹⁾ i. e. Knowledge of the older periods of the language and of the older literature

The Women of George Eliot's Novels.

(Continued)

The number of egoistic female characters in G. Eliot's works is smaller than that of her altruistic women. There are but a few to be added. The Countess Czerlaski in *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton* knows, like Rosamund Vincy, how to appear amiable and charming, and yet to gratify all her selfish desires. The egoism of Tessa in *Romola* is a childish one, an egoism which is less contemptible because it is based on ignorance and simplicity. Mrs. Pullet in *The Mill on the Floss* represents a selfishness which centres in an exaggerated care for health, while the chief motive of Mrs. Transome's egoism in *Felix Holt* is ambition. In showing us how many men had become more or less cruelly affected by the ignorance or selfish action of some fellow-being, G. Eliot wanted to stimulate us "to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us should not suffer in a like manner from us." ¹⁾

A similar intention guided her in the delineation of mixed characters. "My artistic bent", she writes, "is directed to the presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgment, pity and sympathy." ²⁾ What G. Eliot meant by mixed characters she tells us in *Felix Holt*, where she defines them as "susceptible natures in which battle is inevitable, and the side of victory uncertain." (vol. II, p. 153). She had a special preference for them, most probably because being herself susceptible, she could in their delineation keep very close to what she knew most familiarly. In Dorothea Brooke, in *Romola* and above all in Maggie Tulliver the personal accent is very easily to be recognised. G. Eliot's mixed characters are her most interesting creations. They are generally complicated, but in most cases their development is carried out with great logical consequence, so that they do not present extraordinary difficulties to sympathetic and attentive readers.

Gwendolen Harleth in *Daniel Deronda* belongs to them. "Was she beautiful or not beautiful, and what was the secret of form or of expression which gave the dynamic qualities to her glance? Was the good or the evil genius dominant in those beams? Probably the evil, else why was the effect that of unrest rather than of undisturbed charm? Why was the wish to look again felt as a coercion, and not as a longing in which the whole being consents?" ³⁾ In these words with which G. Eliot begins the description of Gwendolen, she already indicates that opposite powers and inclinations are struggling with each other in her soul. Then she shows how at first the lower tendencies are dominating, but how gradually by the purifying effect of great sorrow and the ennobling influence of Daniel Deronda the higher faculties are roused and conquer those by which they had been enslaved before.

"Mr. Lewes has not heard any complaints of not understanding Gwendolen", G. Eliot wrote shortly after the publication of *Daniel Deronda* "but a strong partisanship for and against her." ⁴⁾ The latter was natural enough with a character like Gwendolen's, in which selfishness and goodness had to be

¹⁾ J. W. Cross, *Life of G. E.*, vol. II, p. 191.

²⁾ *Ibidem*, vol. I, p. 349.

³⁾ *Daniel Deronda*, vol. I, p. 5.

⁴⁾ J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. II, p. 414.

combined in such a way as to secure our sympathy on the one hand and to give full scope to the play of passions and impulses on the other. But G. Eliot knew well how to overcome the difficulties connected with this combination, so that Gwendolen's character strikes us with its reality and proves its author's mastery in psychological analysis.

Some circumstances of Gwendolen's life remind of Esther Lyon in *Felix Holt*. Esther is like Gwendolen a petted, spoiled child that has become a selfish young lady, who cares too much for her own small tastes and too little for what affects others. Her self-questioning, her longing to live another life that has higher ends, comes to her like to Gwendolen, through a man, Felix Holt. But Esther's probation is not half so painful as that of Mrs. Grandcourt, for her admonisher becomes her husband, and her comparatively short trial ends in happiness.

No such happiness is granted to Romola, the heroine of G. Eliot's only historical novel. In her character the author tried to show how it is possible to live a life worth living, even when our dearest hopes are disappointed and our hearts cruelly wounded.

A girl brought up in learned seclusion from the interests of actual life, knowing neither heart-cutting sorrow nor overflowing joy and happiness, perfectly ignorant of everything outside her father's books, this is Romola at the age of seventeen. Now and then there came hours for her in which she felt how dreary and colourless a life like hers was "which had nothing inherited but memories — memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, a blind father's happier time — memories of a far-off light, love and beauty, that lay embedded in dark mines of books and could hardly give out their brightness again until they were kindled for her by the torch of some known joy." ¹⁾ Then she felt a half-conscious, yet ardent yearning for a change. That change was brought about by Tito Melema, a young Greek scholar. By him Romola learnt to know what love was, that power of a strong nature which sees in the beloved object the ideal of all perfection. "I do love you", she assures him, "I know now what it is to be happy. ¹⁾ Everything I had felt before in all my life... was a preparation to love you. ²⁾ You have crowned my poor life" ³⁾ Romola, so proud and self-controlled to every one else, becomes simple and unreserved in her love for Tito whose bright life makes her thirsty for a deep draught of joy. But after a short time of happiness the baseness of Tito's character becomes so evident that Romola who can only love whom she esteems, shrinks from her husband and despises him. And

If love is not worth loving then life is not worth living,
Nor aught is worth remembering, but well forgot. ⁴⁾

Romola wants to forget and to be forgotten. She makes up her mind to quit her husband, to leave her native town and to hide her broken love and life in an unknown place. But she is stopped by Savonarola. "My daughter, you must return," he says to her. "You chose the bond (of marriage), and in willingly breaking it you break a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain when you yourself are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust which binds man to man — faithlessness to the spoken word?" ⁵⁾ Romola, though shaken by these words, is yet at first inwardly

¹⁾ *Romola* vol. I p. 65.

²⁾ *Rom.* vol. I p. 199.

³⁾ *Ibid.* p. 221.

⁴⁾ Ch. Rossetti: *Time flies*.

⁵⁾ *Rom.* vol. II p. 63.

rebellng against them. But by and by she comes to understand "that she can forsake her duties and choose not to have the sorrow they bring, but will only find sorrow without duty". She returns to Florence and to her husband to begin a new life, but in spite of all her efforts she soon becomes conscious that she and her husband are hopelessly alienated from each other, that they must walk apart unto the end. What compensation can there be for Romola who feels clearly "that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake, that the deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her and then for ever passed her by?" ¹⁾ Savonarola who personifies for her the highest motives, teaches her that now the problem of her life must be "to keep alive that flame of unselfish emotions by which a life of sadness might well be a life of active love." ²⁾ It is a hard task for Romola whose nature has still large claims and struggles against their denial. She has, besides, no innate love for the sick and the poor, and her education has kept her aloof from such charitable duties. But by and by she becomes well-known in all those places in which misery and suffering have their abode. And the more the gulf between herself and Tito is widening, the more she feels consolation in her work of womanly sympathy. Then new great probations come over her. She has only to experience that her husband is still worse than she had thought him to be, but her confidence in the Frate in whom she had put all her trust, is also shaken. With her faith in Savonarola all her noble aspirations seem to have gone. She longs to be delivered from all cares and obligations. And once more she flees from Florence and from her husband. Nobody stops her this time. She gets into a small boat, lies down in it, and drifts away on the dark waves of the Mediterranean. But when awakening from her lethargy she finds that she has not been able to escape sorrow, her boat has brought her to a small island whose inhabitants are stricken with the plague. From the moment she sees the misery of the poor people, she feels an energetic impulse to answer the call of need. She recognises that her desire to free herself from all bonds was selfish, that once more she must begin anew. "If everything else is doubtful," she says to herself, "this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken." ³⁾ With this resolution she goes back to her native town, when her help is no longer wanted in the island. She finds her husband no more alive; he had died a miserable death, but he has left a girl whom he had deceived and seduced, and several children. Romola's first care is to provide for them. She never tells them what were her relations to Tito, but she is anxious to educate his children in such a way as to stifle in them those dangerous inclinations that had ruined their father. "We can only have the highest happiness," she teaches them, "by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves, and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good." ⁴⁾ Romola, after the disappointments of her marriage, has chosen this happiness. Thus the evening of her life is calm and serene. She has much lost, but also much gained. She has much

¹⁾ *Romola*, vol. I, p. 220.

²⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 98.

³⁾ *Rom.*, II p. 285.

⁴⁾ J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. II p. 97.

suffered and has therefore much to give according to the poet's words:

"Whoso suffers most, has most to give". (H. E. Hamilton-King.)

The writing of *Romola* "ploughed" into G. Eliot more than any of her other books. "I began it a young woman," she says, "and finished it an old woman". In spite of all the pains she took, she herself was obliged to acknowledge that the delineation of *Romola's* character was not exactly what she wanted it to be. "I am not surprised at your dissatisfaction with *Romola* herself", she writes to R. H. Hutton, the critic. "I can well believe that the many difficulties belonging to the treatment of such a character have not been overcome, and that I have failed to bring out my conception with adequate fulness. I am sorry she has attracted you so little, for the great problem of her life which essentially coincides with a chief problem in *Savonarola*, is one that readers need helping to understand."¹) The problem of *Romola's* life is clear enough, but her character is not easily to be understood. Is there not sometimes too much self-sacrifice on the one side and too much self-will on the other?

Romola's married life is full of disappointments. So is that of *Dorothea Brooke* in *Middlemarch*. She discovers that her husband is neither a Milton nor a Spinoza as she thought, but a pedantic, egoistic and nervous scholar. *Dorothea* like *Romola* tries to find the fault of the misunderstanding between her husband and herself entirely in her own nature, and exerts herself in sacrifices. Yet like *Tito*, her husband dies without having understood her. But while *Romola* finds another happiness in the works of charity, *Dorothea* whose ardour is alternating between "a vague ideal and the common yearnings of womanhood" yields to the latter, and marries her cousin little later than a year after her husband's death. *Dorothea's* full nature had demanded "an epic life". But owing to the meanness of opportunities and to her unfavourable surroundings, hers became one of mistakes, though not an unhappy one. Her strength instead of centring in some long-recognisable deed spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth.²)

Dorothea's wings of aspiration were clogged by her uncongenial surroundings. In this respect *Maggie Tulliver* in *The Mill on the Floss*, perhaps the most attractive of G. Eliot's female characters, bears resemblance to her. For in *Maggie*, too, we are shown the unfavourable influence exercised upon a lofty nature by the collision with characters of a baser composition. *Maggie*, the only daughter of the owner of *Dorlcote Mill*, developed from an unpromising child into an exceptional beauty. Interesting as her appearance is, her inner life is still more so. The key-note in her character is a strong desire to love and to be loved. Hence her continual craving for somebody who should be all to her and to whom she should be everything likewise. The first objects on whom *Maggie* concentrates her ardent love, are her father and her brother. When with her advancing years these idols of her life, saddened and embittered, correspond less to her love, she who cannot live without loving, gives her affection to *Philip Wakem*, a highly gifted, but deformed young man. *Maggie* believes that this love possesses all the qualities of a genuine, all-absorbing, life-filling love. But when she makes the acquaintance of *Stephen Guest*, she becomes aware that her love for *Philip* is only the outcome of her innate affection for all unhappy beings and of her gratitude for invaluable help extended to her by *Philip*. *Maggie's* love for *Stephen* who appeals to her hot blood and her sensuous

¹) J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. II p. 97.

²) Morris: *Love is enough*.

love of beauty is ardent and passionate; it "sprang without sowing and grew without heeding,"¹⁾ it takes possession of all her faculties and makes her forget everything else.

Intense love generally originates in a passionate heart, and Maggie's is passionate. Noble longings associate themselves in her with wayward foibles. Opposite tendencies pull her in different directions. Very early she has to experience the conflict between the inward impulse and the outward fact, between temperament and principle. Her passionate nature makes her strive after too high a flight from which she comes down with her half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud. These bitter disappointments often have an almost paralysing effect on Maggie, for she is one of

The souls by nature pitched too high,
By suffering plunged too low.

Her impulsive disposition, too, explains the spiritual exaltation and consequent change effected in her by reading "The Imitation of Christ." For some time Maggie's cravings find satisfaction in her self-chosen mortification. But because this sudden change is unnatural, it cannot last, and she who believes herself to have entirely overcome all wordly temptations, soon finds herself again in a stern conflict between sense and soul, between her passions and those of others. Poor Maggie! She generally rushed to her actions with passionate impulse, but when the deed was done, she saw not only all the consequences of her imprudence, but also what would have happened, had she acted differently. The bitter sense of the irrevocable is an almost every-day experience for her, till death takes from her the possibility of erring and falling again.

Maggie's passionate temperament, her craving affection and her sensuous love of beauty render her highly sensitive. She deeply appreciates every act of kindness, but she resents as much every hard look or word, not only for herself but also for others.

Maggie's mental disposition with its strong feelings and its great susceptibility is exceptional. Her intellectual endowments are quite in keeping with it. "The little wench is trice as 'cute as Tom, too 'cute for a woman."²⁾ Books are her greatest favourites. Her short stay in a boarding-school increases her desire for knowledge. Yet her father's bankruptcy deprives her of all means of extending her studies. Only Tom's school-books are left, but Maggie does not mind their dealing with subjects quite alien to her. She soon masters the first difficulties of Latin and geometry, and even finds interest in the dry forms of syllogism. Next to books music has a special attraction for Maggie. It seems to infuse strength into her limbs and ideas into her brains; it makes her forget all her mortal wants, sorrows and burdens, but also renders her weak for resistance, and allows her feelings to get the better of her will. This great susceptibility for music points to another characteristic feature: to her vivid imagination, for imagination is the basis for the delight in all arts. The "little wench" already likes to live in a world of her own, and this peculiar intense power of repeating and refashioning it when the outside objects have gone, remains strong in her during all her life. Maggie's emotional and intellectual faculties are far more developed than those of most other girls. But alas! Her intensity of feeling, her noble endowments of mind, only tend to make her

¹⁾ Morris: *Love is enough*.

²⁾ *The Mill on the Floss*, vol. I p. 9.

life a burden to herself, a riddle to others. Very early she has to experience

The dire strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will,
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.¹⁾

Her ruthless destiny is to be cast into entirely uncongenial surroundings, to grow up in a family in which her high-aspiring soul does not find the slightest sympathy. And as the most promising plant must wither and die when the soil does not agree with it, so Maggie's faculties hemmed in on all sides, seem only to realize their impotence. Thus in spite of her magnificent gifts or perhaps just on account of them, she remains a stranger among those with whom she is living. She cannot find her place in life and "her blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life and give her soul a sense of home in it"²⁾ is only satisfied in eternity.

None of G. Eliot's characters has been so often criticised as Maggie. Among the unfavourable verdicts passed upon her, that of Ruskin is remarkable: "There is no girl alive, fairly clever, half educated and unluckily related, whose life has not at least as much in it as Maggie's, to be described and to be pitied."³⁾ But is not the single fact that so many readers follow Maggie's fate with intense sympathy a strong proof against his opinion? Sir Edward Lytton pointed out that so noble a girl as Maggie could not well fall in love with that average gentleman Stephen Guest. But why not? Simple Seth Bede says: "We cannot love just where other folks 'ud have us," and a French proverb: "Le coeur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas." Both words can be applied to Maggie's case. Her love for Stephen, though it does not elevate her character, is not inconsistent with it. G. Eliot herself considered Maggie's position towards Stephen Guest as so vital a part that she could not be converted to the condemnation of it. The objections of critics to Maggie's character, however, are outweighed by the praise bestowed upon her by connoisseurs. Swinburne speaks of her as of "one of the sweetest and tenderest as well as subtlest examples of dramatic analysis,"⁴⁾ and Leslie Stephen holds that Maggie is worth a wilderness of Dinahs. They are right; for with a master-hand G. Eliot has drawn Maggie in all her phases, from her childhood to her death. She becomes a child with the child Maggie. She shares her joys and her sorrows. She feels with the young girl all her hard disappointments, and she is present at her struggles. Another charm in the presentation of this character is the skilful adaptation of nature as a background to Maggie's varying moods. The happy child Maggie indulging in fanciful dreams, sits at the "Round Pool", that wonderful mysterious pool, framed in with willows and tall reeds which seem to whisper with the dark green water. Maggie in her love for Philip Wakem is shown to us in spring in the "Red Deepes", where pale pink dog-roses in thick clusters surround the green hollows, where tiny bells and wild hyacinths are growing at the feet of the grand Scotch firs, where insects are humming and birds are jubilating. Maggie's last struggle, however, takes place in autumn, in a boat driving on the swollen river, not far from the daisied fields in which she and her brother had roamed, their little hands clasped in love when they were little ones.

¹⁾ J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. II p. 206.

²⁾ *The Mill*, vol. I p. 323.

³⁾ *Nineteenth Century*, 1881. *Fiction fair and foul*.

⁴⁾ J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. II p. 9 + 10.

In Gwendolen, Romola and Maggie G. Eliot delineated the dying to self of young creatures who are full of strength and of eagerness to live, but give up high and pure joys and the happiness to which they cling with passionate impulse. Yet they have their faults, and renunciation is not easy to them, we witness many a hot strife before the final victory is gained.

There are but few novelists who created so many clear-cut and intensely personal female characters as G. Eliot has done. She quickly learned how to avoid the mistakes which critics had pointed out in her first creations, and she soon mastered the difficult art of perfectly discriminating characters from each other, of drawing life-like figures. The women she sets before us in their action and their suffering are such as to make us feel that thus and not otherwise they must have felt and thought and spoken under these circumstances.

But art alone did not satisfy G. Eliot. "My function", she writes, "is that of the aesthetic, the rousing of nobler emotions."¹⁾ Therefore she was anxious to make her creations, and especially her female ones, her messengers to mankind. They should remind us of the responsibility to do good by word and deed and to lessen the evil in the world. In this double quality of artist and aesthetic G. Eliot succeeded in attaining what was Lydgate's ambition:

"To do worthy the writing and to write
Worthy the reading and the world's delight." ²⁾

Gleiwitz, Upper Silesia.

MARIA E. KAWA.

The Dialectal Distribution of certain Phonological Features in Middle English.

Section IV.

Old English \check{y} and $\check{y} +$ front consonant.

§ 115. General View. At the end of the O.E. period, the situation with regard to the development of the O.E. vowel \check{y} may be summed up as follows: over the greater part of the country \check{y} remains unchanged. In Kent and Suffolk, — presumably also in Essex — \check{y} had become \check{e} ; there are traces of e even in Cambridge.

In two districts isolative unrounding had already begun — in Devon, and in a small group of counties in the South Midlands: Oxford, Herts., and apparently Middlesex; Bucks. must have belonged to this area, but the only O.E. charter is too early (903) to be of any use here.

In M.E., Old English \check{y} appears as u all over the west and central midlands and the south-west; it is unrounded to i in the north-east midlands; and it appears as e in the south-east. This last type spreads towards the north during the M.E. period. By the 13th century the South-Western i -type (which appears to have developed in Devonshire (§ 151): in Late O.E.) has spread into Wilts., (§ 149) apparently through Dorset and part of Somerset. A hundred years later it is well-established in Hampshire (§ 147). By this time (14th cent.) the u -type has become more common than the i -type in Devon and Wilts.; the two types must have co-existed since the O.E. period.

¹⁾ J. W. Cross, *G. Eliot's Life*, vol. II p. 461.

²⁾ *Middlemarch*, p. 323.

Berks. (§ 146) agrees with Hants. in having *u* in the 13th century, but unlike Hants. it does not adopt the western *i*. The *u*-type seems to have been the only one in use in Cheshire, Shropshire, Stafford and Warwick, and there is a large proportion of *u* to *i*-forms in Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester; these three counties have only *u* in the 14th century.

In the 13th century, Lincoln, Rutland, Nottingham and Hunts. are *i*-counties; Leicester has rather more *u* than *i*-forms; Northants. has both types in equal proportions. In the 14th century the proportion of *u* to *i*-forms has increased in Notts., Leicester and Northants., but Lincoln and Hunts. still have only *i*. Norfolk has nearly always *i*, but *e*-forms have begun to come in from the south even in the 13th century. Cambridge has usually *i*, but also *e* fairly often. Suffolk has only *e* in the 13th century, but in the 14th a few *i* and *u*-forms appear also. Essex has principally *e* with a fair number of *i*-forms; in the 14th century *e* is still the commonest spelling, *u* rather more common than *i*. In the South-east, Kent has more *e* than *u*-forms, Sussex more *u* than *e*. Surrey is practically a pure *u*-county (agreeing in this point with Berks. and Hants.), but there are slight traces of *i* and *e*.

The question of the isolative unrounding in the south-midlands is discussed below (§ 118). There is some evidence for the co-existence of the *i* and the *u*-types in M.E. in Oxford, Bucks., Beds., and particularly in Herts. and Middlesex; and though the *i*-type seems to disappear fairly early in Oxford, Bucks., Beds., and Herts., it remains in London as the leading type, and spreads southwards from there into Surrey and Sussex.

The counties that seem to have unrounding of *y* before a front cons. in M.E. are Devon, Dorset, Hants., Wilts., Berks., and to a less extent Somerset.

The outline given above agrees in nearly every case with the results arrived at by Professor Wyld (*Engl. Str.* 47, 1913). The chief points of difference are as follows: part of Essex seems to have had the *i*-type alongside of the *e*-type in the 13th century; the *e*-type seems to have penetrated into Norfolk as early as the 13th century. (Professor Brandl includes Norfolk among the *i-e* counties — *Geogr.* p. 71 — but the traces of *e* are very slight.). Surrey has a few examples of *e* beside the usual *u* and the occasional *i*.

Herts. and Middlesex have certainly, as Professor Brandl states (*Geogr.* p. 70), *u* with a strong admixture of *i* and *e*; it is probable that, as Herts. lost the *i*-type in the 14th century, so Middlesex lost the *u*-type to a great extent. If the Westminster Register (M.S. Cott. Faustina A. III; late 13th or early 14th century) really represents the London dialect of the period, the *i*-forms (§ 141) would seem to have been at that date as frequently used as they are in Chaucer's prose, less than a century later. In the Westm. Reg. the *e*-type is conspicuously absent; *u* is very rare.

Heuser attributes the London *i* to a M.E. process of unrounding (*Alt-London*, p. 39). See also on this point Luick — *Historische Grammatik*, Liefg IV p. 410 — who assumes a gradual unrounding of [y] all over the West Midland and Saxon territories in the 14th and early 15th centuries. This is not supported by the evidence of the Place-Names; the *u*-area shows a distinct tendency to enlarge its boundaries during the 14th century, which would hardly be the case if [y] were in process of being unrounded. The *i*-forms of the literary texts of the W. Midlands seem to be explained more easily by the influence of the literary (London) dialect, than by any purely local development.

§ 115. The West-Midlands.

Lancashire (§ 120) is decidedly an *u*-county: I have very little material for the 13th century (only 9 *u* and 3 *i*), but Professor Wyld gives the following figures from the 13th century *Cockersand Chartulary*: 186 *u*; 63 *i*; 7 *e* (*Engl. Stn.* p.p. 9—11). The forms given below from the 14th century *Whalley Coucher Book* show a similar result, though here there is a still larger proportion of *u* to *i* (79 *u*: 5 *i*).

The *u*-type predominates in Cheshire (§ 121), Shropshire (§ 123), Stafford (§ 122), Worcester (§ 125) and Warwick (§ 126). Worcester has a few *i*-forms (in unstressed syllables) in the 13th century, but none at all in the 14th. In the 13th century Hereford (§ 124) and Glos. (§ 127) both have *u* with some *i*-forms (4 times as many *u* as *i* in Hereford; 7 times as many *u* as *i* in Glos.) In the 14th century the *i*-spellings have almost vanished.

In none of these counties is there any evidence in M.E. Place-Name forms for the unrounding of *y* before a front cons. I can give no material to illustrate this point in O.E. in Lancs., Cheshire, Staffs., Shropshire or Warwick. Gloucester seems to have 2 unrounded forms in 10th century charters; and Worcester, in the same period has 19 *y* to 10 *i*-forms. The 11th century Worcester Chartulary (Tiberius A. xiii) has 51 *y*-forms to 9 *i*. This large proportion of *y* to *i* suggests that the 10th century *i*-forms may be due to W. Saxon influence.

§ 116. East Midlands. Lincoln (§ 128), Notts. (§ 129), Rutland (§ 130), and Hunts. (§ 131), have only *i* in the 13th century. Norfolk (§ 133) has *i* with an occasional *e* (13 *i*: 3 *e*). Cambridge (§ 134) has generally *i* but also a fair number of *e*-forms. This county has one example of *e* as early as the 10th century: *Westmenstre* Birch 1306 (c. 974). Suffolk (§ 135) has *e*, and *i* rarely. By the 14th century the *e*-type must have been pretty widespread in Lincolnshire, judging by the number of *e*-forms that appear in Robert of Brunne (c. 1300—30) (*Wyld: Essays and Studies* VI p. 123). I have found none at all in the Pl.Ns., but Professor Wyld gives three examples, two dated 1303, and one 1316 (*E. Stn.* 47, p. 25). The Norfolk Pl. Ns. of the 14th century agree with the Norfolk Gilds (1389), which beside the usual *gylde*, *fyrste*, *biryed*, etc., also have *gelde*, *ferst*, *kechen*, *menstre*, etc. Cambridge in the 14th century seems to have all three types — *u*, *i*, and *e* — but my material is far too scanty to afford any real evidence. Professor Brandl includes this county in the *i-e* area (*Geogr.* p. 72).

Huntingdon (§ 131) retains the *i*-type in the 14th century; my material shows very slight traces of *e* (16 *i*: 2 *e*). The 14th cent. Ramsey Cartulary shows a still smaller proportion of *e*-forms, the figures being 18 *u*: 132 *i*: 1 *e*. (*Wyld: Engl. Stn.* 47, p.p. 26-8). Northants (§ 136) seems to have been originally an *i*-county, to judge by the forms in the Peterborough Chronicle: *fir*, *minstre*, *byrigde*, *ifele*, *briggses*, etc. There are a few examples of *e* beside the usual *i* even in the Peterborough Chron. (*Wyld: Essays and Studies* VI). A 10th cent. Northants. charter (Kemble 399) has the form *embegang*.

In the 13th century the *u* and *i*-forms are about equal in number, but I have found no *e*-forms. In the 14th century *u* is rather more common than *i*; *e* is rare.

Suffolk in the 14th century has usually *e*, but *i* and *u* occasionally. Bokenham's *Lives of Saints* in the following century (c. 1440) has generally *e* (*Wyld: Essays and Studies* VI p. 126).

§ 117. The South-East. It seems only natural to suppose that in the O.E. period Essex shared with Kent and Suffolk the development of

\bar{y} to \bar{e} , though we have at present no evidence from O.E. documents to support such a theory. But the few O.E. charters have hardly a trace of any deviation from the W. Saxon type, and cannot represent the dialect of Essex with any degree of accuracy. The e -type is by far the most common in the M.E. period: the 13th cent. Colchester Chartulary has 35 e to 10 i and 3 u ; the 14th century documents yield 21 e to 12 u and 5 i (§ 137). If the forms in the Colch. Chart. are genuine, it is difficult to account for the comparatively large proportion of i -forms, and the apparently sudden reduction in their number in the following century. Colchester is, however, in the northern part of the county, and it may well be that i rather than u was, along with e , the common form in the north, though not in the south of the county. This supports Professor Wyld's suggestion that the early 13th century *Vices and Virtues* is written in the dialect of North Essex (*Essays and Studies* VI, p. 130—133); this text has i and \bar{e} (ie) for O.E. \bar{y} ; generally e but also i for O.E. \bar{y} (u is rare).

Kent has a fair number of examples of \bar{e} for \bar{y} in the O.E. period (§ 138). In the 13th and 14th centuries e is the commoner spelling, though u is used fairly frequently. Sussex (§ 139) has u more often than e until the 15th century, when the proportion (to judge by the material given below) is 39 e to 28 u and 12 i . The i -forms appear first in the 14th century, having apparently spread southwards from Middlesex. Surrey (§ 140) is certainly an u -county, though there are traces of i and e as early as the 13th century, in the Chertsey Chartulary. This agrees with the occasional e -spellings in the *Owl and the Nightingale* (Wyld: *English Studies* vol. III. No. 2).

§ 118. The South-Midlands. London and Middlesex have all three types — i , e and u (Wyld: *Engl. Stn* p. 54. Heuser: *Alt-London* p. 23). The presence of the i -forms in a district apparently surrounded by u or e -counties has always been a difficulty. Heuser states that the i -forms appear before 1200 (*Alt-London*, p. 32), and he looks upon them as the result of a M.E. unrounding of [y] — a theory which seems untenable in face of the fact that there is no sign of a corresponding unrounding in Norman-French words with [y].

The following suggestion affords a possible solution of the problem:

It has been pointed out above (§ 115) that two districts show signs of isolative unrounding in the O.E. period — Devon, and a part of the south midlands including Oxford and Herts., or part of these counties. A 10th century Middlesex charter has *Westminster* Birch 1048 (959); this is not very valuable evidence, since here the unrounded vowel occurs before n ; but as a matter of fact the O.E. *mynstre* never appears with i in W. S. charters. The unrounding in Devonshire, though there is a gap in the records of nearly two hundred years, is well evidenced in M.E. The E.M.E. forms from Oxford (§ 145) and Herts. (§ 142) correspond in a similar manner with the traces of unrounding in O.E. Bucks. (§ 144) and Beds. (§ 143) both have i as well as u in the 12th and 13th centuries. These four counties, or rather the southern portions of them, together with London and Middlesex, apparently formed in the 10th century an outlying part of English Mercia; it included that territory, the boundaries of which were indicated in the document known as *Alfred and Guthrum's Frith* (886): "up the Lea to its source, then straight across to the Ouse at Bedford, then along the Ouse to Watling Street." (Oman: *England before the Norman Conquest*, p. 466). This piece of country was won back by Alfred from the Danes at that date, soon after the fortification of London. It was bounded on the north by

Danish Mercia, on the south by Wessex proper, and on the west by the forest of Wychwood, the old dividing line between the Chilternsætas of Bucks. and East Oxford, and the Hwiccas of the West Midlands. Within this territory, separated from the Danelagh by the peace of 886, Middlesex and London itself were included. It is possible that, within the limits indicated above, a tendency to unround *y* developed in the 10th century — a tendency shared by the dialect of London. It this were so, the numerous *i*-forms in London English were not due to a M.E. unrounding, nor introduced from Anglian, but the descendants of a genuine O.E. *i*-type.

§ 119. The South-West. The *i* from O.E. *y* which appears in Devonshire in the 10th century (*hirnan* Kemble 369; *litlan* Kemble 534) seems to have developed steadily through the 11th and 12th centuries, and to be represented by the 13th century *i* which is the commoner type in Devon (§ 151), is fairly well established in Dorset (§ 148) and Wilts. (§ 147), and is found to some extent in Somerset (§ 150). Both the *u* and the *i*-types must have existed in Devon at this time, since in the 14th century *u* is more common than *i*, and has practically ousted the *i*-type in Wilts. and Somerset. But while Hants. has no *i*-forms at all in the 13th century, in the 14th they are more frequently used than the *u*-forms. Berkshire is decidedly an *u*-county throughout the period (§ 146).

A tendency to lower this *i* to *e* is observable in the 13th and 14th centuries in Devon, Dorset, Wilts. and Somerset. These *e*-forms are confirmed, for the South-Western area, by the spellings in Trevisa (Pfeffer: *Die Spr. des Polychr.* §§ 48, 74): the usual spelling is *u* (*uy* when long) but *e* is fairly frequent: *hull*; *kuste*; *buryede*; *mury*; *vurste*; *avuyr*; *huydep*; *huytel*; etc. — *menester*; *verste*; *menchyn*; *folfelled*; etc.

The South-western counties all have *i* for O.E. *y* before a front consonant. This unrounding appears also in O.E. Devonshire in the 13th century has 12 *i* and no *u*; Dorset 3 *i* and 1 *u*; Hants. 12 *i* to 2 *u*. Somerset has more *u* than *i*-forms in this position, but the proportion of *i* to *u* is greater before a front cons. than under other conditions.

§ 120. Lancashire. 13th cent. Cal. Inq. -*hull* (5); -*buri* (1). — -*biry* (2); *Milne*- (1).

14th cent. Whal. Cou. Bk. -*hull* (40); *Hull*- (1); *bury* (29); *Hurst*- (5); -*hurst* (5). — -*hill*- (1); *Milne*- (1); *Mit*- (2) (O.E. *gemyðan*); *Rysch*- (1); -*brigge* (2).

§ 121. Cheshire. 13th cent. Cal. Inq. I: -*buri* (4); -*hul* (1); -*hurst* (1); *Rush*- (1).

14th cent. Whal. Con. Bk. *Hurst* (3); -*bury* (4); *Brugge*- (5). — -*mylne* (2).

§ 122. Stafford. 10th cent. Birch 978 (956): *lytlan* (2).

11th cent. Kemble 710 (1004); *mynster* (1); -*hyll* (1).

13th cent. Staff. For. Pleas (1250—86): *Hul*- (11); -*hull* (26); -*buri* (30); *Putt*- (8); -*hurst* (4); *Mule*- (2); *Rush*- (9); -*rugge* (1). — -*hill* (1); -*byri* (2); -*brigge* (1); -*rigge* (1).

14th cent. Staff. For. Pleas (1300); *Hul*- (2); -*hull* (7); -*bury* (4); *Dru*- (O.E. *dryge*) (1); -*brug* (3); *Rugge*- (2); *Russ*- (3). Rydeware Cart. *Hul*- (2); -*hulle* (4); -*buri* (26); -*put* (3); *Luttel*- (1). — -*beri* (1).

§ 123. Shropshire. 13th cent. Forest Pl. -*hull* (1); -*bury* (1); *Brug*- (2); -*Rugge* (1); *Rush*- (1). Cal. Inq. -*hulle* (1); -*hurste* (4); -*bury* (5); *Mule*- (2); *Brug*- (3); -*brugg* (1). Shavington Mun. -*hull* (3).

14th cent. Shavington Mun. -*hul* (1). Brit. Mus. Cott. XXIX 20 (1369): -*hulle* (1).

§ 124. Hereford. 10th cent. Birch 1040 (958): *myle-* (2); *-brycge* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 755 (1038): *mynstre* (1). Kemble 882 (1056): *cynn* (1); *-hylle* (1); *mynstre* (1).

13th cent. Reg. T. de Cant. *-bury* (93); *Hulle* (4); *-hulle* (23); *Putte* (2); *-hurste* (2); *Mule-* (2); *Gilde-* (3); *Brug-* (7); *-brugge* (8); *-rugge* (3). — *byry* (30); *-minstre* (33). — *-bery* (1); *menestre* (2).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hull* (2); *-bury* (2); *Brugge-* (3). — *-biri* (1); Cat. Anc. Dds. *Brug-* (2).

15th cent. From deeds in the Brit. Mus. *-hull* (2); *-bury* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-bury* (1). Cal. Inq. *-brugge* (2). — *-mynstre* (2).

§ 125. Worcester. 9th cent. Kemble 237 (836); *-byrig* (2). Kemble 305 (c. 872): *byrig* (1).

10th cent. Kemble 548 (969): *byrg* (2); *pyt* (4). Birch 1233 (969); *gebyrd* (1); *brygc* (1). Kemble 570 (972): *lytlan* (1); *pyt* (7); *-hyl* (3); *-hyrst* (1); *mynster* (1); *-byrg* (1); *-rycg* (16); *-brycg* (2) — *risc-* (4); *hricg-* (6). Sweet: 2nd Reader 34 (984): *hyll* (2); *fyrh* (4); *mylen* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 724 (1016): *pyt* (2); *hyll* (1); *brycge* (2). Kemble 764 (1042): *hyrst* (2); *rycg-* (1). Kemble 765 (1042): *byriad* (1). Tiberius A. xiii (11th cent.): *gebyriad* (2); *cyfe* (1); *hyfe* (1); *lytlan* (14); *gemydan* (9); *gebyrd* (2); *byrigels* (3); *byrig* (12); *kyne-* (1); *-cynn* (1); *hyll* (25); *Hymel-* (1); *hyrst* (2); *mylen-* (2); *mynstre* (2); *pyt* (9); *wyrce* (1); *asyndrade* (1); *synnum* (1); *wyrt-* (1); *dynnest* (1); *brycg* (22); *byht* (4); *dryhtnes* (1); *hrycge* (21); *-styce* (4). — *-biri* (1); *brigge* (2); *drihten* (3); *ricece* (2); *risc-* (5).

13th cent. Worcs. Reg. *Hull-* (9); *-hull* (29); *Mul-* (3); *Hurste* (2); *-put* (2); *-bury* (2); *Brugge* (1); *-brug* (3); *Rugge-* (4); *-rugge* (21). — *-hill* (4); *-pit* (1); *-bir* (5).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. V *Hulle* (1); *-hull* (6); *-buri* (3); *-thurne* (1); *-rugge* (7).

§ 126. Warwick. 9th cent. Birch 560 (889); *byrig* (1).

10th cent. Napier VIII (998): *gemydan* (1); *pytte* (3); *hylle* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 705 (1001): *lytlan* (1); *hyllæ* (1).

13th cent. Cal. Inq. *Hulle* (1); *-hull* (1); *-bury* (1); *-mulne* (1); *Put-* (1); *-put* (3).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-bury* (3); *Putt-* (1); *-hull* (11); *-brugge* (1).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-bury* (1); *Mury-* (1); *-hull* (2); *-brugge* (2). — *Miry* (1).

§ 127. Gloucester. 9th cent. Kemble 243 (c. 840): *-hyl* (2).

10th cent. Kemble 385 (940): *-hyrst* (3). Kemble 426 (949): *-pyt* (2); *byrig* (3). — *risc-* (2).

13th cent. Flax. Cart. *Hull-* (2); *-hulle* (2); *-buri* (8); *Munster-* (6). — *Mille-* (1); *Little-* (1); *-hill* (13); *-biri* (13). — *-beri* (1). Glos. Cart. *Hull-* (11); *-hulle* (46); *-bury* (88); *-hurst* (13); *-hurne* (7); *putte* (11); *Mule-* (1); *-mulne* (13); *Munstre-* (8); *Lulle-* (8); *Ruy-* (1); *Brug-* (6); *-brugge* (25); *Rugge-* (31); *-rugge* (25). — *-biri* (6); *Mynster-* (2); *-pitta* (1); *Lille-* (1); *-brigge* (2). — *beri* (1).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *Hulle* (1); *-hull* (2); *-hurst* (1); *Munstre-* (2); *-buri* (10).

15th cent. Glos. Hist. *-bury* (20); *Putt* (1); *-putte* (1); *-hurst* (3); *-mulle* (2); *Munstre-* (2); *Lulle-* (1); *Rugge* (6); *-rugge* (2); *-brugge* (8). — *Lyttel* (1); *-biri* (1). — *bery* (1).

§ 128. Lincoln. 13th cent. From M.S.S. in the Brit. Mus. *-milne* (1); *-brige* (1). Cal. Inq. *-hill* (4); *Milne-* (1); *-mylne* (1); Linc. Lib. Ant. *-brigg* (3).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-brig* (1). Cal. Inq. *-hill* (7); *Milne-* (2); *-brigg* (4).
 15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-pit* (1).

§ 129. Nottingham. 12th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hill* (1). From a Brit. Mus. charter: *-hil* (1).

13th cent. Cal. Inq. *-buri* (1) — *Brige-* (2). From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus. *-hil* (1); *Brig-* (1).

14th cent. Forest Pl. *Mulne-* (1). — *brigge* (1). Cal. Inq. *Mulne-* (2); *-hull* (6); — *Brig-* (1).

§ 130. Rutland. 13th cent. Forest Pl. *Brigg-* (1); *-brigge* (2).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Brig-* (3). — *Breg-* (1).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *Brig-* (4).

§ 131. Huntingdon. 13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hurst* (1). — *-byry* (2); *-hyrst* (2). Select Pl. *Hurst* (2). — *Hirst* (3); *-thirne* (1); *biri* (12); *-brigge* (1); *-rigge* (1). Cal. Inq. *-bruge* (1). — *-biri* (2). Forest Pl. *Hyrst-* (2); *-biry* (18).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hul* (1). — *-hyrst* (6); *Hill-* (1); *-hill* (1); *Mylne-* (1); *Brigge-* (7). — *-beri* (2).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-bury* (1). — *-hyrste* (3); *Mynstre-* (1); *-bryge* (1).

§ 132. Leicester. 13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hul* (3); *Mulne-* (1). Leics. Rec. *Hulle* (1); *-hull* (3); *-thurne* (1). — *Thirne-* (3); *-thyrne* (1); *-hirne* (1); *-rigge* (1).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-bury* (3). — *-mynstr'* (1). Leics. Rec. *-hul* (1). — *-hill* (1); *-brigg* (1).

15th cent. Leics. Rec. *-mylne* (1); *--mynstr'* (2).

§ 133. Norfolk. 13th cent. Norw. Tax. (1254): *-hill* (1); *Ri-* (1); *Brig-* (1); *-brigg* (5). — *hele* (1); *Resse-* (1). Cal. Inq. *-hil* (1); *Mil-* (2); *Gyld-* (2); *-brigg* (4). — *Mele-* (1).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hille* (1); *-byri* (1); *Brigge-* (1); *-brigge* (1). — *Ressh-* (3). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hil* (2); *-mille* (2); *Mille-* (1); *-brigge* (2).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hill* (5); *Hyll-* (2); *-mylle* (2); *-brigge* (1). — *-hell* (2).

§ 134. Cambridge. 10th cent. Kemble 563 (970): *gebyred* (1); *-dryðe* (1); *mynster* (6); *myneceum* (1); *cyne-* (2); *yfele* (1). — *bricge* (1). Birch 1306 (after 974): *-byrig* (1). — *-menstre* (1).

13th cent. Mem. Bern. *-hulle* (1). — *Hil-* (1); *-hill* (15); *Gilden-* (12); *-byri* (1). *Hyrst-* (2); *-hyrst* (2); *-hithe* (2); *Lille-* (4); *Rie-* (1) (O.E. *ryge*); *Drye-* (1); *-brigge* (34); *Brige-* (8). — *-beri* (4); *-breg* (10); *Dreye-* (1); *Hethe* (1); *-hethe* (1).

14th cent. Ely Pleas: *Lutel-* (1); *Rush-* (1); *-brugge* (1). — *Ris-* (1); *Lylle-* (22); *-hill* (1). — *Lettil-* (1); *-hethe* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Mele-* (2).

§ 135. Suffolk. 10th cent. Kemble 490 (962); *hyrste* (1). Sweet: 2nd Reader, 46 (after 991): *dryð* (1); *-drype-* (1); *mynstre* (3). — *brece* (4); *-pettæ* (1); *-præpe* (1); *gefelste* (1).

13th cent. Bury Reg. Alb. *-mille* (1); *-pit* (1). — *-pet* (1); *-helle* (2); *-melle* (1); *-beri* (1); *-bregge* (1). Ipswich Rent. *Litel-* (4). — *-pet* (1); *Hel-* (2); *Gelden-* (2); *Resse-* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Melne* (1); *-helle* (1); *-bregge* (1).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hull* (1); *-brugg* (1); *Rusch-* (3). — *-hill* (1); *-brigge* (2). — *Pet-* (2); *-pet* (1); *-herst* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Bregge* (1); *-bregge* (4); *-pet* (2); *-melne* (1).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hel* (1); *Bregge* (2).

§ 136. Northampton. 10th cent. Kemble 399 (944): *lytle* (8); *-byrig* (7); *-hytle* (2); *-pytle* (2); *byrgels(e)* (2); *wyrt-* (1); *fyrh* (1). — *bricge* (3); *hricgge* (2). — *embegang* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 736 (1021—23): *pytt* (4); *myln* (1); *byrgelsas* (1); *-hylls* (1).

12th cent. Lib. Nig. *-hirst* (1).

13th cent. Linc. Lib. Ant. *-hull* (2); *Mule-* (2). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Hul-* (3); *-hulle* (1); *-bur'* (2). Forest Pl. — *hulle* (1); *Rus-* (1). (O.E. rýsc) — *-hil* (1); *-brige* (1); *Ris-* (7).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *Hull-* (1); *-hull* (5); *-buri* (1); *Russh-* (1). — *-hill* (1); *-biri* (1); *Gylden-* (2); *-hell* (2).

15th Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hull* (1). — *Brigge-* (1). — *Melne-* (1).

§ 137. Essex. 10th cent. Kemble 699 (997): *cýð* (1); *byrig* (1). Kemble 704 (c. 999): *cýðde* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 788 (1049): *cýð* (1); *-gýpe* (3).

12th cent. From a Brit. Mus. charter (c. 1135): *-herst* (1).

13th cent. Colch. Chart. *Rugge-* (1); *mulne* (1); *-bruge* (1). — *-biri* (6); *Mille-* (1); *-milne* (3). — *Hele-* (1); *-helle* (2); *-herna* (1); *Pet-* (2); *-pet* (1); *-melne* (16); *-beri* (11); *Resse-* (1).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-bury* (4); *Mulle-* (1); *-buri* (3); *-brugge* (5). — *-biri* (1); *-brigge* (4). — *-bery* (1); *-menstre* (1); *-hel* (1); *-bregg* (8); *Reg-* (1); *Keche-* (1). Colch. Chart. *-pete* (5). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-herst* (1); *-pet* (1).

15th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hurst* (3); *-hull* (4). — *Pitt* (2). — *-bery* (3); *-pett* (2). Colch. Chart. *-helle* (1); *-melle* (1); *-herne* (1); *-bregge* (2).

§ 138. Kent. 8th cent. O.E.T. 18 (788): — *-hyð* (1); *hyge* (1); *cyne-* (1). O.E.T. 19 (798): *hyge-* (1); *cyne-* (1); *ðryðe* (1).

9th cent. O.E.T. 33 (803): *hyg-* (1); *cyne-* (1). O.E.T. 34 (805): *-gyðe* (2); *gebycge* (1). Kemble 191 (805—31): *gebycge* (1). — *haegethe* (1). Kemble 226 (805—31): *-byrg* (2); *nytt* (2); *hyhte* (1); *ðynce* (1). O.E.T. 35 (811): *byrg* (1); *-ðryðae* (1). Kemble 204 (814): *lytlan* (1); *-hrycg* (1). O.E.T. 36 (824?): *cyne-* (1); *byrg* (1). Kemble 229 (831): — *ðryð(e)* (3); *cynnes* (2); *ðynce* (1); *nytticas* (1). (This charter has *yfter* for *efter*). Kemble 235 (835): *cyðe* (1); *-gyð* (1); *cynn* (2); *nytt* (2); *mynster* (2). Kemble 238 (837): *cyðo* (1); *gemynen* (1). Kemble 281 (858): *heregeðe* (1). — *hyrst* (1).

10th cent. Kemble 477 (958): *geberige* (1); *gebærige* (1); *netwyrdan* (1). — *yfter* for *efter* (2).

11th cent. Kemble 737 (1023): *fere* (1); *berdene* (1); *kennes* (1); *menstre* (2); *gebecgan* (1). — *kinnes* (1); *byrig* (1); *gelitligene* (1). Kemble 773 (1044): *Melen-* (1). — *gebyred* (1).

13th cent. Exc. Com. *-burie* (1). — *-biri* (3). — *herst* (1); *-beri* (1). Cal. Inq. *-hull* (1); *-hurst* (3); *-buri* (2); *-brug* (2). — *Pette* (1); *Herst-* (3); *-herst* (2); *Helle* (1); *-helle* (1).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hulle* (2); *-hurst* (4); *-brugge* (7). — *-hyrst* (3); *-pit* (1); *-brigge* (2). — *-bery* (4); *-helle* (2); *-herst* (10); *-mell* (1); *Pett-* (1); *-pete* (1); *-bregge* (1).

§ 139. Sussex. 10th cent. Birch 961 (956): *hyrst* (1).

13th cent. Cal. Inq. *-hurst* (3); *-brugge* (1). — *-herst* (2). *-bregge* (1). S. Mary's Chart. *-hull* (1); *-brugg* (1). — *-brigg* (1). From Brit. Mus. M.S.S. *-hurst* (3); *Putt-* (2). — *-herst* (3).

14th cent. Bat. Cust. *-hurst* (8). — *-herst* (4); *Melle-* (5). From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus. *-hurst* (4); *hulle* (4); *-hulle* (10); *mule-* (2); *putte-* (2); *Guldene-* (1); *-bur'* (1); *lutle-* (1); *-brugg* (31). — *-hilla* (1); *gilden* (3); *-rig* (2); *-brigge* (1). — *herst* (4); *geldene* (1).

15th cent. From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus. *hurst* (8); *-hurst* (11); *-mull* (3); *mule-* (1); *-brugge* (1). — *-hil* (2); *-hirst* (1); *-mille* (3); *-bire* (1); *-brigge* (5). — *-helle* (2); *-melle* (5); *-herst* (19); *-bery* (1); *-regge* (2); *-bregge* (6); *Bregg-* (1).

§ 140. Surrey. 9th cent. Kemble 287 (962): *hryg* (1). Kemble 317 (871—9): *cyðan* (1); *getrymed* (1); *-cynn* (2); *mynster* (1); *gebycge* (1).

10th cent. Birch 1198 (967): *hyrst* (1).

13th cent. Chert. Cart. *-buri* (3); *hulle* (1); *-hurst* (4); *mulle* (2); *munstre* (2); *brugge* (9); *rugge* (1). — *-brigga* (2). — *wert-* (1); *menecene* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hulle* (1); *Gulde-* (4); *-brug* (2). Forest Pl. *Gulde-* (4). — *Gilde-* (1); *-byr* (2).

14th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hull* (2); *-bury* (1); *Gulde-* (1); *-brug* (1). — *-hill* (1). Forest Pl. *Gulde-* (2). Banstead Ext. (1325): *Hulle* (1); *-hulle* (2); *-mulle* (1); *-bury* (1); *-putte* (1). — *-pet* (1).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hulle* (4). — *Pytte* (1); *-hill* (1). Cal. Inq. *Putt-* (1). — *-bery* (1).

§ 141. London and Middlesex. 10th cent. Birch 1048 (959): *-minster* (1). Birch 1063 (960—2): *fyre* (1); *-byrg* (2); *cyne-* (1). Birch 1085 (962): *-byrig* (3); *hyrste* (2); — *risc-* (1).

13th cent. Westm. Reg. *geburað* (2); *munster* (2). — *kīðe* (25); *gebired* (8); *minstre* (22); *-minstre* (23); *milne* (3); *mird* (1); *-byri* (4); *wordminte* (1); *-hylle* (1); *-briche* (8).

§ 142. Hertford. 11th cent. Kemble 1353: *cȳð* (1); *-gȳðe* (1). Kemble 1354: *-ðrȳðe* (2); *-gȳðe* (1). Napier XI (1007): *-birig* (1).

13th cent. Herts. Hist. *Put-* (2); *-ruge* (1); *-muln'* (1). — *-brig* (1); *Hille* (4); *-hill* (7). *Hyrt* (1); *Little-* (4). — *-beri* (3); *-brege* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hul* (3); *-bury* (3); *Russe-* (1). — *-brigge* (1). *-beri* (2); *-melne* (7).

14th cent. Herts. Hist. *Hull(e)* (4); *-hull* (2); *Mulle-* (2). — *Rye-* (2). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hulle* (3); *-brugge* (1). — *-hell* (1).

15th cent. Cal. Inq. *-bury* (2); *Russh-* (1); *Rugge* (1). Cat. Anc. Dds. *Rusch-* (1). — *-helle* (1); *-mell* (1).

§ 143. Bedford. 10th cent. Birch 1229 (969): *lytlan* (1); *hyll* (1); *pyrnan* (1); *pytt* (1).

12th cent. Feet of Fines I: *Hulle* (1). — *-hille* (2); *Little-* (1). — *herst* (2).

13th cent. Linc. Lib. Ant. *-hull* (4). — *-hill* (2). Cal. Inq. *-hulle* (3); *-hurst* (1); *-brugge* (1).

14th cent. Bush. Cart. *-hurst* (3); *-hull* (4); *-bury* (5). — *-herst* (1).

§ 144. Buckingham. 10th cent. Birch 603 (903): *byrge* (1); *byrgels* (1); — *hrige* (1).

12th cent. Feet of Fines I *-hulle* (5). — *-hill* (1); *-bir'* (3); *Little-* (2). — *-pete* (1).

13th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hulle* (1); *Mury-* (1); *-mulne* (1); *-brugge* (1); *-ruge* (1). — *-pit* (1). — *-regge* (3). Linc. Lib. Ant. (1209—35): *-hull* (1); *Mull-* (1). — *-hill* (1). Cal. Inq. *-hull* (2); *-buri* (6); *-hurst* (1); *Putte-* (1). — *-byri* (3).

14th cent. From a M.S. in the Brit. Mus. *Put-* (2); *-putte* (2); *hulle* (1); *-hulle* (68); *-mulle* (8); *mulne-* (3); — *-bury* (1); *-hurst* (7); *Lutle-* (1); *Rui-* (1); *-rugge* (14); *Rugge-* (3). — *Brig-* (1).

§ 145. Oxfordshire. 10th cent. Kemble 453 (956): *mylne* (2); *-pyt* (2). — *risc-* (2). Birch 945 (956): *pyt (te)* (2). Birch 1176 (966); *byrig* (1). — *birigelsan* (1). Kemble 691 (995): *gebyrað* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 714 (1005); *gebyrað* (2); *-gyðe* (1); *hyðe* (1); *cyðe* (1); *-byrig* (2); *pyt* (1); *hyrnan* (1); *hylle* (1); *-hyrste* (1). — *litlan* (1); *-brige* (2).

12th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *-buri* (2); *-mulle* (3); *-hurst* (5); *Pudel* (1); *Hulle* (1); *-hulle* (4). — *-biry* (3); *Minstre* (1). — *-beri* (15).

13th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *Hurst* (2); *-hurst* (5); *-hulle* (38); *-buri* (35); *-put* (4); *Mule* (7); *-hurne* (4); *-huthe* (1); *Huthe* (6); *Luttel* (2); *Ruye* (2); *Rugge* (1); *-brugge* (9). — *Lytle* (1); *-biry* (31); *Minstre* (3). — *hell* (1); *beri* (2).

14th cent. Eynsh. Cart. *Hulle* (3); *-hulle* (10); *-bury* (15); *Hurst* (2); *-hurst* (7); *Mulle* (7); *-putte* (2); *Hurne* (3); *-huthe* (2); *Huthe* (7); *Lutle* (5); *-brugge* (3). — *Byx* (1); *-byry* (2); *Lytle* (1). — *-bery* (3).

15th cent. Oxf. Cart. *Hulle* (2); *-hulle* (81); *Put* (4); *-put* (4); *-bury* (3); *Bury* (1); *Mul* (1); *-mulle* (2); *-hurst* (7); *Lutel* (1); *Rus* (2); *Brugge* (2); *-brugge* (4). — *-hill* (3); *-myll* (1); *-hirst* (1); *mynstre* (2); *Litel* (2); *-brigge* (1). — *-hell* (22).

§ 146. Berkshire. 10th cent. Kemble 427 (949): *mylen* (1); *-pyttas* (1). — *rige* (1). Birch 892 (951): *-lytlan* (2); *-pyt* (2); *byrgelsas* (1); *syrfan* (1); *-byrig* (1); *wyrt* (1); *hrycg* (2).

13th cent. Hurley Ch. *Hulle* (1); *-hulle* (3); *-hurst* (1); *Hurn* (1) (O.E. *hyrne*) *-huth* (1). Cal. Inq. *Hulle* (2); *-hul* (1); *-bury* (3); *-rugge* (1). — *-rigge* (2).

14th cent. Hurley Ch. *-hulle* (3); *-hurst* (10); *-put* (1); *Huthe* (1); *-huth* (1); *Lutel* (1). — *-hyll* (1), *Littel* (1). — *Melne* (1). Abing. Obed. *-hull* (7); *-bury* (4); *Mulle* (1); *-mulle* (1); *Put* (1); *-brugge* (1). — *Gylde* (1); *Little* (2); *Brygge* (1); *-brigge* (1). — *-bery* (2).

15th cent. Abing. Obed. *-hull* (1); *Bury* (3); *-bury* (1); *Mulle* (1); *-mull* (5); *-huthe* (1); *-rugge* (1). — *myll* (4); *-hiith* (2); *Lytle* (1). — *bryg* (1); *-rygge* (1).

§ 147. Hampshire. 9th cent. Kemble 272 (854): *risc* (1).

10th cent. Birch 596 (901): *lytlan* (2); *hylle* (2); *-hyrste* (1). — *rige* (1); *hricge* (1). Birch 1066 (961): *byrgels* (1); *pyrnan* (1). — *brige* (1). Kemble 450 (956): *gebyret* (1); *brycge* (2).

11th cent. Kemble 781 (1045): *gebyrað* (1); *myle* (2). *-bricge* (2).

13th cent. Crondal Rec. *Hull(e)* (3); *-hulle* (3). — *Rigge* (2); *-rigge* (3). Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hulle* (3). Cal. Inq. *Putte* (1); *-hull* (10); *-hurst* (4); *Rugge* (1); *-brug* (1). — *-rigg* (1); *-brigg* (6).

14th cent. Crondal Rec. *Hulle* (1); *-hulle* (1); *Hurst* (1); *-hurst* (1); *Hurne* (2). *Rugge* (3). — *-rigge* (1). Lib. de Hyda: *-hull* (3); *-bury* (4); *Gulde* (2). — *hyll* (2); *-hyll* (5); *-mynster* (4); *mylle* (4); *pyt* (5); *-pittys* (1); *-byryell* (2); *lytyl* (2); *-brygg* (9). — *herne* (1).

15th cent. Cat. Anc. Dds. *-hirste* (1); *-hill* (1); *Brigg* (1); *rygges* (1).

§ 148. Dorset. 9th cent. Kemble 260 (847): *lytlan* (1); *ðyrelan* (1); *-pytt* (1).

11th cent. Kemble 741 (1024); *hylle* (2); *hyrnan* (4); *Mule* (1).

13th cent. Cal. Inq. *Hulle* (1); *-hulle* (5); *Mule* (2); *-ruge* (1). — *byri* (1); *Pidele* (2) (O.E. *pydel*); *-minstre* (1); *-rigge* (3). — *-menistre* (1).

14th cent. Cerne Cart. *-hulle* (4); *Mule* (2); *-hurst* (4); *-pudle* (3). — *-hyll* (1); *Gylden* (1); *-bir* (4); *Brid* (2); *-brigg* (10). — *-hell* (1).

§ 149. Wiltshire. 8th cent. Kemble 133 (778): *pytte* (2); *-hrygc* (1).

10th cent. Kemble 378 (939): *-pyt* (1); *byrgelsas* (1). — *hric* (1). Birch 748 (940): *hylle* (1); *hyrnan* (1). Kemble 421 (948): *hylle* (1). Kemble 1290

(995): *cȳð* (1); *-drȳðe* (1); *-gȳðe* (2); *gebyreð* (1); *Mylen-* (1); *-byrig* (1); *-hulle* (3).

13th cent. Sar. Reg. Hull (4); *-hulle* (5); *-bury* (10); *Putte-* (3); *-hurst* (1); *Rug-* (1). — *-biri* (26); *-minstr* (2); *-brigg* (1); *-rigg* (2). — *Herst* (1); *-berie* (4).

14th cent. Malm. Reg. *Lutle* (24); *Hull-* (9); *-hulle* (87); *-buri* (7); *-putte* (9); *Mule-* (8); *-hurste* (12); *Gulden-* (1); *Munchene-* (1); *-brugg* (11); *-rugge* (15). — *Litle-* (8); *Brig-* (1); *-brigge* (27); *-rigge* (18). — *-beri* (4); *-elle* (1).

§ 150. Somerset. 10th cent. Birch 903 (955): *pyt-* (2); *byrig* (2); *mynster* (1). — *risc-* (1); *hricges* (1).

13th cent. Bath Cart. Linc. M.S. *-hull* (1); *-buri* (14); *Mul-* (3); *-putte* (5); *Huthe* (2); *Lutle-* (1); *Brug* (5); *-brugg* (4); *Ruge* (2). — *-byrie* (2); *Gilden-* (1); *Pitte* (1); *Litle-* (3); *-rigg* (1); *-brigg* (4). — *-beri* (1); *-menstr'* (2).

14th cent. Bath Cart. Linc. M.S. *Hulle* (4); *-hulle* (12); *-bury* (27); *Mule-* (3); *-mull* (2); *Hurne* (4); *Put-* (1); *-munstr* (1); *Brug-* (5); *-brugg* (5); *rugg* (3). — *-byr* (1); *Lytel-* (4); *Brigg-* (1); *-brygg* (3); *Rygg-* (1); *-rigge* (6). — *Mele-* (2). Mon. Sec. Ind. *-buri* (25); *-hull* (7); *-putte* (2); *Hurste* (1); *Mulle-* (2); *Brugg-* (1).

§ 151. Devonshire. 10th cent. Napier IV (930): *wyrt-* (4); *-bryceg* (1). Kemble 369 (937); *gebyrað* (1); *-hyrste* (2). — *hirnan* (1); *hricges* (2). Birch 723 (938): *hrycg* (2). Kemble 371 (938): *hrycg* (1); — *hric-* (1). Birch 1103 (963); *ðyfel* (1); *pytt* (1); *pyrnan* (1). Kemble 534 (967): *litlan* (1). — *lytlan* (1). Birch 1303 (974): *risc-* (2). Napier II: *pyt* (4); *-byrig* (1); *-brycg* (2); *-hrycg* (10). — *risc-* (2). Napier X (1008—1012); *mynstre* (1).

13th cent. Reg. Bron. *-buri* (1); *-hulle* (3). — *-byri* (9). — *-helle* (1); *-bery* (4); *-pette* (1). Tax. Exon. *-buri* (2); *-putte* (1). — *-biry* (9); *-hille* (3); *-pytte* (2); *Brig-* (1); *-brigge* (1); *Ryg-* (1); *-rigge* (5).

14th cent. Cal. Inq. *-mulne* (1); *-hull* (2); *-rugg* (1); *-brugg* (1). — *-hull* (1); *-biry* (2); *-rigg* (4). Leigh Reg. *-hull* (7); *-put* (1); *put-* (1); *-bury* (1). — *-hill* (2); *-biry* (2); *-rigge* (4). — *-hers* (4).

§ 152. Conclusion. In this effort to define more accurately the geographical boundaries of a few of the more important phonological features of M.E. dialects, I have not attempted to discuss the place of origin of the numerous M.E. literary texts, the homes of which still remain points of dispute. In order to be prepared for such a task, one requires a more precise knowledge of the distribution of many more dialect features — phonological and inflexional — than are here dealt with, and the investigation necessary for the attainment of such knowledge has been carried out for a comparatively small part of the country only — the South-east Midlands. When we are in a position to state definitely wherein lay the resemblances and the differences between each county and its neighbour, we shall be able to solve many of the problems which now raise mountains in the path of the student of Middle English.

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

MARY S. SERJEANTSON.

Notes and News.

Editorial. The following articles and reviews are among those to be published in *English Studies* in the course of next year:

Willem van Doorn, Walter de la Mare.

Id., , A Pageant of Recent English Poetry.

Id., , Laurence Binyon as Poet.

Frits Hopman, Notes on Macaulay.

Prof. F. Holthausen, An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English,
by Ernest Weekley.

H. Poutsma, De to Hovedarter av Grammattiske Forbindelser,
by Otto Jespersen.

English Association in Holland. The Association is continuing its work of organising lectures by English (and other) men of letters and scholars. In October, the Shelley Centenary lectures were delivered by Prof. C. H. Herford, at Groningen, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Leiden and Rotterdam, and by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, at Hilversum, Nijmegen, Haarlem, Arnhem and The Hague. In the latter part of November, Mr. Laurence Binyon lectured on *Chinese Painting*, at Amsterdam, Hilversum, Leiden, Nijmegen, Groningen and The Hague, while during the same week Prof. H. D. Gray, of Stanford University, California, addressed the branches at Haarlem, Utrecht, Arnhem (Gen. Ned.-Eng.) and Amsterdam on *Mark Twain*. This series was substituted for that of Mr. St. John Ervine, who was unable to come. In October, Mr. J. Kooistra, of Groningen, gave a series of three Dutch lectures on *Shakespeare* at Nijmegen.

Correspondence intended for the Amsterdam Branch should, until further notice, be addressed to the ass. secretary, Miss A. Haas, Singel 402.

Modern Studies in Germany. We have received two small volumes of a new series that will interest students of English in this country. It is the *Handbuch der Englisch-Amerikanischen Kultur*, herausgegeben von Wilhelm Dibelius. The two parts that have appeared are *Die Englische Wirtschaft* von Prof. Dr. Hermann Levy; and *Das Religiöse Leben in England* von Prof. Dr. Otto Baumgarten. It is not our purpose to discuss these books; a review by an expert will soon appear of the second book. But it seems useful to point to this evidence of a growing conviction that the exclusive study of the language and literature of a people is not satisfactory for 'philologists'. That it is possible for students of English thus to enlarge the field of their study without becoming journalists seems to be shown by the long experience of classical students. But the *Handbuch* of Prof. Dibelius does not, and is not intended to, supply a want that will be felt by students at the beginning of their career: a handbook of moderate compass. Something in this line has already been done with regard to French by English scholars: we refer to the two books on modern and medieval France published by the Cambridge University Press. In announcing the book on Modern France *A Companion to French Studies*, edited by A. Tilley, they say: "This book is intended to be a companion volume to *Medieval France* (25 s. net) and is similar in scope to its predecessor, though nearly twice as long. It contains contributions by twenty-two writers. The aim of these volumes is to present to the reader within a moderate compass a survey of the history (political,

military, naval, and economic), language, literature, and art of Medieval and Modern France. The volumes are the work of thirty-two writers, all experts in their several provinces."

Translation.

The Snowball.

1. It is always snowing now. 2. This morning, when school was let out, the snow was the cause of a bad accident. 3. No sooner were some of the boys out of door than they began to make snowballs with that watery snow, balls as hard and heavy as stones. 4. Several people were passing by on the sidewalk. 5. A gentleman called out: "Take care, you young rascals!" And at the same moment we heard a sharp cry from the other side of the street, and we saw an old man, bareheaded, stagger and cover his face with his hands and beside him stood a boy who kept crying "Help! help!" 6. Immediately a crowd of people came running up from all sides. 7. The man had received a ball straight in his eye. 8. The children scattered and fled like arrows. 9. I was standing in front of a bookseller's shop where my father had gone in, when some boys came running up and interspersed themselves among the others standing round me and pretended to be looking at the things in the shopwindow. 10. They were Garone, Coretti and Garoffi, the stamp-collector. 11. In the meantime a crowd had collected round the old man and a policeman and others ran about asking: "Who did it? Who did it?" and they wanted to see the boys' hands to ascertain if they were still wet with the snow. 12. Garoffi stood next to me — I noticed that he was trembling from head to foot and pale as death. 13. I heard Garone say softly to him: "Come along, own up, it would be mean to let another suffer for it." 14. "But I didn't do it on purpose," answered Garoffi, trembling like a leaf. 15. "No matter, you must own up to it all the same," repeated Garone. 16. "But I haven't the courage." 17. "Come now, pluck up courage, I will go with you." 18. The policemen and the others kept crying more loudly: "Who was it? Who did it? They have blinded him, the wretches!"

19. I was afraid that Garoffi would fall on the ground. 20. "Come on!" said Garone, "I'll defend you," and he seized him by the arm and pushed him forward, supporting him as if he were an invalid. 21. The people saw and understood; many ran up with clenched fists.

Observations. 1. *It is still snowing (keeps on snowing). It is snowing continually.* Note the difference between *continuous* and *continual*. A *continuous* action is one that is uninterrupted as long as it lasts. *Continual* is that which is frequently renewed, though interrupted. A storm of rain is *continuous*; a succession of showers is *continual*; rain regularly recurring for a long period is *constant*.

2. *When the school was over.* The definite article is not used before names of buildings and some other nouns when the use made of them is referred to. Moreover *school is over* has a different meaning from *school is let out*: At the end of the afternoon, school being over and home-work done, the rest of the day becomes free time. (*Daily News*, July 3, 1919). — *A bad accident has happened this morning.* According to Poutsma's *Mood and Tense*

of the English verb, p. 101, "English is wavering between the perfect and the preterite when the epoch mentioned in the sentence or clause is one which contains the moment of speaking, as is the case with that indicated by *to-day*, *to-night*, or one of the many possible combinations with *this*, such as *this morning* (*afternoon, evening, week, month, year*, etc.)." In our sentence the period of time is, however, further defined by the temporal clause *to en de school uitging* (a past event), and the preterite seems decidedly preferable.

3. *Hardly some of the boys were outside when . . .* When a negative word-modifier opens the sentence there should be inversion of subject and predicate, but only when the negation affects the whole sentence, as is the case here. No inversion takes place when the negative word is closely connected with the subject: *Hardly a sound* disturbed the twilight scene. See Kruisinga's *Accidence & Syntax* § 2068 and § 2071. — *The boys were hardly outside when . . .* is right. — *Balls as solid and hard as stones*. Not: *as fast and hard! Making snowballs from this watery snow*. Only when the material is not all used up is *from* used: Wine is made *from* grapes; cider is made *from* apples. Bread is made *from* wheat. — *Sleet* is formed by mixed rain and snow, "fine icy particles, often with rain" (Webster). — *This watery snow*. In Dutch we often use 'die' (or 'dat') where English requires 'this', and not 'that', both demonstratively (to express one's interest) and as a referring pronoun. See Kruisinga *Acc. & Syntax* § 1185 ff and 1192 ff, also Stoffel's *Handleiding* p. 168: How do you explain *this* phenomenon = Hoe verklaar je dat verschijnsel? Compare further Poutsma, II 1 B. p. 895. C. and Translation M. O. 1922, sentence 2, where *that* is impossible. In the present case it would be wrong to use *this*.

4. *Several persons passed (by) on the pavement*. The plural *pavements* in the sense of 'sidewalk' does not seem to occur; at least not a single illustration came to hand.

5. *A gentleman cried* is correct. — *Do be careful, you little monkeys! And just then we heard a cry of pain and we saw an old man who had lost his hat*. — *Reel* — *Stagger* — *Totter* have in common the idea of an involuntary unsteadiness, a movement towards falling. Only animate beings *reel* or *stagger*, a tower or other erect object may *totter*. *Reel* suggests dizziness or other loss of balance, *stagger* suggests a burden too great to be carried steadily, or a walk such as one would have in carrying such a burden; *totter* suggests weakness: one *reels* upon being struck on the head; a drunken man, a wounded man *staggers*, the infant and the very aged *totter*. (*Century Dictionary*, i.v. *Reel*). — *Piercing cry* = doordringende kreet. Also *ear-piercing*: Uplifting his voice in a series of ear-piercing wails (said of a dog: *Royal Magazine*, May 1905. p. 51.). — *Cover up his face* = to wrap up so as to conceal (N.E.D.) = Du. toedekken. See Observation 12 on page 117 and compare Kruisinga's *Accidence and Syntax* § 238. *Hide (Bury) his face in his hands* is correct: Hides her face in her hands (Oscar Wilde, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Act. III). Sinks down and buries his face in his hands (*Id.*, p. 39). Note that the definite article in Dutch is rendered by a possessive pronoun in English.

6. Observe the difference in meaning between *at once* (= immediately) and *all at once* (= suddenly).

7. *The man had been struck by a ball in the eye*. In not into his eye. It is rather difficult to give a hard and fast rule for the proper use of *in* and *into* as usage varies a good deal. We fly *in(to)* a passion, but fall *in* (not *into*!) love. A person is sunk *in* despair, but a matter sinks *into* insignificance. Throw dust *in* a person's eye (in a figurative sense), dust

into a person's eye (in a literal sense). Things that get *in* our eye (specks of dust etc., vide *Strand Magazine*, 1905 p. 381.). The angry look came again *in* his eye (*Idem*, May 1899, p. 592) Voluntarily throwing it *in* the sea (Moulton, *Shakespeare as a dramatic artist*, 45). When several stories came to be combined *in* one there is a danger of the stage being crowded with characters (*Id.* p. 75.). Combine each of the following groups of sentences *into* a simple, a complex or a compound sentence (Maxwell, *English Grammar*.). After *put*, *thrust* and verbs of like meaning both *in* and *into* are met with. Originally *in* was also used to express a motion which results in the position expressed by *in*, and the preposition has maintained itself in a number of cases. Compare *on* and *on to*.

8. *The children scattered in all directions.*

9. *I stood in front of the bookseller's shop.* The periphrastic from is required because the time of action is defined by the clause beginning *when some boys ... Bookshop* is good English. *I was standing before the bookseller's.* The word 'shop', 'house', 'church' etc. must not be omitted after the genitive when ambiguity may arise. It would be wrong to say: The bookseller's is opposite the church. My uncle's has been sold. Where is St. Mary's? — A *stationer* differs from a *bookseller* in that he deals in writing-materials, office-requisites and the like. Stationery = *kantoorboekhandel*. — *Mixed with those around me* is correct. — *Made as if they were looking.* — *The window-dressing* has another meaning: The art of window-dressing is carried to a much higher degree in Germany and Austria than in this country. . . . Many of the shop-keepers employed special artists to design the arrangement of the shop windows (Leliveld, *Vertaaloeeningen*, XXVI): *kunst van etaleeren*. The windows are always so tastefully dressed (Lloyd, *Northern English*, p. 116.). There was a milliner's *window* with a show of nothing but fashionable plush-and-feather hats (Morrison, *Tales of Mean Streets*, I.). A tobacconist's brilliantly lighted *window* (*Strand Magazine*, June 1904. 699.). *Show-case* = *vitrine*, an enclosure of which all or some of the sides are of glass, intended to keep small and delicate or valuable objects from dust or injury in a museum or place of sale. —

10. *It was Garone, Coretti and Garoffi.* Dutch *het* refers back and should therefore be rendered by *they*, not by *it*. — *Garoffi of the postage-stamps* is correct. — *Stamp-fancier* is unusual, *dog-fancier* (*hondenkoopman*), *bird-fancier*, *rose-fancier*.

11. *Meanwhile.* — A *circle was formed* = *een kring werd gevormd*; *had been formed* would suggest an agent. A *ring* belongs to the language of sportsmen, more especially pugilists. Rulings of the *Ring*: Some of the curious incidents that have cropped up in the sport of boxing. (*Pearson's Mag.*, May 1912, p. 514.). "You wouldn't know anything about the *ring*, then?" "Why, the enclosures (*Twenty-five Years in Seventeen Prisons*.). Gave Mrs. W. the go-by in the *Ring* (*Vanity Fair*, p. 424.). "A fight, a fight!" exclaimed the crowd in a burst of pleasure and some called for "a ring". (D. Jerrold, *Men of Character*, I 227.). — *Moved about.* — *Who has done it?* The perfect present is not absolutely wrong, though the preterite sounds more natural. — *Wanted to look at the boy's hands to see if ...* is correct. — *Wet from the snow.* The correct preposition is *with*. The grass is *wet with* dew. (Mrs. De la Pasture, *Grey Knight*, 6.) His fetters were *wet with* his tears. (Stead's school edition of Chaucer, p. 14.)

12. *Garoffi was beside me.* — *Deadly (deathly) pale.* — *Death-pale* occurs in Tennyson: Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid (*Lancelot and Elaine*). She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly pale Stood grasping what was nearest (*Ibidem*).

13. *I heard Garone whisper to him. — Come and give yourself up. — Tell that you have done it.* Tell is always followed by a nominal or pronominal object, not by an objective that-clause. *It would be base to have another suffer for it.* To have followed by an object + infinitive without to either expresses 'to cause' or 'to experience', not 'let'. See Kruisinga, § 359 & § 361. *To let in another boy for it.* The Oxford Dictionary defines: to involve in the performance, payment etc. of. An old sea-captain, who was once let in for it pretty deep by a man with a broader brim than usual (Haliburton, *Clockm.* Ser. 1 VI.). He had lost all his money. He had been speculating and had been let in by a man. (*Times Weekly Edition*, Jan. 9, 1920.). The phrase seems to be equivalent to our beetnemen, er voor laten opdraaien. Compare: We are in for a pretty storm, a speech. I am in for it now, over Head and Ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him. (Richardson, *Pamela*). N. E. D. comments: certain to meet with punishment or something unpleasant.

14. The preterite is usual in cases like the one under discussion. "Who's that kicking me under the table? It's you, Charles. I know your heavy boots." "I didn't do it on purpose." (Sweet).

15. *That doesn't matter. — Trembling as a leaf.* As should be employed to mark identity.

16. *I have not the courage* (O. Wilde, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Act. II.). *I haven't got the nerve.*

17. *I go with you. I shall go with you.* Both wrong. The appropriate verb is *will* in all cases where an intention must be expressed. Compare sentence 20: *I will defend you. — Take courage. — I will be with you* is correct.

18. *Bystanders.* The Oxford Dictionary defines the word as a 'passive spectator'.

19. *Sink to the ground* is right.

20. *I will stick up for you. — An ill person. Ill* (Du. ziek) is used predicatively, *sick* attributively. The child is ill. A sick child. Compare: The boy is small. A little boy.

21. *People* without the article would be equivalent to Dutch men. — *Closed fists* conveys a different notion.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Miss A. H., Flushing; Mr. R. v. d. M., Hengelo; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Miss A. J. E. S., Gorleston-on-Sea; Mr. W. P. J. S., Zwolle; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht; Mr. H. v. d. W. Steenwijk.

Translations of the following text should be sent before Jan. 1st to P. J. H. O. Schut, c/o Mr. P. J. v. d. Reyden, Voorstraat, Brielle. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Ik was de jongste van een groot, rumoerig huisgezin, maar was stil en eenzelvig. En het verbaast me nu dat ik zoo was. Ik was een week, zacht kind; mijn zusters waren al dames — ten minste, ik zag ze zoo; mijn broers waren groote jongens — ten minste ik vond ze héél groot, en ik zelf, heel beneden onder hen, kon niet anders dan week en zacht zijn, hoewel ik niet was onderdrukt. Mijn vader bleef steeds wat ver van mij; maar mijn moeder was heel lief; ik was bij haar als een kuiken onder de vlerken der kloek. Ik was veilig en warm bij haar en ik had haar heel lief, omdat ik zeker was, dat zij mij altijd voor alles beschermen zou.

Want ik was een bang kind; ik was bang voor donkere trappen, voor baardige mannen, voor moordenaars en voor tijgers vooral, en heel bang voor spoken. Voor dat alles, was ik zeker, dat mijn moeder mij zou beschermen; maar ik was niet altijd bij haar; ik speelde op de kinderkamer, en de kindermid zat aan het raam te verstellen, en hoewel zij wel vriendelijk was, verlangde ik soms naar mijn moeder.

Het is vreemd, maar ik heb dat verlangen altijd gehouden, en soms verlang ik nog naar haar. En toen zij stierf en ik al een man en getrouwd was, is het mij geweest, als of er een bescherming uit mijn leven verdween.

Nu vond ik het soms wel prettig bang te zijn, en maakte mij verhalen van heel groote tijgers en baardige moordenaars; de laatste vooral waren mijn stadige vrees, en ik herinner mij nog de koude rilling die mij overviel, toen mijn nichtje mij eens vroeg:

„Waar ben je meer bang voor, zeg.... voor dieven.... of voor moordenaars?”

Toen heb ik, uit den grond van mijn bevend hart gestameld: „O.... voor moordenaars.... want die.... die maken je dood.” Want bang voor den dood was ik ook. En eens, dat ik den dood bijna zag, ben ik zoo geschrokken, dat ik het nooit zal vergeten. Wij woonden in den Haag, op de Mauritskade, over de brug, die naar de Nassaulaan voert. Het was winter, de gracht was bevroren, en een schaatsenrijder zakte, terwijl ik voor het raam zat mijn kousjes aan te trekken — witte kousjes met roode streepen — door het ijs, onder de brug en werd levenloos, bezwijmd in alle gevallen, er uitgehaald.... Van mijn venster zag ik dat bleeke, natte lijk, met slappe armen en druipharen en gestloten oogen, en vond het zoo verschrikkelijk, dat ik, één kousje aan, naar mijn moeder strompelde, de trap af, naar den salon, en in haar schoot uitbarstte in onbedwingbare snikken.... doodsbang en kilkoud, omdat ik den Dood had gezien.

Reviews.

Giovanni Florio, Un apôtre de la Renaissance en Angleterre à l'époque de Shakespeare. Par LONGWORTH CHAMBRUN. Payot, Paris, 1921. 20 fr. —

The English have always had the reputation of not liking to learn foreign languages; conscious of the power and richness of their own, they travel about the world. This was already the opinion of Giovanni Florio, the Italian teacher of the English Renaissance, and in expressing this opinion he appears to vindicate the same right for the Italian and French tongues, saying in his "First Fruits" (an English-Italian conversation-book): "Whate thinke you of the maners of English men? — I will tell you, some are well manered, but many yl — Toward whom are they yl manered? — Toward Strangers: and fewe of these English men delight to have their children learne divers languages whiche thing displeaseth me. When I arriued first in London, I could not speake Englishe, and I met about five hundred persons, afore I could find one that could tel me in Italian or French, where the Post dwelt."

Giovanni Florio was most likely born in England of an Italian father, Michel-Agnelo Florio, a protestant preacher, who under the reign of queen Mary had to look for another refuge. Giovanni probably passed his youth and had his education in Italy and France. In 1578 we find him returned to England as a private teacher of French and Italian at Magdalen College, Oxford.

In 1589 he entered into the service of Henry Wriothesley, lord Southampton, who in the same year left Oxford as an M. A. and began his career of protector of arts and science. To him Shakespeare dedicated, in 1593, his *Venus and Adonis* and the following year his *Lucrece*. Nash, Barnes, Barnfield, Chapman and Daniel assembled at the court of this Maecenas. Being especially a linguist and a grammarian, Florio was an enthusiastic propagator of the Italian language and literature in England, and found in the young lord Southampton a fervent disciple, who soon took a first place among the English Italophiles of his days.

Under James I Florio was removed to the service of the king in the

function of teacher of languages to the Prince of Wales and private secretary and reader to the queen.

His principal works were two collections of English-Italian dialogues, proverbs etc., in the two languages, his *First fruits* (1578) and *Second frutes* (1591). Next he wrote a, for his time perfect, Italian-English Dictionary: *Queen Anna's New world of words*, printed by Bradwood for Edward Blount and Wm. Berret, London 1611. This was the second, "newly much augmented" edition; the first was issued in 1598. Further he gave a valuable translation of Montaigne's *Essais*.

I will here give the beginning of the contents of his *First fruits*.

"*Englishe familiar Speeches*. To speake with a Gentleman, a gentlewoman, a marchant, a domestic.

Amourous Talke. To speake of England — To talke in the darke.

Divers sentences divine and profane. Three hyndred fyne proverbes. Fine sayings, pretty demands. The Abuses of the world.

Discourses upon Peace, Ware, envy, pride, beautie, nobilitie, poverty.

A necessary prayer and which be the goodes of Fortune.

Of wrath with certain fyne sayings of Ariosto and Other Poets, and what the profit of reading and learning of Science is, with certayne discourses in prayse of writers and philosophers.

Reasonings upon Diligence, Humanitie, Clemencie, Temperance and Sobrietie." etc.

It may surprise the reader of Mme Chambrun's book that the author has not considered it her duty to determine the general influence on the Renaissance, in all directions of English literature and philology, of a man who did so much for the spread of Italian culture in England. She has restricted herself to the relations between Shakespeare and Florio and attempted to prove that Shakespeare knew the Italian language, literature and civilisation through the intermediary of Florio. It is just possible that Shakespeare learned much from the books of Florio, especially the Italian language, but Mme Chambrun's arguments for Shakespeare's profound study of the works, so that he enriched his own language and ideas by it, are not very convincing. I have been obliged to put many notes of interrogation in Mme Chambrun's chapter *Les concordances*.

Thus, for instance, in Florio's *First Fruits* we read the proverb "When the cat is abroad the mice play." Shakespeare writes in *Henry IV* act. I sc. 2: "Playing the mouse in absence of the cat." Mme Chambrun supposes that S. took this expression from Florio. So Florio: "Make of necessity virtue" and Shakespeare in the *Two Gentlemen*: "Make a virtue of necessity." Item Florio: "Necessity hath no law," Shakespeare: "Nature must obey necessity." Florio: "A gallant death doth honour a whole life," Shakespeare: "Nothing in life became him like the leaving of it." Florio: "The end maketh all men equal"; Shakespeare: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Mme Chambrun says: "Peut-être ces proverbes paraîtront-ils au lecteur d'aujourd'hui vieux comme le monde, mais n'oublions pas que Florio affirme à plusieurs reprises, être le premier à les vulgariser en Angleterre, comme il a été le premier aussi à les avoir fait imprimer." The author must permit me not to accept Florio as an authority in this matter. Mme Chambrun should have proved that most likely such proverbs and expressions did not exist in the English vocabulary before Florio wrote his conversation-books. And even then nobody shall make me believe that Shakespeare could not have written the sentence: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," unless he had read something of the kind in Florio's *First Fruits*.

Another instance: Florio has in his *Second Frutes*:

Women are the purgatory of men's purses;
The paradise of men's bodies; the hell of men's souls.
Women are in churches saints; abroad angels; at home devils
At windows serens; at doors pyes and in gardens goats.

In Othello we find this about women:

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours; wild cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your housewifery and housewives in your beds.

In the Montaigne-translation we read:

Our religion hath no surer foundation than the contempt of life. Since we are threatened by so many kinds of death there is no more inconvenience to fear them all than to endure one. What matter when it cometh since it is unavoidable?

In Julius Caesar:

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
If seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Had not the genius of Shakespeare inventiveness enough to imagine this himself, did he want the inspiration from Florio? Indeed I believe he was rich enough to pay such sayings out of his own purse. At any rate he was very ungrateful to his great model by ridiculing him in the shape of Holophernes in *Love's Labours lost*.

J. PRINSEN JLz.

An Essay towards a Theory of Art. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.
London: Martin Secker, 1922. 5/—.

Byron, following the illustrious example of Epimenides the Cretan, once declared that poets are liars (See the eighty-seventh stanza of the third Canto of *Don Juan*), and the verdict has much to recommend itself. Not as regards poems. A good poem is always sincere; it is — besides other things — the true record of an actual experience, no matter to what extent the poet's imagination has modified the real occurrence to which the poem could be ultimately traced. But we are likely to be sadly fobbed off when we approach a poet asking him about the genesis of his work. Knowing the extravagant and fantastic ideas which many outsiders entertain about the nature of inspiration — this word to be pronounced with one's eyes glued upon the ceiling — he fools his questioners to the top of their bent. But the fault lies by no means entirely with the latter, since they have been spoiled by well-known fanfaronades about 'dashing off one's lines in a hurry, in spare moments,' and 'never blotting a line,' and so forth. It seems a vicious circle, from which no escape is possible, unless poets cease from swaggering and the reading public give up their pet notion that, because William Blake considered himself free of the world of fairies and spirits, this must likewise be the case with any poet worthy of the name.

I do not think that Mr. Abercrombie, though a poet, has often been guilty of striking a swaggering attitude. Certain it is that no such attitude is discernible in the present *Essay*. Certain it is that he does not consider poets, as a class, race, or genus apart, either from their fellow-men or from other

artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, etc. And he inscribes his book to lovers of truth. Where should he find them if not in the ranks of students of literature?

If poetry is an art, it follows that a poet must study his art, and, serving his apprenticeship, acquire literary skill, since no angel, devil or fairy will ever perch upon his shoulder, whispering in his ear what he has merely to take down from dictation. It follows also that the act of poetic creation admits of scientific analysis, though allowance must always be made for a residue which, being the product of unconscious or subconscious forces, is no further analysable and must be taken for granted. And it is obvious, inversely, that what applies to poets should equally apply to painters and other artists.

Mr. Abercrombie's starting-point in theorising being aesthetic experience, his book is non-historical, so that it leaves room for another by which it should be supplemented. Can we ever attain to a right appreciation of art, if we close our eyes to its lowly origins in what was primarily intended for *use*, for the satisfaction of man's immediate, physical wants? Did not the temple develop out of the rude shelter man first built himself? Did not the caveman in drawing the image of a bison on a rock, as often as not in a secluded, hardly accessible place, thereby attempt to capture some live bison's soul, in order to ensure successful hunting the next day? Were not dancing, singing, making poetry, practised, from the first, for utilitarian reasons? — But as centuries and centuries rolled on, these things suffered a change, i. e. they came to be looked upon with different eyes, one individual after another realizing, like Angus in Yeats's poem, that the little trout fit only to be cooked and eaten was really a glimmering girl with apple-blossom in her hair.

It seems to me that by ignoring this side of the question Mr. Abercrombie has injured the cogency of his arguments. What he says of a fine locomotive (page 37), that 'it is wholly designed to a practical end,' that 'its existence is to be justified by its achievement of that end, and that 'a locomotive is therefore not a work of art,' would with equal force apply to a vase, a church, a piece of religious sculpture. Yet we would not banish ancient pottery from our museums, and we would maintain that these old-world potters, ignorant of aesthetics and, perhaps, thoughtless of artistry, were nevertheless artists. — Was it an aesthetic experience that in the case of Bunyan prompted the writing of 'A Pilgrim's Progress', one of the few literary allegories that are really masterpieces? Surely the impulse to it was ethical, a thing which I would not venture to affirm so stoutly as regards Lucretius, though here, too, there were powerful ethical motives. And what about the well-known fact that an artist may be *oppressed* by some painful experience, and cannot get rid of what he has 'on the brain' except by converting the oppressive image into a work of art, which alone renders purely aesthetic enjoyment possible?

According to Mr. Abercrombie (page 43) the difficult part of our business lies in the prolegomena. But now it is strange that, whereas I often disagree about these prolegomena, my objections grow more and more infrequent as I read on. I assent when I read: (page 44) '*art is always purposive; the experience in which it originates must be collected into one continuous act deliberately willed, the purpose of it being nothing but to transform the experience into expression.*' I assent when he considers expression in art to be synonymous with communication, and when he asserts, '*There is no such thing as a private work of art: all art is public property.*' I assent most emphatically

on finding it stated (page 93) that '*the value of the poem is not merely in its inspiration, but in its art*,' which disposes of most of the work of a poetess Mr. Abercrombie has never read, viz. of Henriette Roland Holst.

Being called upon to give my final verdict, I would say, the book as a whole is eminently worth reading and studying, the provocative prolegomena because they set one 'thinking furiously', the other chapters because of our *æsthetic* enjoyment when we see how neatly the author hits nail after nail on the head.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

The Chapbook.

Numbers 22 and 23 were lying on my desk waiting for a review, when the postman delivered number 24, containing besides a 'List of 101 Commendable Plays' for the use of 'Community Theatres, Schools & Dramatic Groups in Town & Country', an announcement to the effect that the publication of the Chapbook would be suspended for six months. Mr. Harold Monro hoped that by the end of that period the cost of book-production would have sufficiently decreased to enable him to publish further issues at the original price of one shilling. As a matter of fact the projected holiday extended over one month more, and number 25 — 'Twelve New Poems by Contemporary Poets' — was brought out in February 1923. Two are by William H. Davies, and they are neither better nor worse than the poems we have been accustomed for years to expect from him. 'The Spell', by John Macleod, might have been a good, whimsical poem for children, but as it is it falls between two stools. 'Love's Hour', by W. B. Livermore, was obviously inspired — oh, dear! — by J. C. Squire's *Behind the Lines*, which I quoted last year in Vol. III, No. 4, page 121. 'In Memory', by M. Hughes, gives tame expression to a rather old notion. 'The Rambling Sailor', by Charlotte Mew, is forcible and striking, but why that unconvincing 'dialect'?

'Ryton Firs' (a fragment) by Lascelles Abercrombie, makes us wish for the whole. And 'When You Are Out', by S. Matthewman, would be the best of the whole batch, if it were not for the unfortunate word *rot*, which is far too violent for its setting.

No. 26, bringing more poems, appeared in May. I have tried, honestly tried, to read Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's contribution. I have felt my poor brains give way under the strain. Give me a real roundabout, I say, then I shall know, not where I stand, but where I whirl. Are these elaborate hoaxes poetry? It this the way to interest a distrustful and lukewarm public in imaginative literature? Damn the fellow up and down! Lock him up in a cell! It needn't be a padded one....

Mr. Monro complains, in his Editor's Notes, that '*There is not sufficient talent; there is not enough printworthy new material....*' By including that precious 'Italian Air' — should not Signor Mussolini take action? — he has proved his assertion up to the hilt.

Life being the great humourist, it is small matter for wonder that No. 27 should contain 'about' twenty-seven answers to the following questions:

1. Do you think that poetry is a necessity to modern man?
2. What in modern life is the particular function of poetry as distinguished from other kinds of literature?
3. Do you think there is any chance of verse being eventually displaced by prose, as narrative poetry apparently is being by the novel, and ballads already have been by newspaper reports?

I am not going to answer these questions here, my standpoint being that of Professor Gilbert Murray, who wrote a postcard to state that 'Such questions are for the leisured classes, not for overworked professors'. I must also decline to give a compendium of the exceedingly various answers given and duly or unduly printed. But I wish to join issue with the Editorial statement in the 'Introductory Apology', to the effect that *poetry is not more popular because most of it is worthless*. Is not most 'prose' equally worthless? And do we not see again and again that positively worthless books, Tarzan stories, Pimpernel adventures, 'novels' by Charles Garvice and Ethel Dell, sell like hot cakes? — And again, are not poems of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox type as popular as can be? — Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

No. 28. More poems. No piece of Sitwellian lunacy this time. Rather much to be thankful for. I quote from Humbert Wolfe's 'Kensington Gardens':

THRUSHES.

The City financier
walks in the Gardens
stiffly because of
his pride and his burdens.

The daisies looking
up observe
only a self -
respecting curve.

The thrushes only
see a flat
table-land
of shining hat.

He looks importantly
about him,
while all the spring
goes on without him.

No. 29, September 1922, gives us a good article by Richard Aldington *On the Poet and his Age*. It seems a pity that it should be followed by a piece of Sitwellian slapdash — this time it is not Sacheverell but Osbert who is the offender — directed against Mr. J. C. Squire — Jack Squire, for short — alias Solomon Eagle, and his henchman, Mr. Edward Shanks. While granting that the great influence and power of the Editor of the 'London Mercury' may prove a great danger to English literature, I hold that he will be perfectly immune to the venom contained in this rotten bad doggerel.

No. 30. Poems again. Little that asks for comment. What sort of ear Margaret Drew has for Flintian *cadences* I cannot imagine. H. H. Abbot's contributions may be parodies; if they are not he may turn to certain well-known passages in Browning's *Saul*, and ask himself whether — after this wine — he can only offer us pop to swallow. The volume is saved by a little poem for which we have again to thank Humbert Wolfe:

Said this poet to that poet
"What do you lack?"
Said that poet to this poet
"Friend, scratch my back!"

Said this poet to that poet
"What if I do?"
Said that poet to this poet
"I will scratch you."

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Miss Winstanley's Introduction runs to seventy-seven pages and in the part devoted to Sir Thopas she has particularly devoted much study to tracing the relation between the poetry of Chaucer and the historical and social conditions of his age. [T.]

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This volume contains all plays of Mr. W. B. Yeats given at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, except *The Land of Heart's Desire* and *The Countess Cathleen*. "Four Plays for Dancers" are also omitted from this volume.

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Macbeth, King Lear, and Contemporary History. Being a study of the relations of the play of *Macbeth* to the personal history of James I, the Darnley murder and the St Bartholomew Massacre, and also of *King Lear* as symbolic mythology. By LILIAN WINSTANLEY. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 228 pp. Cambridge University Press, 1922. 15 s. net.

Shakespeare and Music. By CHRISTOPHER WILSON. *The Stage Office*, 1922. 7 s. 6 d.

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Some Contributions to the English Anthology. (With Special Reference to the Seventeenth Century). By JOHN DRINKWATER (Warton Lecturer on English Poetry). $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 20 pp. For the British Academy. Milford, 1922. 1s. net.

Samuel Pepys. Administrator, Observer, Gossip. By E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, vii.+332 pp. Leonard Parsons. 1922. 6s. n.
First published 1909.

A Dutch source of Robinson Crusoe. The narrative of the El Ho. "Sjouke Gabbes" (also known as Henrich Ixel). An episode from the description of the mighty kingdom of Krinke Kesmes. Et cetera, by Hendrik Smeeks, 1708. Translated from the Dutch and compared with the story of Robinson Crusoe by LUCIUS L. HUBBARD. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$. Iii.+172 pp. Wheldon and Wesley. 1922. 17s. 6d. n. [A review will appear.]

The Beggar's Opera. Its Predecessors and Successors. By FRANK KIDSTON. 7×5 , 109 pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s. n.

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Johnsonian Gleanings. By ALEYN LYELL READE. Part III. The Doctor's Boyhood. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$, xi.+209 pp. Author: Treleaven House, Blundellsands, near Liverpool. 1922. 21s. to subscribers only.

William Blake and his Poetry. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, 154 pp. Harrap. 1922. 2s. n.

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George Gissing: An Appreciation. By MAY YATES. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, ix.+109 pp. Manchester: University Press. London: Longmans. 1922. 6s. n.

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Modern English Essays. Edited by ERNEST RHYS. In five volumes, $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Vol. I. v.+240 pp. Vol. II. vii.+246 pp. Vol. III. ix.+244 pp. Vol. IV. ix.+245 pp. Vol. V. x.+245 pp. Dent. 1922. 3s. n. each.

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Essays at Large. By SOLOMON EAGLE $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xii.+211 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1922. 7s. 6d. n.

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Contemporary American Novelists, 1900—1920. By CARL VAN DOREN. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xi.+176 pp. Macmillan Company. 7s. n.

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On the History of the English Present Inflections, particularly -th and -s. By ERIK HOLMQUEST. Heidelberg, Winter. 1922. Price for Holland f3.20. [A review will appear.]

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Minutes and Accounts of the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon and other Records, 1553-1620. Transcribed by RICHARD SAVAGE. With Introduction and Notes by EDGAR I. FRIPP. Volume I., 1553-1566. Oxford. 1922. Printed for the Lugdale Society by Frederick Hall, printer to the University. Member's subscription, one guinea

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The Old Cryes of London. By SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE. Novello. 7s. net.

In Whig Society, 1775-1818. Compiled from the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Elizabeth, Viscountess Melbourne, and Emily Lamb, Countess Cowper, afterwards Viscountess Palmerston. By MABELL COUNTESS OF AIRLIE. $9 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, xvi.+205 pp. Hodder and Stoughton 15s. n.

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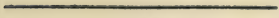
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Walter de la Mare.

An Appreciation.

I.

'Many and diverse must be the judgments passed upon every great poet, upon every considerable writer. There is the judgment of enthusiasm and admiration, which proceeds from ardent youth, easily fired, eager to find a hero and worship him. There is the judgment of gratitude and sympathy, which proceeds from those who find in an author what helps them, what they want, and who rate him at a very high value accordingly. There is the judgment of ignorance, the judgment of incompatibility, the judgment of envy and jealousy. Finally there is the systematic judgment, and this judgment is the most worthless of all. The sharp scrutiny of envy and jealousy may bring real faults to light. The judgments of incompatibility and ignorance are instructive, whether they reveal necessary clefts of separation between the experiences of different sorts of people, or reveal simply the narrowness and bounded view of those who judge. But the systematic judgment is altogether unprofitable. Its author has not really his eye upon the professed object of his criticism at all, but upon something else which he wants to prove by means of that object. He neither really tells us, therefore, anything about the object, nor anything about his own ignorance of the object. He never fairly looks at it, he is looking at something else. Perhaps if he looked at it straight and full, looked at it simply, he might be able to pass a good judgment on it. As it is, all he tells us is that he is no genuine critic, but a man with a system, an advocate.'

II.

These words are Matthew Arnold's (See his *A French Critic on Goethe*) and would be readily endorsed by a man like Professor R. Moulton. I like them myself, both for the inevitable amount of truth they contain and for their clearness and force. At one time I accepted them as absolutely the last word that could be said on the subject. Yet it is plain — and I cannot help thinking the apostle of 'sweetness and light' would, if pressed ever so little, have conceded the point himself — that, were we to take these sentiments at their face value, and act upon them, we should be rejecting the good with the bad. The proper appreciation of any work of art presupposes the possession of certain standards of value, which implies comparison, whether with existing masterpieces or with ideal conceptions, and the moment one begins to compare things, behold, one lays the foundations of a system. Nor is there any harm in the fact as such. A mental acquisition can never become our very own without being made part and parcel of one of the many ideal structures which our mind rears up with the material provided by our experiences and speculations. There is only one risk which we run in the process, a risk of which we should be constantly aware and profoundly conscious, viz. the danger of rigidity. Our mental fabrics, be they ever so fair in our own eyes, ought always to be looked upon as provisional and temporary. As soon as sufficient new material has accumulated we should give them up and pull them down, raising new and more accommodating structures in their stead. They should be tents for a traveller, not a set of heavily furnished apartments for a stay-at-home.

And therefore, while firmly proposing to look fairly and squarely, straight and full at the subject of my little study, I do not hesitate to apply a

critical system of sorts, evolved by me in the course of my magisterial career, to the work of Walter de la Mare. I would do this — I could not help doing this — even if he were a new-fledged and only recently vocal singer taken up by Jack Squire of the *London Mercury*, or by Eddie Marsh, the impresario of the 'Georgians'. But in Walter de la Mare's case the moment for doing so should be especially opportune, since the first collected edition of his poems was published in 1920, and *The Veil* published after that date, though full of excellent things, does not show the poet in a new light. I would not venture to hint, with the *Times Literary Supplement* of December 22nd 1921 that middle age is telling on him. The assertion that he is losing some of his grace, his swiftness, his lightness of touch, appears rather cheap — and nasty — in the face of such lines as

Stagnant this wintry gloom. Afar
The farm-cock bugles his 'Qui vive ?'
The towering elms are lost in mist ;
Birds in the thorn-trees huddle a-whist ;
The mill-race waters grieve.
Our shrouded day
Dwindles away
To final black of eve.

But it is all of a piece with the best and most characteristic of his previous work. It holds no surprises, the one exception being the title-poem. And the obvious inference is that, having found what work he can do — and do supremely well — the poet has practically ceased from experimenting, a fact which, though in the nature of things, seems rather a pity. As I write this my eyes wander to *Down-adown-derry*, an illustrated volume of his fairy poetry lying at this moment on my desk. It contains a medley of poems, both from earlier and later volumes, but I defy anyone to separate, from internal evidence, the more recent work from the older.¹⁾ On the other hand the merest glance at the contents of the earliest published collections — reprinted in the 'Collected Edition' of 1920 — discloses incongruity and heterogeneousness enough, poetical exercises inspired by Edmund Spenser and rhetorical outbursts — rather in the manner of Sir William Watson — on Shakespearean themes like Macbeth, Hamlet, Iago, jostling with poems in which some authentic personal note is struck and which, thanks to something new in their form, are immediately recognised as genuine and welcome additions to the vast store of English poetry, poems like *Autumn* :

There's a wind where the rose was ;
Cold rain where sweet grass was ;
And clouds like sheep
Stream o'er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.
Nought gold where your hair was ;
Nought warm where your hand was ;
But phantom, forlorn,
Beneath the thorn,
Your ghost where your face was.
Sad winds where your voice was ;
Tears, tears where my heart was ;
And ever with me,
Child, ever with me,
Silence where hope was.

¹⁾ We have it on the authority of Mr. John Freeman (in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1922) that the poet — like W. B. Yeats — has constantly subjected his early work to revision, which offers a partial explanation.

It is significant that a great and valuable portion of this early work is concerned with the child. In fact, Walter de la Mare's first volume, published in 1901, when he was twenty-eight years old, bore the collective title of *Poems of Childhood*, whilst in the volume of 1906 there is a separate section named 'Memories of Childhood'. It is equally significant that 'the child' has ever since bulked large in the poet's work, and it is probably owing to this haunting presence that in the subsequent volumes the rhetorical element, though never altogether ousted — it is even present in the *Veil* volume — has been to a great extent got rid of.

III.

Inquiring why this should be so we find ourselves confronted with the much wrangled-over question whether or no an artist ought to create with an eye on an imaginary audience or potential spectators. Lascelles Abercrombie, poet and theorist, says that he ought, though time and again artists have expressed themselves to the contrary, Austin Dobson in a pretty fable, *The Carver and the Caliph*, in which Haroun Alraschid is made to say to a penniless sculptor whose *Come buy* fails to attract customers:

'This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined, — remote, — minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'T were best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air . . .'

.
The Carver sadly shook his head;
He knew 't was truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again:
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;
— Ah, but the Artist that was lost!

This sounds convincing; so does at first sight a letter to the Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* (published in the issue of Aug. 24th 1922), in which a young author, Mr. H. Fausset, taking exception to Mr. Abercrombie's view, denies the necessity for a poet to 'weigh his words or his form in relation to his audience's understanding and sympathy'. He believes such a view 'to be as psychologically false as it is artistically, and that the term "communication" is in itself misleading'. According to him 'what is called an artist's communication is . . . only his effort to explain an experience as clearly as possible *to himself*, to explore and define it, to bring it absolutely into the focus of *his own* consciousness.'

'Ideally, art is complete expression by a creative being for *his own* satisfaction. It is a convenient accident that by expressing himself most clearly he also communicates to others most successfully. But no such consideration enters his mind during the process of his creation.' (Mr. F. 's italics).

Now these are rather grand words, but surely one might retort here in Johnsonian phrase, 'You do not see your way through the question, sir.' If a poet is asked to write a rollicking drinking-song, and he sets himself to do this, though in reality he would have preferred to write an elegy instead, he is likely enough to make a most deplorable mess of the whole business. Instead of a poet he will be a mere juggler with words. An artist simply has to be absolutely honest and sincere, otherwise he will be found

out sooner or later, when his work will be deservedly consigned to oblivion. If he disapproves of prevailing tastes, he prostitutes his Muse by pandering to them. But this has nothing to do with another question, viz. whether he should not from time to time — or at any rate in finally revising his work — put himself in the place of the ordinary intelligent and sympathetic reader, and from that point of view test the impression, made by the whole and by separate passages, and especially their clearness and direct appeal. What says Theodore Watts-Dunton in his *Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder*? 'Every poem has, like a piece of tapestry, its inner side (the poet's own), and its outer side (the reader's), and . . . while the perfect master of poetry [will weave] works so that his pattern is developed on the outside (the reader's side) the imperfect artist, such as Donne or Browning,¹) is apt to work in the contrary way — so that while he himself sees the pattern from within the outer surface presents the reader with the tangles and knots of many-coloured worsted which should be seen by the poet-weaver alone. That the weaver pleases himself hugely by thus keeping the picture for himself and presenting the knots and tangles to the spectator is obvious, and perhaps it is, after all, worth while to weave one's tapestry for one's own delectation. But then the weaver-poet is never content with this. He weaves not, like the bower-bird, for himself and his mate, but for the outer world, and to surpass all other bower-birds (read: weaver-poets) in the art of weaving . . . To the perfect poetic artist it is not a trouble but a delight, to be continually transplanting himself to the reader's outer standpoint by a rapid kind of imaginative process, the effect of which is similar to that of the little mirrors which the tapestry-weavers hang before their work to show them how the pattern is developed on the right side of the stuff.' (pages 17 and 18)

To me this appears sound sense. 'A writer without readers,' to quote Mr. Gerald Cumberland (page 110 of *Set Down in Malice*), 'is not a writer; he is simply a man who murmurs to himself very laboriously.' And a young, unaffected and altogether charming poet, Mr. Robert Graves, writing *On English Poetry* (page 127) reproaches certain colleagues — he calls them the Very Wild Men — saying that 'they are satisfied with the original spontaneity of their work and do not trouble to test it in the light of what it will convey to others, whom they then blame for want of appreciation.' He goes on to illustrate the danger of artistic self-centredness causing unwarranted obscurity, with an instance from Blake's Prophetic Books. There was a soldier named Schofield who had informed against him, and the wayward genius afterwards made that soldier a universal devil, 'Skofeld', who suddenly makes his appearance in 'Jerusalem' and among its strange company of abstractions.

What settled the matter for myself was my first talk with Mr. de la Mare, two years ago, in an Amsterdam restaurant. I asked him for his opinion on this question, and he developed views similar to Mr. Fausset's. I then pointed out that he had written successful books for children, and being a schoolmaster, 'Surely,' I said, 'in writing them you must have thought of your audience.' 'I only wrote them to please *young Walter*,' the poet replied, meaning either himself when a child or the child that still lived on in his present middle-aged and rather elusive personality. To me however, this amounted to an admission, since in imagining an intelligent auditor we cannot help taking our own selves, whether present or past, as standards.

¹) I would have put Swinburne instead of Browning. W. v. D.

As a matter of fact, in syntax and diction Walter de la Mare is seldom obscure and never wantonly so. And even where, owing to his having plunged, Browning-like, *in medias res*, it is difficult to see what he is driving at, a second reading will usually suffice to give us all the light we need.¹⁾

IV.

Punch, of Nov. 22nd 1922, has a harmless little caricature, in which the subject of my article, here very wittily re-baptized Walter-super-Mare, is represented sitting at a diminutive cottage-piano and 'with soft pedal' greeting the dawn. I do not remember having seen him burlesqued before, and, to the best of my knowledge, in press notices, reviews and critiques he has always been dealt with courteously and with deference. Not unfrequently even it has been impossible for people to find a sane and discriminating word of praise, and with respect to him public opinion has on the whole been content to re-echo, with parrot-like insistence, one word which centuries of slipshod talk have charged with sentimental associations, viz. the word 'beauty'. Now, if there is a word that has been too often profaned for me to be eager to use and, perhaps, abuse it, it is this same word 'beauty', one of those terms to which Goethe's well-known dictum applies: that they always come in handy when exact notions are far to seek. But a teacher of literature is often compelled to avail himself of its services, and there is comparatively little harm in this, so long as he realizes, and makes his pupils realize, that it is nothing but *a word* indicating a way in which our mind responds to what surrounds or confronts us.²⁾ This way is the aesthetic way, and has a twofold character, being

a. the pleasure or satisfaction experienced by us when resigning ourselves to certain aspects of nature and life (including the 'inner' life);

b. a feeling of wonderment that these aspects should be as they are.

I will give two examples. An *entirely* unfamiliar landscape cannot at first

¹⁾ *The Monologue*, a somewhat Browningsque poem in the *Veil* volume furnishes an instance. It opens as follows:

Alas, O Lovely One,
Imprisoned here,
I tap; thou answerest not,
I doubt, and fear.
Yet transparent as glass these walls,
If thou lean near.

Last dusk, at those high bars
There came, scarce-heard,
Claws, fluttering feathers,
Of deluded bird —
With one shrill, scared, faint note
The silence stirred.

Rests in that corner,
In puff of dust, a straw —
Vision of harvest-fields
I never saw,
Of strange green streams and hills,
Forbidden by law.

It is only now that one begins to realize the situation: a prisoner addressing a fellow-prisoner in the cell next to his. And the best thing to do now is to break off and tackle the first stanza again.

²⁾ Walter de la Mare's poem *A Riddle* ('*Veil*', 85) is illuminating in this respect.

rouse our aesthetic emotions. The landscape must 'grow upon us' till one day we become conscious that we like or admire it. Then, as the process goes on and we begin to know it too well, its charm disappears and the landscape we used to think so beautiful loses its hold upon us, the sense of wonderment is somehow gone and we crave for fresh fields and new pastures, or — and even more often — we return to our previous everyday surroundings. And such a return will often work miracles, the smallest peculiarity — e.g. sunlight breaking through clouds or filtering through a haze — being sufficient to enhance the appeal of the scenes we know so well.

Before we can fully appreciate a previously unknown piece of music the composer of which has aimed at entirely novel effects, we must hear it more than once, learning how it holds together and familiarizing ourselves more or less with its various *phrases*. At length having heard it too often, and in particular when we cannot go into the street without hearing its *motifs* whistled by some guttersnipe, the thing will pall upon us, and we shall refuse to believe that we ever liked it.

It should follow from my propositions that the aesthetic response is not exclusively the work of our sensuous nature. Our entire personality has a voice in the matter and helps to decide whether there shall be the necessary resignation (or acceptance) on our part or not. When we are informed that of two trees in bloom which appeal to us equally strongly, one is poisonous, this knowledge will affect our appreciation and we shall prefer the tree that is harmless. Suppose two women, twin-sisters with exactly the same regular features, the same intellectual gifts, the same engaging manners. As soon as a normal person learns that one of them is in an advanced stage of consumption, his joy in beholding the consumptive sister will be marred, and to him aesthetic resignation will henceforth be difficult if not impossible. Suppose, finally, two books, novels equally well-written, but one of them preaching and enforcing a moral which we consider pernicious. We cannot then in honesty 'accept' the latter book. Its merits will, to us, appear altogether vitiated. And if, under the influence of the *art for art's sake* theory, we hesitate to avow the real reason for our dislike, we will begin to cavil and are pretty sure to find aesthetic grounds for disapproving of the objectionable book. But those 'grounds' will be a mere blind.

An aesthetic experience may be strong enough to result in a work of art. But — here I dissent from a theorist like Lascelles Abercrombie — so may any other experience. What prevents *Uncle Tom's Cabin* from being a literary masterpiece is not its purpose, but its defective execution. I even hold that an aesthetic experience, as a motive force, impelling the individual to make a poem, a picture, a novel, is oftener doomed to sterility than pity, hate, indignation, proselytism or the mere desire to astound.¹⁾ A powerful incentive is also the impulse to sit in judgment on oneself, an impulse which would seem to be in the main ethical, though into *the process of creation* aesthetic emotion is sure to enter, playing a more and more important part as the work proceeds.

Now this 'sitting in judgment on oneself' is not, it is true, altogether absent from Walter de la Mare's literary work, but it is considerably less in evidence than in the productions of most of his *comrades in the craft*, far less so than in A. E. Housman's slender volume, the famous *Shropshire Lad*. We need not look to Walter the Elusive and Quietly Fanciful for the stark vehemence of lines like

¹⁾ Compare the career of *Hilda Lessways* in Arnold Bennett's novel.

Others, I am not the first,
Have willed more mischief than they durst:
If in the breathless night I too
Shiver now, 't is nothing new.

More than I, if truth were told,
Have stood and sweated hot and cold,
And through their reins in ice and fire
Fear contended with desire.

Agued once like me were they¹⁾

On occasion he does indulge in searchings of heart, a notable instance being *The Imp Within*, the first poem in the 'Veil' volume, but even here 'beauty' i. e. the aesthetic experience, plays first fiddle:

'Rouse now, my dullard, and thy wits awake;
'T is first of the morning. And I bid thee make,
No, not a vow; we have munched our fill of these
From crock of bone-dry crusts and mouse-gnawn cheese —
Nay, just one whisper in that long, long ear —
Awake; rejoice. Another Day is here: —

'A virgin wilderness, which, hour by hour,
Mere happy idleness shall bring to flower.
Barren and arid though its sands now seem,
Wherein oasis beckons not, shines no stream,
Yet wake — and lo, 't is lovelier than a dream.

'Plunge on, thy every footprint shall make fair
Its thirsty waste; and thy foregone despair
Undarken into sweet birds in the air

'No? Well, lest promise in performance faint,
A less inviting prospect will I paint.
I bid thee adjure thy Yesterday, and say:
"As *thou* wast, Enemy, so be To-day. —
Immure me in the same close narrow room;
Be hated toil the lamp to light its gloom:
Make stubborn my pen; sift dust into my ink;
Forbid mine eyes to see, my brain to think.
Scare off the words whereon the mind is set.
Make memory the power to forget.
Constrain imagination; bind its wing;
Forbid the unseen Enchantresses to sing.
Ay, do thy worst!"

In reading this passage one should bring home to oneself the fact that, till recently, the poet had to work for a living in an office, an insurance-office if I am not mistaken, so that the above-quoted poem was conceived at a time when he could not yet, as he does now, devote himself exclusively to literature. The circumstance also accounts for his habit of looking to poetry for an 'escape' from uncongenial impressions.

V.

How did Walter de la Mare effect the escape which he so devoutly wished to make? There were three Influences to assist him, and one was Mother Nature, who drew him to her breast, gently touching his eyes with her fingers and anointing them with dew. And one was Edgar Poe, who showed him how to enter the unfathomable realms of Mystery. And one was the beckoning form of a Child, holding up a little golden key that glittered in the sunlight.

¹⁾ A *Shropshire Lad*, XXX.

Nature.... It was out of the question that a poet living in a London suburb which tourists would pronounce decidedly uninteresting, could afford to be 'romantic' with the old Ossianic school of romantics, sitting on rocks and musing o'er flood and fell far from the haunts of men and from the tameness and sameness of civilisation. When home from his office Walter looked at the homely scenery about him and saw that it was beautiful. That is in other words: he accepted his surroundings, and Nature with her ever-varying phenomena of light and shade, twilight and darkness, summer and winter, growth and decay, saw to it that the necessary element of *strangeness* should not be lacking.

I choose my examples at random.

Who beckons the green ivy up
 Its solitary tower of stone?
 What spirit lures the bindweed's cup
 Unfaltering on?
 Calls even the starry lichen to climb
 By agelong inches endless Time?
 Who bids the hollyhock uplift
 Her rod of fast-sealed buds on high;
 Fling wide her petals — silent, swift,
 Lovely to the sky? . . .

(*The Miracle*. P. I 10).

Clouded with snow
 The cold winds blow,
 And shrill on leafless bough
 The robin with its burning breast
 Alone sings now.
 The rayless sun,
 Day's journey done,
 Sheds its last ebbing light
 On fields in leagues of beauty spread
 Unearthly white.

Thick draws the dark.
 And spark by spark,
 The frost-fires kindle, and soon
 Over that sea of frozen foam
 Floats the white moon.

(*Winter*. P. I 128).

Wide are the meadows of night,
 And daisies are shining there,
 Tossing their lovely dews,
 Lustrous and fair;
 And through these sweet fields go,
 Wanderers amid the stars —
 Venus, Mercury, Uranus, Neptune,
 Saturn, Jupiter, Mars.
 Attired in their silver, they move,
 And circling, whisper and say,
 Fair are the blossoming meads of delight
 Through which we stray.

(*Wanderers*. P. II 235).

We see that in Walter de la Mare's case the aesthetic experience has proved by no means sterile, and he whom this refined sensuousness with its haunting undertone of wonder does not delight must be very dull of soul indeed. The artistry displayed here is all the greater, because the mood is conveyed to the reader without the least admixture. We do not want to *admire* the poet for the time being, we are content to *feel* with him. It is

all so simple and yet so inevitable that we are not made conscious of any difficulties overcome, and he compares to advantage both with the majority of Renaissance-artists, to whom admiration was like incense-smoke in their nostrils and who were constantly inviting it by a deliberate process of 'showing off', and with certain Romantics of a century ago who, denying with Novalis that poetry has anything to do with art, and sure of their success with a public predisposed to respond to any melancholy, tearful or otherwise sentimental appeal, never troubled to remove from their work ill-chosen words, awkward constructions and stopgaps. As a rule Walter de la Mare is as conscientious an artist as Keats, though a less assertive one. In one respect he is less assertive than some of his fellow-Georgians (to apply for once a misnomer as glaring and misleading as the term 'Lakist'), whose whole-hearted and deliberate revolt against all that savours of Elizabethan diction he does not share. He never scruples to enlist the services of *thou* and *do* and *doth*, and of a plural like *shoon*, and is keenly appreciative of the effective use to which an opening with a verb instead of a noun can be put.¹⁾

Three and thirty birds there stood
In an elder in a wood;
Called Melmillo — *flew off* three

(*Melmillo*. P. II 227).

Crashed through the woods that lumbering Coach
Plodded the fetlocked horses. Glum and mum,
Its ancient Coachman recked not where he was,
Nor into what strange haunt his wheels were come.

'Old Father Time—Time—Time!' jeered twittering throat.
A squirrel capered on the leader's rump,
Slithered a weasel, *peered* a thief-like stoat,
In sandy warren *beat on* the coney's thump.

(*The Last Coachload*. 'Veil' 88).

This acceptance of tradition in the matter of diction and vocabulary has its conveniences, but also its dangers, as will incidentally appear in a following section. Meanwhile I must point out that Walter de la Mare's aesthetic response not unfrequently ceases to be purely sensuous, becoming, for the nonce, intellectual or ethical

The sandy cat by the Farmer's chair
Mews at his knee for *dainty fare*;
Old Rover in his moss-greened house
Mumbles a bone, and barks *at a mouse*;
In the dewy fields the cattle lie
Chewing the cud 'neath a fading sky;
Dobbin at manger pulls his hay:
Gone is another summer's day.

(*Summer Evening*. P. II. 208).

¹⁾ Few nineteenth century poets have so often availed themselves of this syntactic turn as the present day artist now under discussion. Here follows an instance from Scott:

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along

(*Lady of the Lake* I. 3. My italics).

Other instances may be found in 'Childe Harold'. Dutch readers will be reminded of the work of Ary Prins.

Hearken! — now the hermit bee
 Drones a quiet threnody;
 Greening on the stagnant pool
 The criss-cross light slants silken-cool:
 In the *venomed* yew tree wings
 Preen and flit. The linnet sings.

(*The Quiet Enemy*. 'Veil.' 64).

Lines like the above would be condemned by a thorough-going impressionist like Ford Madox Hueffer, since it is only *reflection* that put in the words I have italicized, and it is not to be denied that they do introduce elements that are disturbing and rather out of tune with the context. But in this connection I must refer to page 6 of this study, while it is also true that one man's impressionism is not another's. And of course, it all depends upon the poem itself. Man is something more than a sentient, registering apparatus, and it is well for humanity that most poets are concerned with something more than mere sense-impressions, though the feeling of mystery suggested by these should be ever so remarkable. To me at any rate, the following poem, which, dealing with the relation of man and brute and with the power, the omnipotence of maternal love, stirs our moral nature, appears to be on a considerably higher plane. And it is one of the *Song of Childhood*.

Through the green twilight of a hedge
 I peered, with cheek on the cool leaves pressed,
 And spied a bird upon a nest:
 Two eyes she had beseeching me
 Meekly and brave, and her brown breast
 Throbbled hot and quick above her heart;
 And then she opened her dagger bill: —
 'Twas not a chirp, as sparrows pipe
 At break of day; 't was not a trill,
 As falters through the quiet even;
 But one sharp solitary note,
 One desperate, fierce, and vivid cry
 Of valiant tears, and hopeless joy,
 One passionate note of victory.
 Off, like a fool afraid, I sneaked,
 Smiling the smile the fool smiles best,
 At the mother bird in the secret hedge
 Patient upon her lonely nest.

(*The Mother Bird*. P. II. 95)

VI.

Wonderment is identical with the realisation of strangeness in what we contemplate. (Observe that this is a simple statement and not by any means an explanation.) I have already pointed out that it is an essential element in our perception of 'beauty', and it is clear that in proportion as custom stales the aesthetic appeal of what surrounds or confronts us and we become less willing to accept the inevitableness of what we actually see and hear, we require increasingly stronger admixtures of strangeness with actuality, if aesthetic enjoyment is to continue. This is where Fancy, deceiving but very obliging Elf, comes in, ever ready to supply stronger doses of *glamour*. Happy the wise man who does not lay too great a burden on the faery child's shoulders. For the too eager and persistent pursuer of beauty is apt to become a ruthless taskmaster of Fancy, and if she begins to get fagged and to flag he will resort to artificial means in order to stimulate her. And she will break down under the strain. And he will go mad.

Now there are different ways to make use of Fancy's services. And the first and most exquisite way is — not to make use of them at all, but to rest content with the knowledge that She is there and would set to work if we required her to do so.

This sounds more paradoxical than it really is. It is the attitude of Joseph Blanco White in his single poem, the well-known sonnet.¹⁾ When we adopt this attitude we infer, from the existence of an actual imperfection, the possibility of an all-excelling and never-ageing ideal, *and go no further*. And this has been Walter de la Mare's attitude on more than one occasion:

The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow hath,
A dark and livelong hint of death,
Haunting it ever till its last faint breath.

Who, then, may tell
The beauty of heaven's shadowless asphodel?

(*Shadow*. P. I. 5)

Nearly allied is the second way, which consists in fancying the opposite of apparent actuality. It possesses affinities with what German psychologists have termed *Konträr-suggestion*. Walter de la Mare witnessing a fog, after a graphic bit of impressionism (see page 2) goes on:

Beyond these shades in space of air
Ride extraterrestrial beings by?
Their colours burning rich and fair,
Where noon's sunned valleys lie?
With inaudible music are they sweet —
Bell, hoof, soft lapsing cry?

Turn marvellous faces each to each? —
Lips innocent of sigh,
Or groan or fear, sorrow and grief,
Clear brow and falcon eye;
Bare foot, bare shoulder in the heat,
And hair like flax? Do their horses beat
Their way through wildernesses infinite
Of starry-crested trees, blue sward,
And gold-chasmed mountain, steeply shored
O'er lakes of sapphire dye?

(*Veil*. 44)

Here we find the working out of a fancifully suggested possibility, while all the time the time the consciousness of its irreality is retained. When we know a dream for what it is, we may abandon ourselves to its delight, but there is no danger.

The third way has been known, and not only to poets, for ages, and consists in the use of a 'magic' word as a Flying Carpet, on which the soul, like the much-to-be-envied hero of an Eastern Tale, is transported from Birmingham — or Baghdad — towards the Mountains of the Moon, and over them, and down into the delectable Valley of Turquoises, and is deposited before the palace of Prester John or in the entrance to the alabaster cave of the Fairy Peri Banou. A dangerous flight, and the risk of perilous encounters on arrival, perilous in that they may lose us our mental sanity.²⁾ But we mortals like to take such risks, and play with the notion of *fear* as naughty boys amuse themselves by setting lucifer matches alight.

Now it is immaterial as regards the immediate effect whether the words

¹⁾ *Golden Hours* I, 145: 'Sonnet on Night'. — Compare also 'All but Blind.' (P.II. 202.)

²⁾ Compare *The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap* in Lord Dunsany's 'Book of Wonder'.

a poet chooses for their magic power are proper names or class-nouns, though on the whole, perhaps, the former kind have been more in demand. Ossian-MacPherson had his Balcleutha, and Coleridge had his Xanadu and Kubla Khan, and Alp the sacred river, but they drew upon Tradition for their names. It was Edgar Poe who raised the invention of sonorous or weird names, irrespective of meaning, to the level of a 'fine art', and the writer of this article — though his heart is no longer quite as volcanic as the scoriac torrents of lava that flow down the slopes of Yaanek, that mysterious mountain in the realms of the Boreal Pole — has never been cold to the fascination of Ulalume's lonely sepulchre by the dank tarn of Auber, in the misty Mid Region of Weir. And neither has Walter de la Mare, many of whose poems bear witness to a devoted apprenticeship served under the redoubtable wizard Edgar, but for whom the following *Bees' Song* would never have been written, though he could never have made it himself :

Thouzandz of thornz there be
On the Rozez where gozez
The Zebra of Zee :
Sleek, striped and hairy,
The steed of the Fairy
Princess of Zee.

Heavy with blozzomz be
The Rozez that growzez
In the thickets of Zee,
Where grazez the Zebra,
Marked Abracadeebra,
Of the Princess of Zee.

And he nozez the poziez
Of the Rozez that growzez

(P. II. 244.)

A few more instances may find a place here. The italics are mine.

..... *Urdon's* copper weathercock
Was reared in golden flame afar,
And dim from moonlit dreams awoke
The towers and groves of *Arroar*.

(*The Fairies Dancing*. P. II. 21).

When Queen *Djenira* slumbers through
The sultry noon's repose,
From out her dreams, as soft she lies,
A faint thin music flows

The little Nubian boys who fan
Her cheeks and tresses clear,
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful voices
Seem afar to hear.

They slide their eyes, and nodding, say,
'Queen *Djenira* walks to-day
The courts of the lord *Pthamasar*
Where the sweet birds of *Psuthys* are

(*Queen Djenira*. P. I. 153.)

In sea-cold *Lyonesse*,
When the Sabbath eve shafts down
On the roofs, walls, belfries
Of the foundered town,
The Nereids pluck their lyres
Where the green translucency beats
And with motionless eyes at gaze
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

And the ocean water stirs
 In salt-worn casemate and porch.
 Plies the blunt-snouted fish
 With fire in his skull for torch.
 And the ringing wires resound;
 And the unearthly lovely weep,
 In lament of the music they make
 In the sullen courts of sleep.....

(*Sunk Lyonesse*. 'Veil'. 78.)

Here it may be objected that *Lyonesse* is not a name invented by the author, and the objection will be quite just. In this respect Walter de la Mare never displays the uncanny inventiveness of a fellow-disciple of Poe, viz. Lord Dunsany. In fact his use of magical *proper names* is relatively sparing, though he knows all the tricks¹⁾, even that of investing his names with a weird appearance by means of a fanciful spelling. (What, in the name of all that is common-sensical, is the good of those P's in *Psuthys* and *Pthamasar*?) But his favourite way of evoking moods and luring his reader away from actuality is the accumulation of class-nouns, generic and specific names of precious stones, of birds, and especially of plants, trees, flowers. I remember a talk on this subject which I had with the poet in the summer of 1922, when I was in Great Britain. We were discussing the names of flowers and their various degrees of fitness for poetry, and I was sounding the praises of such words as *daisy* and *speedwell*, when the poet spoke up for *agrimony*. Now though I knew both the flower and its name, they would never have occurred to me at that moment. But the flower is far less abundant than the daisy, and has a way of hiding itself; consequently it is not often mentioned. Besides, the name suggests an exotic. No wonder then that in Walter de la Mare's eyes there should be something exquisite about it. And if anyone should think the word rather long and pretentious for a little flower, it might of course be retorted that in nature mere bulk does not count. On the whole, however, this poet shows a preference for 'secret herbs' that softly shower their spices on the evening hour, purple lavender, and myrrh, and 'dark-spiked rosemary.'²⁾ And where his object manifestly is to suggest a feeling of irreality — to take us out of ourselves — we must acknowledge that the means he employs to achieve this object are minimal, since we are never made to forget the sense for the sound. Which is only another way of saying that in his excellent adjustment of means to ends he shows good taste.

¹⁾ Here is an example from the 'Veil' volume:

In a dense wood, a drear wood,
 Dark water is flowing;
 Deep, deep, beyond sounding,
 A flood ever flowing.

There harbours no wild bird,
 No wanderer strays there;
 Wreathed in mist, sheds pale Ishtar
 Her sorrowful rays there.

Take thy net; cast thy line.....

(*Bitter Waters*, p. 82.)

It is an enigmatic poem, good to brood over on a solitary afternoon. But I draw attention to *pale Ishtar* and its mysterious effect as an appellation of the moon. Fancy the poet calling her *fair-haired Selene*, or *chaste Diana*. Such an effect, however, can never be repeated, not even by the poet himself. — And on the other hand *Ishtar* recalls Poe's *Astarte* 'with her duplicate horn' in *Ulalume*.

²⁾ See *The Sunken Garden* (P. I. 185).

His greatest triumphs in this direction are to be found where he extracts magic power out of a perfectly commonplace word or phrase the inherent strangeness of which his delicate mind was the first to perceive. Everyone knows that 'a cat may look at a king.' Who but Walter de la Mare could have taken the two words *cat* and *king* and, realizing the situation in an entirely novel way, have made such a mysteriously suggestive and fascinating poem as this *Märchen*?

Soundless the moth-flit, crisp the death-watch tick;
Crazed in her shaken arbour bird did sing;
Slow wreathed the grease adown from soot-clogged wick:
The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

Mouse frisked and scampered, leapt, gnawed, squeaked;
Small at the window looped cowed bat a-wing;
The dim-lit rafters with the night-mist reeked:
The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

O wondrous robe enstarred, in night dyed deep:
O air scarce-stirred with the Court's far junketing:
O stagnant Royalty — A-swoon? Asleep?
The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

(‘Veil’. 68)

VII.

Whoever knows ‘his’ Edgar Poe will have observed, in the quotation I have given from *Sunk Lyonesse* (page 12), a certain family likeness to *The City in the Sea*, the same poem which contains the line Ernest Dowson admired above anything else in English poetry, viz. *The viol, the violet, and the vine*. But if the resemblance is strong enough, the differences are stronger, and very instructive. Poe’s City is entirely imaginary and mystical, Death himself being its architect, and eternal rest reigns there; the time-eaten towers tremble not, the melancholy waters heave not, the sea is hideously serene. *Lyonesse*, however, is represented as a real place, in which, though it is swallowed up by the waves, there is life and stir and music, even an illumination *a giorno*, Chinese lanterns being supplied by grotesquely shaped fishes carrying fire in their skulls. The differences point to fundamental differences in character, and when Walter followed Edgar’s lead in exploring, for artistic purposes, the Realms of Dream, it was as if a very gentle and debonair Dante had accepted the spiritual guidance of a strangely saturnine Virgil; it was as if a bright and light-winged oriole had flitted after a black, uncanny bat, down the labyrinthine windings of an endless cavern. But behold, where the bat finds darkness and gloom, haunted by ill angels only, and swamps alive with toads and newts, and dismal tarns infested by Ghouls; most melancholy nooks and most unholy spots, where ever and again shrouded forms and sheeted Memories of the Past move by, sighing as they go, — the oriole finds Bunyan’s Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah.

The Three Strangers.

Far are those tranquil hills,
Dyed with fair evening’s rose;
On urgent, secret errand bent,
A traveller goes.

Approach him strangers three,
Barefooted, cowed; their eyes
Scan the lone, hastening solitary
With dumb surmise.

One instant in close speech
 With them he doth confer :
 God-spced, he hasteneth on,
 That anxious traveller

I was that man — in a dream :
 An each world's night in vain
 I patient wait on sleep to unveil
 Those vivid hills again.

Would that they three could know
 How yet burns on in me
 Love — from one lost in Paradise —
 For their grave courtesy.

(P. I. 238)

Walter de la Mare's mental experiences and reactions offer a wider gamut than Poe's. The latter is a spurner of existence, longing for the moment when 'the fever of living' shall be 'conquered at last'. The former is not. In spite of occasional fits of gentle melancholy, in spite of obstinate questionings and a permanent obsession by the *strangeness* of everything, he accepts life with what it has to offer of bitter and of sweet, of bright and of dark, never troubling to inquire whether the one category outweighs or outnumbers the other, but enjoying what his healthy instincts prompt him to enjoy, as the fish in an aquarium instinctively turn for air to the instreaming fresh water. His is the saner mind which produces wholesomer fruit. And if ever he feels tempted to stimulate his Fancy by artificial means and to provoke dreams and visions as De Quincey did, and Coleridge, and W. B. Yeats, taking drugs or 'the hemp', — he pulls himself up in time and does not yield to the temptation. In the *Veil* volume there is on page 27 a sketch of what the victim of such habits lives through, but the sketch will hardly prove an inducement to court similar experiences.

Inert in his chair,
 In a candle's guttering glow ;
 His bottle empty,
 His fire sunk low ;
 With drug-sealed lids shut fast,
 Unsated mouth ajar,
 This darkened phantasm walks
 Where nightmares are.

In a frenzy of life and light,
 Crisscross — a menacing throng —
 They gibe, they squeal at the stranger,
 Jostling along

VIII.

And why should Walter have resorted to the bottle, the drug or the hashish, in search of artificial paradises, when he was free of a paradise than which nothing is fresher, cleaner and sweeter, than which nothing is more fantastic and yet more natural withal ; namely the land of youth, the paradise of childhood ? Looking over the contents of his volumes, early and late, we realise that he is one of the very happy and wise few by whom the paths that lead to those ever-blossoming orchards, flowery gardens and bird-filled groves have never been allowed to be obliterated by the grass of estrangement. What more than one critic or reviewer has singled out for special praise — the note of spontaneity that is so unmistakable

in Walter de la Mare's work — is nothing but the manifestation of *the child* in him, never consciously in search of new things and yet always making discoveries with shouts of wonder and delight, lumping fancy and reality together and then telling stories about birds and beasts and fairies. It is a curious and glorious gift. Though he is not averse to adopting a paternal or avuncular attitude on occasion, his best poems of childhood are those in which he is a child with children

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she 's Keeper of the Cupboard,
With the key, key, key.

(P. II. 130).

Here spoke the child. The uncle follows :

Thick in its glass
The physic stands.
Poor Henry lifts
Distracted hands ;
His round cheek wans
In the candlelight,
To smell that smell !
To see that sight !

Finger and thumb
Clinch his small nose,
A gurgle, a gasp,
And down it goes ;
Scowls Henry now ;
But mark that cheek,
Sleek with the bloom
Of health next week !

(*Poor Henry*. P. II 137).

But whether they are purely childlike or avuncular, stories or lyrical snatches, whether they are about bumpity rides in waggons or about ogres or witches, wolves or monkeys, children appear to like them all. Sometimes, indeed, a grown-up might be tempted to cavil. At *Tartary* for instance :

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne ;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray ;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
 I'd wear a robe of beads,
 White, and gold, and green they'd be —
 And clustered thick as seeds;
 And ere should wane the morning-star,
 I'd don my robe and scimitar,
 And zebras seven should draw my car
 Through Tartary's dark glades.

Now this is all glorious, notwithstanding a certain inevitable pomposity, but now come what to an adult appear lapses in the fourth and final stanza:

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
 Her rivers silver-pale!
 Lord of the hills of Tartary,
 Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
 Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
 Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
 Her bird-delighting citron-trees
 In every purple vale!

(P. II 8).

The juxtaposition of *fruits* and *rivers* is not pleasing, the less so as the second line looks like an apposition. But the *scented breeze* and the *purple vale* are like old acquaintances, close neighbours, with whom we suddenly find ourselves face to face, when we are taking a most pleasant holiday in a village at the back of Beyond, a charming spot which we fondly imagined was known only to ourselves. We try to proffer a cordial welcome, but somehow the thing 'won't come off'. And yet these neighbours are worthy people. — But was not the poem written for unsophisticated youth, from whose vocabulary the word *banality* is absent?

If, however, 'Young Walter' sometimes plays tricks on Walter the grown-up, we must state that on many another occasion there is complete fusion of the two, the younger personality supplying the experience, the other the literary gift of putting it all into words. The schoolmaster in me may disapprove of stories about ogres and bugbears, yet Walter — powerfully assisted, no doubt, by 'young William' — beguiles me into liking them. I loathe and hate those bloodstained and smoke-blackened pages of history that tell us about crazy dealings with poor old women who, because of so-called witchcraft, were ducked and tortured, hanged and burned, — yet I like to read about Lucy and her weird encounter:

As Lucy went a-walking one morning cold and fine,
 There sat three crows upon a bough, and three times three is nine.

Then lo! as Lucy turned her head and looked along the snow
 She sees a witch — a witch she sees, come frisking to and fro.

Her scarlet, buckled shoes they clicked, her heels a-twinkling high;
 With mistletoe her steeple-hat bobbed as she capered by;
 But never a dint, or mark or print, in the whiteness for to see,
 Though danced she high, though danced she fast, though danced she lissomely.

It seemed 't was diamonds in the air, or little flakes of frost;
 It seemed 't was golden smoke around, or sunbeams lightly tossed;
 It seemed an elfin music¹⁾

(As *Lucy Went a-Walking*. P. II 52)

¹⁾ Miss Dorothy Lathrop's illustration in *Down-adown-derry* is very fine.

Still, for the complete enjoyment of a poem like this, some repressive effort of the mind is needed, and therefore we may consider those poems of childhood best in which the author, Old Walter, while apparently content to let 'Young Walter' have his way without stint, has somehow contrived to hide, a little below the fascinating surface, some reflection or moral which will escape youngsters but is sure to come home to them in after-life. This is for instance the case with *Jim Jav* (P. II. 127) who 'got stuck fast in Yesterday', and especially with the three jolly farmers who 'bet a pound, each dance the other would off the ground.' (P. II. 153; also reprinted in *Down-adown-derry* and in 'Georgian Poetry' II.)

There is little to astonish us in the fact that a poet of youth should often have been exercised in his mind about Old Age, not *Crabbed Age* so much as decrepitude and the havoc wrought by it. Compare.

Age

This ugly old crone —
Every beauty she had
When a maid, when a maid.
Her beautiful eyes,
Too youthful, too wise,
Seemed ever to come
To so lightless a home,
Cold and dull as a stone,
And her cheeks — who would guess
Cheeks cadaverous as this
Once with colours were gay
As the flower on its spray?

O Youth, come away!
All she asks is her lone,
This old, desolate crone.

Past repining, past care,
She lives but to bear
One or two fleeting years
Earth's indifference: her tears
Have lost now their heat;
Her hands and her feet
Now shake but to be
Shed as leaves from a tree;
And her poor heart beats on
Like a sea — the storm gone.

(P. I. 12)

Alone

A very old woman
Lives in yon house.
The squeak of the cricket,
The stir of the mouse,
Are all she knows
Of the earth and us.

Once she was young,
Would dance and play,
Like many another
Young popinjay;
And run to her mother
At dusk of day.

And colours bright
She delighted in;
The fiddle to hear,
And to lift her chin,
And sing as small
As a twittering wren.

But age apace
Comes at last to all;
And a lone house filled
With the cricket's call;
And the scampering mouse
In the hollow wall.

(P. I. 119)

That this attitude is on occasion given up, when the poet's strong sense of humour asserts itself, reminding him that Age has another aspect as well, is proved by *Old Susan* (P. I. 105). Surely such a charming thing goes far towards reconciling a man to the certitude that some day — in the far, far-away future! — he will be an old fogey.

When Susan's work was done, she would sit,
With one fat guttering candle lit,
And window opened wide to win
The sweet night air to enter in.
There, with a thumb to keep her place,
She would read, with stern and wrinkled face,
Her mild eyes gliding very slow
Across the letters to and fro,
While wagged the guttering candle flame
In the wind that through the window came.

And sometimes in the silence she
 Would mumble a sentence audibly,
 Or shake her head as if to say,
 'You silly souls, to act this way!
 And never a sound from night I would hear,
 Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
 Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
 Another page; and rapt and stern,
 Through her great glasses bent on me,
 She would glance into reality;
 And shake her round old silvery head,
 With — 'You! I thought you was in bed!' —
 Only to tilt her book again,
 And rooted in Romance remain.

IX.

Although in the opinion of most people Walter de la Mare is primarily a poet, no sketch of his significance in English literature can pretend to something like completeness without at least an attempt to take into account his activities as a writer of prose. His output as such is not inconsiderable, but as my observations on his poems inspired by childhood and 'the child' will apply with much the same force — if force there is any — to *The Three Mulla-Mulgars* etc., I shall confine myself to a discussion of the novels, if novels they can be called. The first of them, *Henry Brocken*, has been out of print a long time, and as I never saw it, I may be permitted to transcribe some passages dealing with it in Mr. John Freeman's contribution to the 'Quarterly', to which I have already referred. "*Henry Brocken* is a prose exercise of [the author's] poetic instinct, unwisely diverted into this medium, rather than an exercise of powers which could find utterance in prose alone. It is an essay upon the eternal theme of the wanderer, a journey backwards through the imaginative kingdom of other writers — Poe, Charlotte Brontë, Cervantes, and so on; and thus is akin to the 'Characters from Shakespeare's Plays' which were found in his second volume of poems. Admirably written, with a fervid ingenuity and a fondness like that of a child for remembered stories, 'Henry Brocken' reveals its author only in that fondness."

The Return — recently reprinted — followed in 1911 and was awarded the Polignac Prize of £ 100. Its theme reminds one of a tale by Théophile Gautier called *Avatar*, in which a love-lorn student and a worn-out professor exchange bodies — or souls. It also bears some affinity to Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with its staggering suggestions of dual, triple, nay multiple personalities lurking — often with a kind of unconscious cunning — behind the mask of our habitual appearance and demeanour. A quite respectable, somewhat humdrum business-man — English, but for some not very accountable reason endowed by the author with a strain of Dutch blood — pottering about a village-churchyard happens to fall asleep near the grave of one Sabathier, a Huguenot exile who committed suicide in that parish long ago. During his sleep Sabathier's dark and malignant spirit enters the Englishman's body, and makes itself at home there to the extent of substituting his own keen and hawk-like features for the original commonplace ones. But at first this change does not affect Mr. Lawford's soul nor his feeling of identity. In the entanglement that ensues our sympathies are most with little Alice Lawford, her father's only daughter, and with the Vicar, Mr. Bettany. Mrs. Lawford, 'Sheila', is detestable, though something may be said for her in extenuation. Fortunately the poor man falls in with

a book-loving recluse and his sister, and the more he sees of them and listens to their soothing and sympathetic talk, the more he feels Sabathier's hold upon him relax, till at last that unwanted 'Mr. Hyde' is completely driven out.

Walter de la Mare's successes with his poetry must have had something to do with the resuscitation of this quaint kind of book, which we are informed shows the influence of Henry James, a statement which I can neither corroborate nor contradict, as this Anglo-American author has always repelled me. It shows some excellent characterisation, especially as regards Sheila and the Vicar, less so in the case of Herbert the recluse and his sister Grisel. Mr. John Freeman has little but praise for the book and for the 'consummate skill' with which the 'incredible possibility' is made convincing not only to the victim and his friends but — most difficult of all — to the reader. He, too, however, admits that 'the single, profound impression of interfusing spiritual and physical is not maintained equally throughout the book.' One might fall to wondering how Edgar Poe, Stevenson or H. G. Wells would have worked out the theme. From the first and the second we should certainly have had more narrative and less talk, likewise more congruity, homogeneity; from the third a more valuable contribution to the scientific aspect of the question, which in *The Return* is negligible. Poe's artistry would have been rather heartless, Stevenson would have been impelled to secure the victory to the dark intruder, whilst Wells might have been too eagerly intellectual to have allowed sufficient light to fall upon the tragedy and the pity of it. And this is where Walter de la Mare scores.¹⁾

From a mere stylistic point of view, however, the book shows a number of imperfect passages, one of which follows here, from page 29, which a very little revision would make very good indeed. The italics are mine.

Mr. Bethany sat awaiting them in the dining-room, a large, heavily-furnished room with a great benign looking-glass on the mantelpiece, a marble clock, and with rich old damask curtains. Fleecy silver hair was all that was visible of their visitor when they entered. *But* Mr. Bethany rose out of his chair when he heard them and, with a little jerk, turned sharply round. Thus it was that the gold-spectacled vicar and Lawford first confronted each other, the one brightly illuminated, the other framed in the gloom of the doorway. Mr. Bethany's first scrutiny was timid and courteous, *but* beneath it he tried to be keen, and himself hastened round the table almost at a trot, to obtain, as delicately as possible, a closer view. *But* Lawford, having shut the door behind him, had gone straight to the fire and seated himself, leaning

¹⁾ Mr. John Freeman singles out the following passage for its 'almost unendurable anguish of recognition' when poor Lawford is suddenly confronted with his daughter Alice, to whom he shows his changed face as that of the doctor.

'Alice turned, dismayed, and looked steadily, almost with hostility, at the stranger, so curiously transfixed and isolated in her small old play-room. And in this scornful yet pleading confrontation her eye fell suddenly on the pin in his scarf — the claw and the pearl she had known all her life. From that her gaze flitted, like some wild, demented thing's over face, hair, hands, clothes, attitude, expression; and her heart stood still in an awful, inarticulate dread of the unknown. She turned slowly towards her mother, groped forward a few steps, turned once more, stretching out her hands towards the vague, still figure whose eyes had called so piteously to her out of their depths, and fell fainting in the doorway.'

his face in his hands. Mr. Bethany smiled faintly, waved his hand almost as if in blessing, *but* certainly in peace, and tapped Mrs. Lawford into the chair upon the other side. *But* he himself remained standing.

If the interest of the book centred chiefly in what we must be content to call its matter, if it dealt with some social problem, for instance, one might be inclined to overlook all these *buts*. As, however, the work of Walter de la Mare must be judged purely on its aesthetic merits, and as a discussion of it is sure to bring up the word *beauty* as frequently as John Masfield, with the apt assistance of capital B's, uses the term himself, we cannot withhold the admission that in this context, which in other respects shows so much artistic care and skill in the fastidious manipulation of a copious vocabulary — that *benign* looking-glass is a jewel — those repeated *buts* amount to a defect. On other occasions — nobody has, to my knowledge, ever drawn attention to this — the author, who has a sensitive ear, but whose perceptions and reactions appear none the less to be chiefly visual, becomes monotonous, giving us strings of sentences with exactly the same rhythm. I subjoin an instance from *Memoirs of a Midget*, where the diminutive heroine ventures out of doors in the middle of a clear still night to obtain a view of certain constellations.¹⁾ (Page 59, bottom).

I waited until Mrs. Bowater had gone to her bedroom, then muffled myself up in my thickest clothes and stole out into the porch. At my first attempt, one glance into the stooping dark was enough. At the second, a furtive sighing breath of wind, as I breasted the hill, suddenly flapped my mantle and called in my ear. I turned tail and fled. But never faint heart won fair constellation. At the third I pressed on.

The road was deserted. No earthly light showed anywhere except from a lamp-post this side of the curve of the hill. I frisked along, listening and peering, and brimming over with painful delight. *The dark waned: and my eyes grew accustomed to the thin starlight. I gained the woods unharmed. Rich was my reward. There and then I begged the glimmering Polestar to be true to Mr. Bowater. Fear, indeed, if in a friendly humour, is enlivening company.* Instead of my parasol I had brought out a curved foreign knife (in a sheath at last five inches long) which I had discovered on my parlour what-not.

Memoirs of a Midget (published in 1921) is a typical production by a man who not only can identify himself with a child whenever he wills it, when as a result he sees the world and all that is contained therein larger in proportion, but who, on the look-out for strangeness, can adopt the point of view of flies — 'How large unto the tiny fly must little things appear' — of snails and of slugs.²⁾ Here, too, out to have novel experiences, he takes for heroine a very small human being, — intensely human, but with something in her of a wayward fairy, and not a dwarf properly so called, dwarfs being ill-shapen and grotesque and of the earth earthy. The beginning of the book is quietly imaginative rather than fanciful. Obviously the author

¹⁾ The monotony is to be found where I have italicized.

²⁾ 'Come!' said Old Shellover.
 'What?' says Creep.
 'The horny old Gardener's fast asleep;
 The fat cock Thrush
 To his nest has gone,
 And the dew shines bright
 In the rising Moon

has lent to the midget many a trait of his own, his love for starry nights for example and a desire to observe, alone and unnoticed, how they perform their unhurried, glittering journeys from East to West.

As the story proceeds there is more invention and we are shown the midget exciting the curiosity and wonder, and sometimes the aversion, of an unsympathetic world. Narrative grip there is little; indeed, there is no plot worth mentioning, and the different chapters are more or less separate things, with individual merits, which are chiefly of the kind that are proper to idylls. There is atmosphere; there are beautiful descriptive passages; there is reflection which is seldom disturbing, and mostly leaves our withers unwrung. The book might have presented us with a grand arraignment of society in the true Swiftian style, and incidentally of ourselves, as moral agents; but though 'criticism of life' is not lacking here, it does not scathe or hurt, and there are times when such treatment is welcome. Or we might have been entertained with something like Rabelaisian boisterousness, and plenty of roaring fun. Certain modern Flemish authors would have done so. But Walter de la Mare is gentle where the terrible Dean was fierce, and he is refined where a Fleming, with 'the blood of his heathen manhood rolling full-billowed through his veins' is coarse, albeit genially and engagingly coarse, as Robert Burns was in the *Jolly Beggars*. Upon the fierceness and coarseness and sordidness about him he has always turned a resolute back, finding a refuge from them, not only in the land of literature and art, but in a secluded garden thereof, in which he is willing to entertain congenial visitors and kindred spirits. Looking to the 'aesthetic experience' for his inspiration, he has far surpassed his master Edgar Poe in range and versatility. Let us, however, compare him for a moment with a great Continental, who at certain periods of his life deliberately adopted the same attitude. Goethe, too, knew how to shut himself up in a garden of 'beauty.' But he also dealt with the plenitude of human existence, finding his matter everywhere, since life is interesting everywhere. In his own restricted province Walter de la Mare is as great as Goethe. But Goethe remains the bigger man, the more impressive figure, since his personality embraces, besides that of Walter de la Mare, a score of other personalities. The greatest author is he who, other things being equal, makes us feel by means of his writings that he considers nothing that is human alien to him.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. Between the 16th and 26th of January, Mr. A. H. Blake, M. A., delivered a series of lectures on *Samuel Pepys*, dealing with the events described in the well-known Diary, and with the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. The lectures were illustrated by many slides of great historical and artistic interest.

Mr. Blake also gave a number of lectures on *London* to the senior pupils of various schools. This new departure in the work of the Association was not so successful as it might have been, owing partly to the lecturer's, indistinct and rapid articulation. Another experiment in this direction will probably be made next winter.

The Association keeps on extending its range of activities. The latest extension is the arrangement come to with the *Engelsche Bibliotheek* at Amsterdam, by which members of the Association may join the Library at a reduced subscription of f 4.— (non-members E. A. f 6.—). The E. B. contains a full and varied selection of all the best modern authors. Supplements to its catalogue have appeared in the advertisement space of E.S. from time to time, and an entirely new catalogue is now printing. Books are sent to members free of charge on application to Messrs. Swets & Zeitlinger, 471 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, and must be returned in the same way.

Members of the E. A. wishing to join the library should apply to their branch secretary. *Paying* general members may also avail themselves of this arrangement, but members of the V. v. L. i. L. T. who pay no subscription to the E. A. should either join the nearest branch, or become paying general members at a yearly subscription of f 1.—.

The English Association has branches at Amsterdam, Haarlem, The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Hilversum, Nijmegen and Groningen, whereas the *Vereeniging van Leeraren in Levende Talen* (English Section) is affiliated to it. Members of the latter society may join the E. A. at a reduced annual subscription of f 3.—, the average subscription for other members being f 5.—.

To avoid confusion, it is perhaps necessary to state that the English Association is not identical with the Genootschap Nederland-Engeland, which has branches at Amsterdam, The Hague, Leiden, Utrecht and Arnhem.

Miss J. M. Kraft having resigned as assistant secretary, all correspondence should, until further notice, be addressed to the hon. secretary, R. W. Zandvoort, 34 Verl. Groenestraat, Nijmegen.

The Study of English in England. It is a well-known fact that the study of languages or of language does not generally appeal to the English mind. It would be ungrateful not to recognize the splendid work done in this field by a few Englishmen, but there is no large body of English scholars occupied with the study of language, or of English in particular. We are awaiting with interest the results of the attempt of Professor Wyld to found a school of English philology. What the present standard of English language-study in England is like, seems to be shown in an interesting manner by the last article in the *Essays and Studies*, the eighth annual of the English Association that has just appeared. It is by Mr. McKerrow, on *English Grammar and Grammars*. It contains a criticism of English grammars and proposals for improvement. As to the criticisms, they may be justified, but the author purposely refrains from mentioning any books by name, and evidently is acquainted only with books that may be classed as schoolbooks (English only). His proposals for improvement show that he is not acquainted with those books, whether English or not, that really count among scholars. We should not refer to the article if it did not contain a gem which we wish to exhibit to our readers. Here it is: "We will not concern ourselves with the origin or history of these customs, which is the province of 'historical' grammar, but will take them as we find them. I have, of course, nothing to say against historical grammar. It is a most worthy study, and can be quite an interesting one to those who like it, but it should be kept in its place and not allowed to intrude upon that grammar which is concerned with the language as now spoken." We believe that Mr. McKerrow, in these sentences, really expresses the conviction of the average Englishman, who truly believes, to express ourselves less diplomatically than Mr. McKerrow,

that the study of a language for its own sake can only appeal to the minds of people who may be quite worthy citizens, harmless too, but not quite sane. And when we consider what influence the historical study of English has had on the study of present English, the result is really not very satisfactory. The old idea that historical grammar consists in connecting past stages of languages without much reference to the present is certainly not dead and gone in our own universities. And the idea that the study of the present-day language can and should influence the study of its earlier stages, even more than vice versa, is almost completely unknown, witness the practical neglect of the living language, and the barrenness of the study of living languages in our universities.

Translation.

1. "I tell you, Peter," said Mrs. Emming to her husband, an esteemed physician and citizen of Berlin, "that there is nothing whatever the matter with Mrs. Van Pelten; she is merely pining for her husband and child." 2. "Do you think you know better than I?" he asked teasingly, while he pinched her cheek and stooped to kiss her. 3. She was much shorter and considerably younger than he: in fact nobody would have thought this child-wife had, besides other children a son of ten years old already. 4. "And what led madam to make this diagnosis?"

5. "Why, when she comes to us, she never so much as glances at the boys, but spoils and pets little Mary, even more than I like. She has asked me as many as four or five times how old she is; ten to one, her own little daughter is of the same age, and has fair curls and blue eyes, just like our child. 7. For that matter, Mrs. van Pelten is fair herself: so it is very probable."

8. This conversation between the doctor and his wife took place in the passage of their home, a spacious flat in one of the suburbs of Berlin, while Mrs. Emming helped her husband on with his coat, and then let him out, a kind little attention she showed him everyday when he went his rounds. 9. It was a morning in the early part of May, fine, but rather fresh and as the doctor liked to drive in an open carriage, she with motherly care, had persuaded him not to go out without his overcoat.

10. "And what would you advise me to do then?" continued Doctor Emming. 11. "I should order her mountain air, send her to Switzerland, to that little place where her husband lives, you know, where they are boring that tunnel, and — the rest will come of itself," she answered confidentially.

12. "Send her to Kandersteg," said the doctor musingly, "humph, I will think it over." 13. He did not share his wife's firm belief that those two proud people might be brought together again. 14. In reality he was a little shy of acting as a sort of mediator in such an intimate affair.

15. The doctor ran down the stairs, but before getting into his car looked up and waved his hand to his two youngest children, who were flattening their noses against the windowpanes in order to see their papa drive away. 16. While the motor-car flew through the streets Dr. Emming took out his note-book containing a list of his patients, and looked it over for some minutes. 17. At the name of Van Pelten his wife's words recurred to him involuntarily. 18. Her idea might not be such a bad one, after all. 19. There would always be a chance that a reconciliation might be effected between Mr. Van Pelten

and his wife. 20. It is true they had had a violent quarrel, but it had been over a comparatively trifling matter. 21. Yet it had led to a complete estrangement. 22. Neither could, however, be accused of anything worse than excessive pride and obstinacy. 23. Perhaps the loss of each other's company might have gradually softened their feelings towards each other. On further reflection the doctor decided to follow his wife's advice.

Observations. 1. *A respectable doctor* = een fatsoenlijk dokter. Respectable lads wanted. Nette jongens gevraagd (advertisement). — *Burgher of Berlin*. The Oxford Dictionary defines: An inhabitant of a burgh, borough, or corporate town; a citizen. Chiefly used of continental towns, but also of English boroughs, in a sense less technical than *burgess*. Now somewhat archaic. The *burghers* walking past upon the pavement (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*, p. 278). Clowns with hobnailed shoes were treading on the kibes of substantial *burghers* (W. Scott, *Kenilworth*, ed. A. Black, p. 290).

2. *He pinched in her cheek*. Handling the fruit and pinching it. (*Windsor Mag.*, No. 248, p. 372.) The prepositional adjunct is not usual in English in this case. Compare: The guard blew his whistle, waved his flag, stamped his foot. He cracked his whip. See Kruisinga's *Grammar and Idiom*, § 86. — *Bowing down to kiss her*. Impossible! To bow is to incline the head, knee or body in token of courtesy, reverence, respect, or humiliation. (Günther, *Synonyms*). Bending down to tie the lace of his canvas-shoe (*Strand Magaz.*, Nov. 1900, p. 526). He bent and fumbled and with a few turns of the spanner loosened the joint of the exhaust-pipe (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1906, p. 714). — He asked *teasingly* (*Strand Mag.*, May 1915, p. 578).

3. *Noticeably younger than he*. *A good deal younger than him*. In conversational English the objective form of the personal pronoun would be employed after *than*. — *This child-like wife* is correct. — *Except other children*. *Except* excludes, *besides* includes: Nobody was saved *except* the first mate. *Besides* the mate four passengers were saved. — *Other issue*. *Issue* is said only in regard to a man that is deceased: he died without male issue = zonder mannelijk oir. *Offspring* is a familiar term applicable to one or many children; *progeny* is employed only as a collective noun for a number. (Crabb.) — *A son of ten years (old)*. It is safer not to omit the word *old*, though instances occur in which it is omitted. A girl of twelve years (A. Bennett, *Anna of the Five Towns*, p. 9). *A ten year-old son* is right. Not ten years-old! A sixteen year-old Welsh preacher (*Harmsworth Magazine*, March 1900, p. 118). —

4. *And how is it that Madam has made this diagnosis?* 5. *When she calls*. — *She comes at our house*. The verb 'come' is regularly followed by the preposition *to* in this sense. *She does not care for the boys* expresses a different idea viz. *she does not like the boys*. — *Mollv* = *Mietje*. — *She does not take care of the boys* = verzorgt de jongens niet.

6. *Ten to one her own little daughter is the same age*. The preposition may be left out: What age is she? She might be any age between twenty and thirty (Onions, *Advanced Syntax*, § 80). — *Just like our little one*.

7. *Madam is fair herself*. The word 'Madam' is used only as a form of address. *Blond*. — *A blonde*. When used as a substantive and applied to women the spelling *blonde* is generally followed. *Fair-haired*.

8. *Hall*. According to the Oxford Dictionary it is the entrance-room or vestibule of a house; hence, the lobby or entrance passage. The entrance-room was formerly often one of the principal sitting-rooms, of which many examples still remain in old country-houses. Cassell's Domestic Dictionary

has the following entry on the word *entrance-hall*: 'There is a conventional mode of furnishing an entrance hall which in town is almost universally followed, principally because there is rarely space in the halls of modern houses for carrying out original ideas. What is wanted is merely room for one or two chairs, the hall-table, the hat and umbrella stand, and the weather-glass, with perhaps a few additional pegs for hats and coats. But in old country-houses the hall is a very different place; there the walls may be hung with pictures, principally old family portraits, and may also be adorned with various trophies — the fox's head and brush, the head and antlers of deer, or warlike weapons brought from foreign lands by travelled ancestors. In wintertime a large fire may be kept blazing cheerily, the space which it occupies being tilted in summer with ferns or evergreens.' See illustration *Pearson's Mag.*, Dec. 1902, p. 720. At each end of the *hall* was placed, on raised tables with two carvers, a baron of beef — a sight with which Frenchmen were unfamiliar (*Strand Magazine*, June 1906, p. 687). The atmosphere, **oppressive** from the heat given off by the radiators in the *hall* below, was permeated by the clinging odour of some disinfectant (L. Malet, *Adrian Savage*, I, p. 77). A *corridor* is a gallery or passage in a large building, such as a passage, hotel or hospital, on to which many different apartments open. To quote Murray once more: a main passage in a large building upon which in its course many apartments open. The '*corridor-train*' is so named from a narrow passage which runs from end to end. It was his (the ghost's) duty to appear in the *corridor* once a week, and to gibber from the large oriel window (O. Wilde, *Canterville Ghost*, p. 88). — *One-storeyed flat*. A flat is a storey of a building fitted up as a self-contained residence, several of such dwellings being approached by a common staircase (Dutch *étagewoning*). The plan of letting houses in flats prevails almost universally in nearly all the large towns of Europe. Needless to say *one-storeyed* before *flat* is redundant. — *A spacious upper floor of a house*. — *Help a person on with his coat* is given by N. E. D. i. v. *Help* 6 b. — *When he set out to visit his patients*.

9. *It was a morning in the beginning of May*. — *A bit sharp*. Could only be said of a winter-morning. —

10. *And what should you advise me to do. Would you and should you* may be used interchangeably. Note that the personal object must be expressed. The Oxford Dictionary gives an example in which the personal object is understood but marks it obsolete: In the next Place he advises to consider the End of our Creation (T. Sheridan, *Persius* III, 47).

11. *I should recommend mountain air* is right. She was far gone in consumption; the doctor had ordered her country air (*Strand Magazine*, X, p. 455). — *She spoke with a confidential tone* (*Webster's Dictionary*, ed. 1919, i. v.).

12. *Reflectively, Pensively*. He went to the window and stood looking out into the street *reflectively* (*Little Lord Fauntleroy*). He had walked down the bank *pensively* while I was in the difficulty. (Froude, *Short Studies*, IV 5.374). — *Humph, Hum, H'm*. "Who was it?" "Your own son." "Humph"! (*Strand Magazine*, Sept. 1909. 307). The pronunciation of *humph* is heard in a form widely different from its spelling [m m]. The spelling *h'm* also occurs (von Hutten, *Pam.* p. 110 & 120): "How's your mother?" "Very well, thank you; she sent you her love." "*H'm!*"

13. *Were to be brought together* might be taken to express an arrangement.

14. *Somewhat reluctant to act as...* Edward was still reluctant to begin the war. (Green, *Short History*, IV. § 3.) — *Intermediary*. By offering myself as intermediary. (*Windsor Magazine*, July 1908, p. 195). As an adjective:

The especial function of a *juge de paix* is intermediary and preventive. (Betham-Edwards, *Home Life in France* p. 179). *Mediator*: To act as mediator in disguise (*System*, March 1913. p. 218.).

15. *Steps* would not suit here, they are found outside the house (Du. stoep). He crossed the road and went up the *steps* of number 38 (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1899. p. 671.). — *Waved with his hand* is incorrect, no preposition should be used. Compare: point one's finger at, and see note to sentence 2. — *Beide* must be rendered by *two*, not by *both*, the word is not emphatic. — As he stood flattening his nose against the window pane. (Stead's *Books for the Bairns: The Jolly Family at the Seaside* p. 36.).

16. *Produced his pocket-book* = *Haalde zijn portefeuille te voorschijn*. — *Automobile* is a general term, and might include motor-cycles. (Jack's *Reference Book*. p. 54). White lights that struck and glinted on the rich, scarlet panels of the automobile (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1906. p. 702).

17. A derelict! *At* that word a cold shudder ran over me (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Jan. 1901, p. 587). — *Came to his mind* is correct: Several details which *came to her mind* afterwards (H. Seton Merriman, *Grey Lady*, p. 145).

19. *That a reconciliation might take place*.

20. *Tiff* does not suit: Their recent talk was not of a sort to call for a reconciliation; scarcely a *tiff*, in fact (De Morgan, *The Old Madhouse*, p. 7). The first *tiff* of their married life. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, No. 4, p. 374).

22. *Something worse than pride* would be too definite.

24. *On further consideration*.

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Miss T. v. M., 's Hertogenbosch; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Mr. Th. A. P., Breda; Sister Ph., Oirschot; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt; Mr. F. Th. V., Maastricht; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before March 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

„Je zult er mij nooit weer toe krijgen,” zeide hij tot den smid, toen hij na eenigen tijd weg te zijn geweest, was terug gekomen, en hem met anderen van zijn kennissen 's Zaterdagsavond sprak op de societeit, die in de dorps-herberg vergaderde. Zijn woorden betroffen een voorstel om deel te nemen aan een weddenschap bij gelegenheid van wedrennen in de buurt. Klaarblijkelijk stelden de leden een eigenaardig belang in open lucht vermaken.

„Zooals je bekend is,” ging hij voort, „was ik in Mei van dit jaar buiten betrekking, en trok ik het heele land door om werk te vinden, maar dit gelukte mij niet. Eindelijk kwam ik bij toeval een oud dorpsgenoot tegen, een tuinman, zooals ik. Hij deelde mij mede, dat hij van betrekking ging veranderen, en toen ik hem zeide, hoe slecht ik er aan toe was, ried hij mij aan te trachten in zijn plaats te komen. Het was volgens hem de moeite waard, want het was een betrekking voor het leven, en hij zou niet weggegaan zijn, als hij niet iets nog beters had gevonden. Bovendien beloofde hij een goed woordje voor mij te zullen doen op grond van zijn overtuiging, dat ik een fatsoenlijk man was.

Hij gaf mij het adres, en ik schreef dadelijk aan den geestelijke, bij wien de vacature was. Spoedig kreeg ik bericht, dat ik mij op een bepaalden dag moest aanmelden, en vol hoop op een goeden uitslag begaf ik mij

naar de pastorie. Ik werd in de studeerkamer gelaten, waar ik, in zenuwachtigen toestand, korten tijd moest wachten. Mijn vermoedelijk aanstaande werkgever kwam binnen.

Nadat mij enkele voorafgaande vragen waren gedaan, vertelde ik ZijnEerwaarde bij wien ik het laatst in dienst was geweest, en eindigde met hem mijn getuigenschrift te overhandigen. Toen hij het uit de envelop had genomen en begonnen was te lezen, was het alsof zijn gelaat verduisterde. Ik gevoeld mij met ieder oogenblik minder op mijn gemak; een geheimzinnig voor-gevoel van iets vreeselijks maakte zich van mij meester.

„Is dit je aanbevelingsbrief?” vroeg hij, nadruk leggende op *dit*.

„Ja, mijnheer,” zeide ik aarzelend, niet wetend, wat er eigenlijk gebeurd was.

„Ik vrees,” ging hij voort, „dat wat ik hier in de hand heb, je niet veel goed zal doen.” En toen las hij met pijnlijke langzaamheid een uitnoodiging voor om gezamenlijk met anderen op een paard te wedden, dat hoogst waarschijnlijk winnen zou.

Ik was verstomd, en ontzet. Wat had ik een onvergeefelijke domheid begaan! Ik was mij nu bewust van de vreeselijke waarheid: ik had hem de verkeerde envelop gegeven!

„Ik schijn mij vergist te hebben,” zeide ik stamelend.

„Ongetwijfeld,” zeide de geestelijke. „Zoo iets is geen aanbeveling, maar een veroordeeling.” En hij diende mij een ernstige vermaning toe.

Daar er zooveel van afhing, wilde ik nog een wanhopige poging wagen om mij te rechtvaardigen, en zeide: „Den brief, dien ik u had moeten geven, heb ik thuis gelaten. Mag ik hem u nog brengen?”

„Dank je,” was zijn koel antwoord; „ik zal je die moeite sparen,” en de deur openende, liet hij mij uit.

Je behoeft je dus voortaan niet in te spannen om mij over te halen te doen, wat zoo velen afkeuren.”

Reviews.

De to Hovedarter av Grammatiske Forbindelser av OTTO JESPERSEN. Det Kgl. Danske Videnskabernes Selskab. Historisk-filologiske Meddelelser. IV, 3. København. Hovedcommissionær: Andr. Fred. Høst & Søn, Kgl. Hof-boghandel. Bianco Lunos Bogtrykkeri, 1921.

Students who have gone through JESPERSEN's Modern English Grammar, part II, Syntax, First volume, will remember that the elements of which a sentence may be composed are in this work distinguished into primary elements (or principals), secondary elements (or adjuncts) and tertiary elements (or subjuncts). Although it is easy to see that there are elements (words or word-groups) inferior in rank to the tertiary, which might be called quaternary, quinary, etc., there is no occasion to treat them separately, seeing that they present no features to distinguish them from the tertiary. As an illustration of what is meant by the above distinction we may mention:

en ualmindeligt (4), voldsomt (3), gøende, (2) hund (1),
 an exceedingly (4), fiercely (3), barking (2), dog (1),
 hundene (1) gøede (2) ualmindeligt (4) voldsomt (3),
 the dog (1) barked (2) exceedingly (4) fiercely (3),

in which the figures denote the rank of the elements of which the word-group is composed.

In the treatise under consideration the writer is only concerned with combinations consisting of primary and secondary elements. They are divided into two kinds, designated as A and B combinations, the former representing, roughly, such as contain what in most grammars is called an attributive adjunct, the latter comprising those in which the primary element is the subject of the secondary, or in which the elements are related in a way corresponding to that of subject and predicate.

After dismissing the A combinations with a few words, the writer turns to what is the main subject of the discourse, i.e. the varied connexions in which the B combinations are found. These are fifteen in number and are easiest identified by the way in which they are illustrated. For the convenience of those who are unacquainted with Danish we subjoin the English translations.

- B 1. Hunden er stor (The dog is big), Hunden gøede (The dog barked).
- B 2. En dejlig redelighed, denne her! (A pretty kettle of fish, this!). Et skrækkeligt bæst, den Christensen! (A terrible beast, that Christensen!). Lykkelig den der kan holde sig udenfor døgnets strid! (Happy the man who can keep himself out of the vexed questions of the day). Skade at hun veed det altfor godt! (A pity that she knows this but too well).
- B 3. Jeg hørte hende synge (I heard her sing).
- B 4. Jeg fandt buret tomt (I found the cage empty). Han gjorde hende ulykkelig (He made her unhappy). Vi kaldte ham Tyksak (We called him Fatty). Han slog flasken itu, i stykker (He struck the bottle in two, into pieces.) Hun gjorde forlovelsen forbi (She caused the engagement to be broken off).
De drak Jeppe fuld (They caused J. to drink himself tipsy). De drak Jeppe under bordet (They drank J. under the table).
Han lo sig fordærvet (He laughed himself to death). Hun græder sig øjnene ud af hodet (She is weeping herself the eyes out of her head).
- B 5. Han siges (menes) at ville komme kl. 5 (= is said (is thought) to come at five o'clock). Intet vides bestemt at være sket (Nothing is definitely known to have happened). Karlen sås at gribe hesten (Charles was seen to seize the horse).
- B 6. Pakken ønskes bragt til mit kontor (The parcel is wished (to be) brought to my office).
- B 7. I looked upon myself to be fully settled. SWIFT. You may count upon all things in them to be true. id. Trust in me to do everything that lies in my power. G. ELIOT.

For detailed discussion of this construction see my Grammar Ch. XVIII, § 39 f.

- B 8. Post urbem conditam; ante Christum natum, post hoc factum.

For English examples see below.

- B 9. For you to call would be the correct thing.

For detailed discussion see my Grammar, Ch XVIII, § 45 ff.

- B 10. dubitabat nemo quin violati hospites, legati necati, pacati atque socii nefario bello lacesciti, fana vexata hanc tantam efficerent vastitatem. (Nobody doubted that the ill-treatment of the guests, the murder of the envoys, the nefarious attacks on the pacified and allied peoples, the profanation of the fanes caused this tremendous destruction of lives).

For English examples see below.

- B 11. The caul was put up in a raffle down in our part of the country, to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings. DICK. *Dav. Cop.*, Ch. I.

For discussion see KRUISINGA, *Handbook*³, § 506.

- B 12. Alt vel overvejet, rejser jeg imorgen (All things duly considered, I depart to-morrow).
 B 13. Jeg mødte den mand som jeg tror har stjålet pungen (I met the man whom I think has stolen the bag). En lyd som man ikke vidste hvor kom fra (A report which one did not know where it came from).
 B 14. Jeg såe lægens ankomst (I saw the doctor's arrival).
 B 15. Lægens dygtighed (the doctor's ability).

The combinations from B 3 on are called *nexus* (i.e. links); the component parts respectively S and P. The characters S and P are chosen to obviate the objection that might be raised against the terms subject and predicate which are currently used only with reference to sentences with a finite verb.

The nexus marked B 7, B 9, B 10 and B 11 appear to be non-existent in Danish. In English, on the other hand, all the nexus mentioned are represented. Some of them have been amply discussed in my *Grammar of Late Modern English*: for B 3, B 5, B 6, B 7 and B 9 see Ch. XVIII; for B 4 see Ch. VI; for B 12 see Ch. XX.

It is especially those marked B 8, B 10, B 11, B 13, B 14 and B 15 which call for a few words of comment in these pages.

As to the nexus illustrated by the well-known Latin construction *post urbem conditam, ante Christum natum, post hoc factum*, JESPERSEN observes that the English counterpart may in some cases be regarded as an imitation of the Latin idiom — thus in the writings of MILTON and DRYDEN — but the fact that it is also found in SHAKESPEARE, BUNYAN and subsequent writers, ANTHONY HOPE and others, who betray no Latin influence in their writings, goes far to show that it may also have arisen on English soil. A few quotations taken from my own collection may be acceptable.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape / Crush't the sweet poison of misused wine, / *After the Fuscan mariners transform'd*, / Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed, / On Circe's island fell. MILTON, *Comus*, 48.

For never, *since created man*, / Met such imbodied force. id. *Par. Lost*, I. 573.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful / In silence, then *before thine answer given* / Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek. TEN. *Tithonus*, 44.

By this the lazy gossips of the port, / Abhorrent *of a calculation crost*, / Began to chafe as for a personal wrong. id., *En. Ard.*, 470

Not tho' he built *upon the babe restored*; / Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd / To incense the Head once more. id., *Princ.*, VII, 60

Among the nexus of this kind J. includes such as contain the preposition *med*, English *with*; e.g.: *med hænderne bundne* (*with hands bound*), *I can't write with you standing there*. But surely this construction differs materially from that illustrated in the above quotations. Thus while the nexus in the above quotations admit of being replaced by one with a noun of action or a gerund (*since created man* = *since the creation of man*, and *before thine answer given* = *before the giving of thine answer*), no such change is possible in the nexus with *med* or *with*. A further, and even more important difference between the two constructions is that in the former (*post urbem conditam*) the logical relation between noun and participle is that between object and verb, the verb being necessarily a transitive, while in the latter, (*with hands bound, with you standing there*) the logical relation is, oftener than not, that between subject and verb, the verb being, indeed, an intransitive in the majority of cases. In fact the verbal in such a sentence as *I can't write with you standing there* is not an ordinary participle, but rather what

SWEET would call a half-gerund. In sentences like the above we even find the (pro)noun occasionally placed in the genitive. Thus in:

I wished I could be quietly dropped overboard and so come to an end at once without anybody's being the wiser. MRS. CRAIK, *A Hero*, 6.

You can't expect to ride your new crotchet without anybody's trying to stick a nettle under his tail. HUGHES, *Tom Brown*, II, Ch. VII, 313.

In grammatical function the construction bears a strong affinity to the nominative absolute, into which it can mostly be readily converted, no further change being needed than the suppression of the preposition. Compare my *Grammar* Ch. XIX, 74, g and Ch. XX, 10, Obs. III.

Closely akin to the nexus referred to under B 8 is that marked B 10. In English it is more frequent than the former and apparently common enough in ordinary literary style.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, / That dost not bite so nigh / As *benefits forgot*. SHAK., *As you like it*, II, 7, 186.

Since the day / When *foolish Steno's ribaldry detected* / Unfix'd your quiet, you are greatly changed. BYRON, *Mar. Fal.*, II, 1, (361*a*).

The guilty saved hath damn'd his hundred judges. *ib.*, II, 1, (361*b*).

It has often been observed that *one truth concealed* gives rise to a dozen current lies. WASH. IR., *Dolf Heyl*. (STOF., *Handl.*, I, 120).

Here *her hand* / *Grasp'd* made her vail her eyes. TEN., *Guin.*, 657.

Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, / Because *things seen* are mightier than *'things heard*, / Stagger'd and shook. *id.*, *En. Ard.*, 762. (The plural form of the predicate (*are*) shows that TENNYSON puts another interpretation upon the sentence than the one put forward here.)

The nexus is mostly the subject of the sentence, as in all the above examples. It may, however, also be the object, e.g.:

Nor is it / Wiser to weep a *true occasion lost*. TEN., *Princ.*, IV, 50.

J. also gives the following example:

And is a wench having a bastard all your news? FIELDING, *Tom Jones*.

In this sentence the common-case (*wench*) might be replaced by the genitive (*wench's*), so that the quotation seems to be rather out of place here for the same reason as in the case of the examples objected to above.

Also such turns of expression as *Mange hunde er harens død* (*Many dogs are the death of the hare*), *Too many cooks spoil the broth*, etc., differ in an essential point from the examples with the past participle, *many dogs*, *too many cooks*, etc. standing respectively for **the there being many dogs*, **the there being too many cooks*.

Singularly interesting are J.'s observations about the construction B 13, instanced by such a sentence as *Jeg mødte den mand som jeg tror har stjålet pungen* (*I met the man who(m) I believe has stolen my purse*), in which, as he rightly observes, *who . . . has stolen* is felt to be in the objective relation to *believe*. This feeling accounts for the frequent use of the objective *whom* in sentences of this type, although some grammarians (H. ALEXANDER, *Common Faults in Writing English*, 50; FOWLER, *The King's English*, 98) insist on *who* being the only correct form of the pronoun, on the strength of the fact that they understand *I think* as a mere parenthesis, which ought not to interfere with the relations in which the other elements of the adnominal clause should be viewed. A long array of quotations extending from the age of CHAUCER to the

present day, show the frequency of the so-called misuse of language. The fact that the relative is sometimes dispensed with bears out the presumption that to the linguistic instinct of some speakers and writers it is, perhaps only vaguely, felt as an objective. The omission, indeed, would be felt as an impropriety if the relative were understood as a pure nominative. Of the four instances given by J. we quote one:

I did not like to write before him a letter he knew was to reach your hands. KEATS.

The arguments which J. adduces in support of this view have, for want of space, unfortunately, to be passed over in silence.

A further reason for the tendency to use the objective instead of the nominative in the adnominal clauses under consideration is the fact that the placing of two nominatives in succession would have a somewhat incongruous effect. While therefore in Latin *quem qui* would be impossible in such a sentence as *Cicero qui quantum scripsit nemo nescit*, we find the same sense of incongruity responsible in French for the curious construction with a *que* first and a *qui* afterwards as in:

Ne soumettez à l'observation phonétique que ce *que vous croyez qui échappe* à l'observation historique. GILLIÉRON, *Faillite de l'étymologie phon.*, 133.

Such a sentence as *Jeg så lægens ankomst* (*I saw the doctor's arrival*), in which a genitive modifies a noun of action (or gerund) has practically the same meaning as *I saw the doctor arrive*. The nexus contained in it may, therefore, be included among the B combinations. This fact is appositely expressed by the term subjective genitive.

Of the same nature is the nexus in *lægens dygtighed* (*the doctor's ability*), in which the noun modified may be apprehended as a variety of verbal noun: *ability = the being able*. It is, therefore, a grammatical inconsistency not to call such a genitive by the same name as that in the last nexus.

In conclusion J. endeavours to define what the essential difference between the A and B combination comes to: no easy task, as is mostly the case in dealing with fundamental grammatical principles. In the A combination, according to his exposition, the adjunct figures as a kind of mark or label fixed on its head-word: Thus in *det næste hus* (*the next house*, or *the house next-door*), *lægens hus* (*the doctor's house*). Clearly this does not apply to *lægens ankomst* (*the doctor's arrival*), it being impossible to think of an arrival without associating with it a person or thing that arrives. Combinations like this are, accordingly, included among the B combinations. From the above characterization it follows that the component parts of an A combination form a distinct unit, and it is but natural that its meaning can often be expressed by a single word. Thus *a stupid person* is often styled *a blockhead*; *a new-born dog* may be called *a puppy*. Compare also the English *native country* with the French *patrie*, and, conversely, the French *vin rouge* with the English *claret*.

In contradistinction to an A combination, a B combination may be described as a rather pliable joining together (*fri smidig sammenføjning*) of two concepts, as something articulated, animated and mobile. Whereas the adjunct in an A combination may be likened to the nose, (or ears) on the head, the connexion is by way of the head to the trunk, or a door to a wall in a B combination. An A combination resembles a picture, a B combination a process or a drama. In an A combination we have to deal with one concept, which may be resolved into two constituent parts, in

a B combination something new is added to a concept already formed. This is easiest apprehended by a comparison of two such simple sentences as *Den blå kjole er den ældste* (*The blue dress is the oldest*) and *Den ældste kjole er blå* (*The oldest dress is blue*): the fresh information given of the dress is different in the two sentences and is to be found in the predicative word. Such metaphorical language is, indeed, far from a neat definition, but then human speech is too poor to express the essential nature of the two forms of speech correctly and satisfactorily.

Space does not permit to comment on the last chapters of the treatise: Substantiver og Infinitiver, S eller P alene (S or P alone), Objekt, aktiv og passiv. Students who should be encouraged by the preceding meagre discussions to read and digest the whole publication will find themselves richly rewarded for their pains in the keener insight they have acquired into grammatical problems and in the pleasure of feeling themselves freed from conservative notions in which they have hitherto been entrammelled. Nor should they allow themselves to be disheartened by the fact that the booklet is written in a language with which they may be unfamiliar. Danish, although, no doubt, as difficult to speak correctly as any other language, is very simple in its structure, and presents no great difficulties to any one who contents himself to understand it in its printed or written form. Besides, its vocabulary, which is the most important thing, is very much like that of German and Dutch.

One thing more. The work which has been the subject of the above observations is a sequel to *Sprogets Logik* (Copenhagen, Gyldendal), a more elaborate disquisition, which appeared as early as the year 1913. In it practically the same subjects are more succinctly treated, but the book contains, besides, an exposition of some other problems which cannot fail to interest the student of language and will benefit him in many ways. The writer has promised to deal with the same subjects in a forthcoming book, the *Basis of Grammar*, in more detail. As it is to be written in English, the examples by which he will illustrate his investigations will, it may be expected, be mainly drawn from English sources. Let us hope that it will not be long in seeing the light.

H. POUTSMA.

An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English. By ERNEST WEEKLEY, M. A. London, John Murray. 1921. — xx + 830 pp. — £ 2.2/—

Der Verfasser, früher Lektor der englischen sprache in Freiburg i.B., jetzt professor am University College zu Nottingham, hat bereits drei bücher veröffentlicht, die ich leider nicht kenne: *The Romance of Words*, *The Romance of Names* und *Surnames*. Nach der ankündigung des Verlegers wenden sich diese, wie das vorliegende Wörterbuch, an das weitere publikum der gebildeten, den sogenannten 'general reader', nicht an das fachgelehrte oder studierende. Dies zeigt sich einmal in der wortwahl, indem nicht bloss die in andern etymologischen werken dieser art angeführten wörter der schrift- und umgangssprache, sondern auch solche aufgenommen und erklärt werden, die man sonst in enzyklopädien oder im konversationslexikon zu suchen pflegt, wie z. b. *Copt*, *Cordelier*, *Croat*, *Crockford*, *Cuthbert*, *Danaid*, *Donatist*, *Ethanin*, *Gloucester*, *Kilkenny cats*, *medjidie*, *Medusa*, um nur einige aus der masse herauszugreifen. Dadurch hat das buch sicherlich für

viele benutzer, auch für spezialisten, einen besonderen wert erhalten. Ferner bringt es auch in reichlicher fülle slangwörter, redensarten des täglichen lebens, sprichwörter, Amerikanismen, koloniale elemente und militärische neubildungen aus dem weltkriege. In der *b e h a n d l u n g* der wörter ist auf eine eingehende und umfassende philologisch-etymologische darstellung, wie sie z. b. Skeat bietet, verzichtet und statt dessen nur eine auswahl der verwandten formen geboten, besonders aus den dem gebildeten bekannten sprachen. Dies wird man in einem solchen populären werke nur billigen können. Dass dabei auch die bedeutungsentwicklung berücksichtigt und möglichst das erste erscheinen des betreffenden wortes notirt wird, ist dankbar zu begrüßen. Der Verfasser hat auch mehrfach die angaben des NED. auf grund neuerer forschungen berichtigt. Nach dem vorwort ist es die frucht langjähriger arbeit, der auch manche glückliche citate zu verdanken sind. Seine autoritäten werden in einer umfassenden liste aufgeführt, in der merkwürdiger weise Boisacqs griechisches und Bernekers slavisches etymologisches wörterbuch fehlen¹⁾. Der Verfasser hat sich bemüht, in bezug auf etymologie und chronologie weiter zu kommen, als namentlich die älteren bände des NED. und dankt einer grossen zahl englischer spezialforscher für werktätige beihilfe. Trotz alledem hat ihm jedoch seine nicht genug gezügelte phantasie im etymologisiren manchen schlimmen streich gespielt und die im vorwort s.x etwas spöttisch geäusserte wertung der 'lautgesetze' hat sich nicht selten gerächt. Gewiss ist mancher lautwandel noch dunkel, und es gibt viele fälle, vgl. z. b. das verhältniss von got. *waila* zu ne. *well* und nhd. *wohl-wo* wir noch nicht weiter gekommen sind als Jacob Grimm; aber das berechtigt uns noch lange nicht den festen boden der soliden forschung zu verlassen, und, auf blosser ähnlichkeiten gestützt, aufs geratewohl drauf los zu etymologisieren. Sonst kommen wir wieder in die zeiten Voltaires zurück, wo die konsonanten wenig, die vokale nichts bedeuteten. Der Verfasser hat auch wohl selbst gelegentlich das gewagte seiner vermutungen gefühlt und sich mit nicht immer sehr passenden scherzen darüber hinweg zu tauschen gesucht, dass dies eigentlich keine exakte forschung mehr ist. Im übrigen wird jeder, auch der ernsthafte leser, sein vergnügen an manchem witzigen und schlagenden citat haben, selbst wenn er dessen notwendigkeit nicht immer einsehen sollte. Trockene lektüre ist Weekley's *Dictionary* nicht, aber zuweilen scheint mir der humor nicht am richtigen orte zu erscheinen. Vor allem aber ist die nicht selten hervorbrechende abneigung gegen Deutschland im höchsten masse zu verurteilen, und ich kann mir auch nicht denken dass die landsleute des Verfassers in einem solchen buche derartige ausbrüche von chauvinismus und völkerhass geschmackvoll finden sollten. Es wäre doch jetzt, denke ich, eher die aufgabe der wissenschaft die durch den unseligen krieg entstandene kluft zwischen den früheren feinden allmählich auszufüllen, als sie noch geflissentlich zu vertiefen.

Was ich bei gewissenhaften studium des prächtig ausgestatteten werkes mir als fehlerhaft notirt habe, sei hier kurz zusammengestellt; vielleicht kann der verfasser es bei einer neuen auflage benutzen. Ich möchte auch empfehlen bei einer solchen die quantität der lateinischen vokale zu bezeichnen, da sie schwerlich allen benutzern bekannt sein wird.

ace: lat. *ās* ist nach Walde = *assis* "brett, scheibe", hat also mit tarent. *ās* = *ēis* nichts zu tun. — *addle* ist ae. *adela*, nicht *ādela*. — *aery* hat schwerlich etwas mit ae. *ĕarn* 'adler' zu tun. — *Ahriman* heisst im Avesta *aīra-mainyu*. —

¹⁾ Bei einer neuauflage wäre auch das eben erscheinende treffliche schwedische etymologische wörterbuch von Hellqvist zu nennen.

alike kann nicht von ae. *anlik* stammen, da dies auf der ersten silbe betont war. — Ebenso kann *along* nicht auf ae. *āndlong* beruhen; dasselbe gilt für nhd. *entlāng* (verbalbetonung!). — Unter *ape* l. *nachäffen*. — Ist die aussprache von *appal* vielleicht durch einfluss von lat. *palleo* zu erklären? — Unter *array* l. got. *garaidjan*. — Unter *artichoke* l. nhd. *artischocke*. — Unter *Aryan* wäre noch das neuentdeckte Tocharische zu nennen. — *askance* hat sein -a- vielleicht von *glance*. — *ass* ae. *assa* stammt zunächst aus air. *assan*. — *atelier*: afr. *astele* kommt von lat. *assula*. — *ave* dürfte eher von phön. *haveh* 'vivat' stammen. — *aware*: l. ae. *gewær*. — *awl*: l. ahd. *ala*. — *aye* 'yes' führe ich auf ae. *ea*, *gea*, *ge* 'ja' zurück, das sich gerade wie *ēage* 'auge' entwickeln musste, daher auch die frühere schreibung *l*. — *barren* wird schwerlich auf ahd. **bar-ham* beruhen. — Unter *barrow*¹ l. got. *bairgahei*. — *bastard* beruht eher auf germ. **banst-hard* zu *banst* 'scheune'. — *beacon*: ndd. *bake* ist eigentlich friesisch. — Zu *beadle* vgl. nhd. *pedell*. — *beam*: nhd. *baum* hat mit isl. *baðmr*, got. *bagms* wohl kaum etwas zu tun. — *belch* beruht nicht auf ae. *bealcan* (l. *bealcian*), wie das -ch- beweist. — *bellow* beruht nicht auf ae. *bylgan*. — *bellows*: besser wäre ae. *bielg* oder *belg* als grundform gegeben, desgl. unter *belly*. — *bene*: l. ae. *bān*. — Zu *bezonian* vgl. got. *sunja*. — *bill*³: ist lat. *bulla* vielleicht durch einfluss von *sigillum* zu *billa* geworden? — *bishop*: l. "Germ. *bischof*". — *black* kann mit *bleak* und ae. *blāc* doch nicht verwandt sein! — *bladder*: l. ae. *blādre*. — Auch *blank* ist nicht mit *bleak* verwant. — *blast*: l. ahd. *blāst*. — *bleat*: l. mhd. *blazen*. und vgl. gr. φληδάω. — Unter *bless* l. ae. *blīthsian*. — Zu *bloat* vgl. gr. φλυδαῦν. — *blotch*: afr. *bloche* hat nichts mit ahd. *bluster* zu tun. — Das -l- von *bludgeon* dürfte eher von *blow*³ 'schlag' stammen als von *blood*. — *blue*¹: l. aisl. *blār*. — Sollte *blunt* etwa mit ndd. *blut* 'stumpf' verwandt sein? — Zu *boat* vgl. noch aisl. *beit*. — Zu *bollard* vgl. *bole*¹. — Gehört *bottel* zu lat. *bulla*? — *both*: l. aisl. m. *bathir*, f. *bathar*, n. *bæthi*. Auch ae. *bā thā* kommt in betracht. — *bowl*¹: nhd. *bohle* hat doch mit ne. *bowl* 'ae. *bolle*' (l. *bolla*) gar nichts zu tun! — *boy*: l. ae. *Boia*. -- Ist das *br-* von *breath* ein präfix? — *breeze*¹: ae. *breosa* kann mit *bremse*, *brims* usw. nicht verwandt sein. — Könnte *breeze*² sein *r* durch einfluss von *breath* haben? — *bridal*: l. ae. *brýdealu*. — *bright*: l. got. *bairhts*. Lat. *flagrāre* gehört nicht hierher, sondern zu *blank*. — Ist *brolly* vielleicht nach *dolly* umgebildet? — *castrate* hat mit *castus* nichts zu tun. — *cheap*: l. *Kjöbenhavn*. — *child*: der ae. plural war *cildru*. — *chine* kann nicht auf ae. *cinu* beruhen. — *chintz*: vgl. nhd. *zitz*. — *chitterling*: vgl. ndd. *kütt*. — *choice*: l. got. *kiusan*. — *clad* ist nicht ae. *clāthod*, sondern geht auf **clādd* = aisl. *klæddr* zurück. — *clean*: l. aisl. *kleinn*. — *clover*: auch das ndd. hat eine form *kläver*. — *coif*: l. ahd. *chuppha*. — *colleen*: verwandtschaft mit lat. *pellex* (älter *paelex*) ist doch sehr zweifelhaft. — *comrade* ist wohl nach *companion* umgebildet. — Zu *corvette* vgl. *coracle*. — *cove*¹: l. aisl. *kofi*. — *cry*: l. mhd. *krīzen*. — *cut* setzt ein ae. **cyttan* voraus. — *dairy*: l. ae. *dāge*. — *dastard*: l. holl. *daesaerd*. — *daw*: l. ahd. *tāha*. — *delay*: afr. *delaier*. gehört wohl zu *lack*¹. — Zu *demijohn* vgl. noch ndd. *bullenkopp*. — *dine*: afr. *disner* kann nicht auf **disjejunare* beruhen, da dies zu frz. *déjeuner* geworden ist. — *dizzy*: l. ndd. *dösig*. — *dock*¹: l. dän. *ædokke*. — *doughty* beruht auf einfluss des inf. *dugan*. — *dove*: l. aisl. *dūfa*. — *dowse*² ist dasselbe wie *douse*, denn die rute schlägt ja, daher schw. *slagruta*. — *drawl*: gehört nl. *dralen* zu *draw*? — *dread*: l. aisl. *hræða* und ahd. *intrātan*. — Beruht *drown* vielleicht auf mischung von *drink* und *down*? — *drowsy* kann doch nicht von nl. *droosen* stammen! — *drug* hat mit nl. *droog* 'trocken' nichts zu tun. — *dug* gehört gewiss nicht zu schw.

dägga. — *dun*¹: ae. *dunn* braucht nicht keltisch zu sein. — *eider-down* ist zunächst hd. — Kommt *eldritch* wirklich von *elf*? — *eleven*: germ. -*lif* kann nicht lit. -*lika* sein. — *elk*: das *k* kann nicht dialektisch sein, vgl. me. *dolk* 'wunde' aus ae. *dolh*. — *errand*: aisl. *eyrindi* und got. *airus*, ae. *ār* sind fern zu halten. — *etui* gehört nach Meyer-Lübke zu vl. **studiāre*. — *ever*: grundform wohl **ā* in *feore*. — *ewe*: vgl. as. *euui*. — *face*: l. me. *anlet*. — *faller* kommt eher von aisl. *faltra*. — *fat*²: ae. *fætt* ist doch das part. prt. von *fætan*! — *few*: für as. *fah* l. -*fa(h)o*; desgleichen hat ahd. *fao* kurzen vokal. — *fimble* 'männlicher hanf' fehlt. — *follow*: l. aisl. *fylgja*. — *four*: l. skr. *catur*. — *frieze*¹: frz. *friser* hat doch mit nl. *vrees* nichts zu tun! — *fry*² ebensowenig mit aisl. *frío*. — *fur*: l. aisl. *fōthr*. — *gain*: l. ae. *wāth*. — *gallant*: ae. *gāl* ist fern zu halten. — *galley* gehört zu gr. γαλήν 'wiefel', vgl. *catboat*, *dogboat* u. a. — Ist *galoot* vielleicht aus *genoot* entstellt? — Zu *garance* vgl. *guarantee*. — *gasp* hat mit *gape* nichts zu tun. — *gauntlet*¹: nhd. *gewand* und aisl. *vōtrr* sind unverwandt, denn ersteres gehört ja zu *winden*! — *gavel*² könnte eventuell von ndd. *kavel* 'stück holz' stammen, vgl. *golf* < *kolf*. Mit *gaffel* 'bruderschaft' hat es gewiss nichts zu tun. — *ghetto* wird besser von it. *borghetto* abgeleitet, denn gegen *Aegyptus* spricht der anlaut. — *girl* stelle ich zu *gore*¹ — *glide* und *glad* sind nicht verwandt. — Ebensowenig *gnat* mit *gnidan*. — *god*: l. mhd. *abgot*. — Zu *great* vgl. *grit*. — *green*: l. aisl. *grænn*. — *greet*: l. ae. *grætan*. — *grenade*: l. nhd. *granate*. — *grilse*: l. schw. *grålaax*. — *grin*: *grennian* und *groan* sind nicht verwandt. — *gripe*: l. aisl. *grīpa*. — *grit*: vgl. *great*. — *gromwell* gehört zu lat. *grūmus* 'kern der traube', dagegen *groom* zu lat. *grūmus*, *grummus* 'erdhaufen'. — *guilt* kann zu *yield* gehören, wenn ae. *gylt* aus **gyldp* entstanden ist. — *guipure* gehört zu afr. *wipan*. — *gyve* kann nicht *g* < *w* haben, da der anlaut (*dž*) dem widerspricht. — Zusammenhang von *haddock* mit afrz. *adouber* ist mir äusserst zweifelhaft. — *hamlet*: ein ndd. *ham* kenne ich nicht; frz. *a* beruht auf germ. *ai*. — *harvest* hat mit aisl. *haust* wohl nichts zu tun. — Zur bedeutung von *haslet* vgl. nhd. *rippespeer* (braten) und ndd. *potharst*. — *haste*: l. ae. *hæst*. — *head* hat mit lat. *caput* (aisl. *höfuð*) nichts zu tun, das zu *capere* gehört. — Gegen ableitung von *herring* von ae. *hār* spricht doch nhd. *hāring* mit der nebenform *harung*. — *high-flown*: l. nhd. *schwülstig* < *geschwülstig*. — Bei *hight* hätte ae. *heht* angeführt werden sollen. — *hoe*: l. ahd. *houwa*. — *home*: l. got. *haims*. — *hound* gehört nicht zu lat. *canis* (zu *canere*?). — *hundred*: l. skr. *śatam*. — *hutch*: mlat. *hutica* kommt schwerlich von nhd. *hut*! — *Hymen* hat mit dem jungfernhäutchen nichts zu tun, sondern gehört zu ἕμνος. — *iambic*: die zusammenstellung mit ἱεναί wäre besser unterblieben. — *incarcerate* hat mit ae. *hearg* 'tempel' nichts zu tun. — Es fehlt *ingle* 'lieblich' aus ae. *engel* 'engel'. — *interloper*: in welchem dialekt steht *lope* für *leap*? — *irk* und ae. *earg* sind nicht verwandt. — *iron*: aisl. *jarn* ist nicht aus *īsarn* entstanden. — *isinglass*: l. ahd. *hūso*. — *island*: nhd. *eiland* ist eigentlich friesisch. — *it*: nl. *het* beruht in seiner schreibung auf anlehnung an *hij*; man sagt *et*. — *itch*: l. ae. *gyccan*. — *jade*² ist nach Behrens von *jaspidem*, acc. von *jaspis*, abzuleiten. — *jangle* kann nicht von lat. *iaculari* stammen. — *Jezebel* ist nicht die quelle von *Elizabeth* (hebr. *Elischeba*). — *Jute*: ae. *Eotas* und *Geatas* sind doch verschiedene völker! — *keep*: ae. *cepan* gehört ja zu *gecōp*! — *kettle* ist aus aisl. *ketill* entlehnt, wie der anlaut zeigt. — *kiosk* heisst türkisch *kiöschk*. — *kite* stelle ich zu *kauz*. — Wie sollte wohl *lad* aus aisl. *liði* entstanden sein? — *lade*¹ sollte als nordenglisch bezeichnet sein. — *lady*: l. ae. *hlāefdiġe*. — *lath*: l. ae. *lætt*.

— *leech*¹ gehört vielleicht als 'besprecher' zu λέγειν. — *less* ist gewiss nicht mit *little* (ae. *lytel*) verwandt. — *let*¹: l. nl. *laten*. — *lewd*: l. aisl. *lærðr*. — *liege*: nhd. *ledig* ae. *aliðian*, und aisl. *liðugr* sind nicht verwandt mit lat. *liber* und gr. ἐλεύθερος. — *limber*³ ebensowenig mit nhd. *gelind* und lat. *lentus*. — *limp*¹ desgl. nicht mit *lame*. — *loaf* (ae. *hlaef*) kann nicht mit lat. *libum* verwandt sein, da dies ja sonst **clibum* lauten müsste. — *loaf*²: *lofen* ist mittel-, nicht niederdeutsch. — Gehört *loess* wirklich zu *los*? — *log*¹ ist von aisl. *lag* 'gefällter baum' zu trennen. — *lose* ist ae. *lēosan*, + *losian*, unter einfluss von *loose*. — *Louis*: l. ahd. *Hluthwīc*. — *lovage*: lat. *levisticum* scheint an *levis* angelehnt zu sein. — *luck* gehört zu *lock*². — *Lutheran*: l. ahd. *Hlutheri*, -*hari* (lat. *Lotharius*). — *maggot* ist doch keine metathese von *madok*! Zu dem genannten glauben an parasiten vgl. schw. *vurm* 'neigung'. — *manchet*: frz. *demaine* beruht auf lat. *dominium*. — *mar*: aisl. *merja* gehört nicht dazu. — *mare* kommt nicht von ae. *mere*. — *black Maria*; vgl. nhd. *grüner August* und ähnl. — *mar*: l. got. *maga*. — *mean* 'meinen' hat mit *mind* und *minne* nichts zu tun. — *Merovingian* ist von ahd. *Mārwig* (so!) und *Waldemar* fernzuhalten. — *mesh*: l. nl. *maesche*; auch im ndd. *māskə* erscheint länge. — *Mesopotamia*: l. ae. *bi tweon* statt *bi twin*. — *milk*: ob wirklich mit *mulgere*, gr. ἀμέλγειν verwandt? Woher dann das -u- im got. *miluks*, ae. *meoluc*? — *moor*²: l. ae. *mærelsrāp* (daneben *marels*), das mit nl. *meren*, älter auch *maren* (nicht *marren*!) direkt nichts zu tun hat. Dagegen gehört nl. *marren* zu got. *marzjan* (ne. *mar*). Ein ae. **marian* hätte ja ne. **more*, **moar* ergeben. Ne. *moor* stammt von nl. *moeren* = nd. *vermören*, das mit nl. *meren* 'vertäuen' in ablaut steht; vgl. Falk-Torp unter dän. *moring* und got. *marzjan*. — *most* kommt doch von ae. *māst*. — *motley* kann nicht von frz. **moitelé* kommen, das ja **moitly* ergeben hätte. — *moult*: l. nhd. *mausern*. — *niddering*: l. aisl. *nithingr*, *nith*. — *Norwegian*: l. aisl. *suthrvegr*. — *nun*: nhd. *nonne* (mhd. *nunne*) stammt wohl direkt aus lat. *nonna*, nicht aus dem frz. — *oaf* stammt von aisl. *ālfr*. — *olibanum* hat seinen anlaut eher von lat. *olere*. — *ooze*: l. ae. *wase*. — *or*² 'eher' ist skand. *ār*. — *other*: l. aisl. *annarr* — *pad*¹: frz. *patte* und hd. *pfote* sind nicht verwandt, da letzteres altes *au* hat, wie westfäl. *päote* zeigt. — Hat *pang* vielleicht nach *pain* sein -r verloren? — *parch* kann nicht von *perish* stammen wegen des verschiedenen auslauts. — *pardon*: l. ahd. *forgeban*. — Sollte *pedante* vielleicht aus *paedicante* entstellt sein? — *peevish* < *pervers* erscheint mir sehr unglaublich. — Zu *pet*² vgl. nhd. *affe*, *spitz* für grade der betrunkenheit. — Zu *pettitoes* vgl. nhd. *gänseklein*. — *philately*: l. nhd. *freimarke*. — *pier*: ableitung von *bär* ist wenig einleuchtend. — *plough* kommt eher von aisl. *plogr*. — *poke*² ist von norw. *paak* fernzuhalten. Gehört es etwa zu *puck*? — *price*: warum soll *prize* richtiger sein, da doch das afrz. *pris* stimmloses s hatte? Was die berufung auf ne. *mice* und *dice* soll, verstehe ich nicht. — Der umlaut in *pride* < ae. *pryd* beruht natürlich auf analogie. — *priest*, ae. *preost*, hat mit *presbyter* nichts zu tun, sondern beruht nach Horn auf lat. *praepositus*. — *prong*: l. got. *praggan*. — *puck*: ae. *pūca* könnte zu *poke*² gehören. — Zu *put* vgl. noch nl. *poten*. — *quaint* beruht auf afrz. *coeinte*, umgebildet nach *feint*. — *quash* geht vielmehr auf ae. **cwæscan* zurück. — *rake*³: schw. *raka* hat mit nhd. *ragen* nichts zu tun. — *rankle*: der schwund des anlautenden d erklärt sich satzphonetisch, z.b. *a bad* (d)rankle. — *rat*¹ wird auch von lat. *rapidus* abgeleitet. — *ratel* ist wohl der erste teil eines kompositums und entspricht nl. *ratel* 'wabe'. — *rather*: das ae. hat auch formen ohne anlautendes h. — *reckon*: got. *raknjan* ist fernzuhalten. — *regret*: l.

mhd. *grazen*. — *ribald*: ahd. *Rīchbald*, ae. *Rīcbeald*. — *rich*: l. ai. *raġāh*. — *Richard*: l. ahd. *Rīch-hard*. — *rid*: vgl. aber ae. *hryding* 'clearing'. — *robin*: l. ahd. *Hrōdeberht*. — *Roffin*: l. ae. *Hrōfes*. — *roost*²: aisl. *roſt* gehört nach Falk-Torp zu lat. *vertex*, hat also mit *race*¹ nichts zu tun. — *run*¹: ae. *earnan* kenne ich nicht. — *sandblind*: ae. *sām* hat mit lat. *sēmi* nichts zu tun, da das *ā* aus *ai* entstanden ist. — Zu *scatology* vgl. *scoria*. — *scour*¹ ist nicht von afrz. *escurer* abzuleiten. — *scrag* ist vielleicht nach *scrannel* umgebildet? — *scrotum* = *scrautum* ist von *scortum* fernzuhalten. — *seek* braucht nicht nordisch zu sein. — *semi* : sieh oben *sandblind*. — *shamble*: l. nl. *schaemelen*. — *shark* kann nicht von nhd. *schurke* stammen, denn *ur* wird nicht zu *ar*. — *she* stammt nicht von ae. *seo*, sondern aus *hēo*, dem ein -s vorherging, z.b. *is heo* > *iſe*; vgl. jetzt Lindkvist, *Anglia* 45 (N. F. 33). — *shelter* kommt schwerlich von nhd. *schilderhaus*; vgl. vielmehr ae. *sceld-truma*. — *shock*¹ kann nicht zu *shake* gehören. — Sollte *shrew* nicht zu *shred* gehören? — *sill*: nhd. *schwelle* kann doch nicht von lat. *solea* stammen. — *sillabub*: l. aisl. *bukr*. — *sin*: l. aisl. *synd*. — *skate*²: frz. *échasse* hat nichts mit ndd. *schake* ≡ *schoke* zu tun, das altes *ö* hat; vgl. Soester *schnake* 'bein'. — *slack*¹: ae. *slēac* aus **slauk* gehört nicht hierher. — *slade*: l. ae. *slæd*, und tilge *slēad*. — *slake*: tilge ae. *slæcan* (sic!). — Bei *slay*² hätte auf das part. prt. verwiesen werden sollen, das den diphthongen erklärt. — *sleep*: tilg ae. *slāpian*. — *slip*: ae. *slipor*, nl. *slippen* hat mit *schleifen* und *schlüpfen*, got. *sliupan* und ae. *slūpan* nichts zu tun; es sind zwei verschiedene wurzeln. — *spare-rib*: das nhd. *rippe-speer* ist wohl abkürzung für -braten. — *speed*: l. ae. *spæd* und nl. *speed*. — *spire*¹: wie soll dies mit *spar* verwandt sein? — *spoon*¹: auch ndd. *slēf* 'langer löffel' wird von personen gebraucht. — *sterling* gehört nach E. Schröder zu gr. *στατήρ*, ist also zunächst romanisch. — *Storthing*: l. aisl. *stōrr*. — *strike*: aisl. *strjúka* gehört doch in eine andere ablautsreihe. — *strip*: es hätte gezeigt werden sollen, das ae. *bestripan* 'plunder' *i* aus *ie*, angl. *e*, hat und nhd. *streifen* für *sträufen* steht, während nhd. *streif(en)* 'stripe, streak' altes *i* hat. Ne. *stripe* gehört zu diesem, aber nicht zu jenem. — *stub* ist von lat. *stipes* fernzuhalten. — *sugar* kommt zunächst von frz. *sucre*. — Das verb *swallow*² verdankt seine aussprache doch nicht dem part. *geswolgen*! — *sweep* verdankt seinen vokal nicht dem pret. *swēop*; ich führe es auf schw. *svepa* zurück. — *sweet*: got. *sūts* steht nicht für *swōtus*. — *Switzer*: l. ahd. *swīz*. — *swoon*: l. ae. *geswōgen*. — *take* hat doch nichts mit lat. *tango* zu tun! — *tarnish*: l. ahd. *tarnen*. — *tart*² gehört zu *tartar*. — *teat*: l. nhd. *zitze*. — *Teutonic*: lat. *Teutones* kommt nicht von ahd. *diot*. — *thane*: die gleichstellung mit *τέκνον* macht doch schwierigkeiten. — *that*: frz. *que*, it. *che*, sp. *que* kommen von lat. *quid*. — *thaw*: l. ae. *thāwian*. — *tilt*¹: ae. *teld* gehört nicht zu lat. *tendere*. — *tilt*²: herleitung von ae. *tealtian* macht lautliche schwierigkeiten. — *tip*⁴: vgl. nhd. *antippen*. — *tor*¹: vgl. nfries. *tor* 'ameisenhügel'. — *totter* hat mit *tolter* nichts zu tun. — *traw* kommt von ae. *trūwian*. — *turn*: l. ae. *thrāwan*. — *twig*¹: die erhaltung des -g ist bemerkenswert. — *twilight*: l. aisl. *ragna rōkkr*. — *uproar*: l. aisl. *hræra*. — *us*: got. *unsis* hat doch mit ae. *ūsic*, ahd. *unsich* nichts zu tun. — *vane*: l. aisl. *fani*. — *veer*²: afrz. *virer* kann nicht von ndd. *vieren* stammen. — *viand*: vgl. ae. *preost* aus *praepositus*. — *viol*: lat. *fides* gehört nicht dazu. — *waft*: l. nl. ndd. *wachten*. — Unter *wag* l. 'D. rumpe-wrikker'. — Unter *wainscot* l. 'Du. *wagen* (schot)', mit gedehntem *ā*. — *walrus*: l. "A. S. *horshwæl*." — *wapentake* ist nordisch, wie der vokal zeigt. —

wassail stammt aus nord. *wes heill!* — *way*: lat. *via* ist fernzuhalten. — *weapon*: gr. *ἔπλον* ist nicht verwandt. — *wee* ist kaum von *weeny* abgeleitet, sondern könnte direkt die schottische form von ne. *woe* (ae. *wā*) sein, vgl. etwa nhd. 'ein häufchen unglück'. — Sollte got. *wīko*, 'woche' nicht eher ein lat. lehnwort sein? — *welcome*: l. 'AS. *wilcuma*'. — Ob *well* wohl zu *wollen* gehört? — Sollte in *whelm* das *m* vielleicht aus *-fn-* entstanden sein? Vgl. nhd. *walmdach*. — *when*: aisl. *hvenar* ist aus *hvenár* entstanden; vgl. ndd. *wannéhr*. — *where*: ahd. *wā* steht für älteres *wār*, *hwār*. — *whet*: nhd. *wetzen* kommt doch nicht von ahd. *was!* — *whether*: das ae. hat auch *hwether*. — *which*: besser war got. *hwileiks* zu vergleichen. — *whinyard* scheint mir mit *weidner* nicht vereinbar. — Unter *whisper* l. nhd. *wispörn*. — *whither* gehört vielmehr zu lat. *quis*, *quid*. — *whitlow* wird mit *outlaw* kaum zusammenhängen. — *who* hat mit nl. *wie*, nhd. *wer*, an. *hverr*, lat. *quis* nichts zu tun. — *wick*²: got. *weihs* ist mit lat. *vīcus* urverwandt, nicht daraus entlehnt! — *wight*² 'tüchtig, tapfer' ist *wight*¹; das adjektiv erklärt sich aus predikativen gebrauch, vgl. nhd. *schade*; an. *vigt* ist fernzuhalten. — Seltsam ist die behauptung, ae. *wille* sei ursprühlich ein prät. gewesen. Es war natürlich ein optat. präs., vgl. got. *wiljou*. — Zu *witch* vgl. nd. *wicken*. — Zu *with* vgl. nhd. *verwittern*. — Beruht der anlaut von *wivern* etwa auf hd. *wurm*? — Unter *woe* l. got. *wai*. — *won't* ist aus me. *wol not* entstanden. — Zu *wool* vgl. noch lat. *lana*. — *wr-* ist noch im nl. und ndd. erhalten. — *wrath* geht auf ae. *wræppu* zurück. — Zu *wright*: l. ahd. *wurhteo*. — Unter *write* l. an. *rita*. — *writhe*: nl. *wrijten* gehört doch nicht dazu! — *wriggle*: erg. nl. *wriggelen*. — *yarn*: l. an. pl. *garnar* und sg. an. *garn*. n. — *yawl* kann nicht von an. *kjóll* stammen. — Das verhältniss von *yawn* zu ae. *gānian* und *geōnian* ist dunkel. — *yclept*: l. ae. *geclipod*. — *yet*: nhd. *jetzt*, *jetzo* ist fern zu halten, da sie auf *hie zuo* beruhen, vgl. das ältere *itzt*. — *you*: auch im nl. ist *du* verschwunden. — *zeal*: *ζῆλος* ist nicht mit *yeast* verwandt.

Kiel.

FERD. HOLTHAUSEN.

English Influence on the French Vocabulary. By PAUL BARBIER.
S. P. E. Tract VII. Clarendon Press. 1922. 3/6 net.

This important study by Paul Barbier contains a list of 623 words which French has borrowed from English. The great merit of this work is the excellent documentation which the author gives. Only few words are given without quotations or references. B. classifies his words according to the sphere in which they are used, under the following six heads: 1. words referring to politics and administration; 2. to religion; 3. to daily life; 4. borrowed from business; 5. nautical terms; 6. scientific terms. He forms a 7th group of words derived from Scotland, America or the English Colonies, whilst an eighth group contains all those words which cannot be classified in any of the other groups.

As a matter of course a list like this cannot be complete. Nor does the author lay claim to this. For those who take sufficient interest in his work to continue the subject, it is a pity that B. does not add an alphabetical list of the words he mentions.

B. sees the principal cause of borrowing in the translations of English books into French. It is an undeniable fact that in most translated books words and expressions occur which have not yet been assimilated by the borrowing language. This is certainly not the case when an English work is

translated into French by a Dutchman. (B. cites the translation of Mandeville by Justus van Effen. p. 9).

No one will be able to assert that all the words mentioned by the author, belong to or have belonged to the French language. It seems to me that words like *bifteck*, *sandwich*, *pickpocket*, *club* with which this is the case, have found their way into French by oral contact between the two nations. It is obvious that this contact was promoted by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and afterwards by the extension of commercial relations and the improvement of means of communication. It would appear to me, however, that B. underestimates the influence of the relations dating from before 1685. Chr. Bastide in his „*Anglais et Français du XVII^e siècle*,” p. 29, refers to Jusserand, *Hist. litt. peuple Anglais*, and says:

„Les rapports entre les deux pays ont été si constants que forcément il s'est opéré dans certaines classes de la société française au moins une légère diffusion de l'anglais. Déjà au moyen âge, les auteurs du Roman de Renart montrent une certaine familiarité avec la langue anglaise. Dans Rabelais, Panurge parle bien anglais.”

Barbier mentions only in passing the marriage of Charles I with the daughter of Henry IV. Bastide speaking of queen Henriette says:

„Elle groupa autour d'elle un certain nombre de Français: des prêtres, des artistes, des musiciens. Déjà la reine Anne, sa belle-mère, avait eu des maîtres de chapelle français.”

And further on: „C'est grâce à la reine Henriette que l'on vit en Angleterre des troupes de comédiens français. La visite de l'une de ces troupes, en 1629, occasionna - - - - -”

I may be permitted to make one more remark in connection with the lists of words B. mentions. For a comprehensive survey it would have been desirable to differentiate between:

1st words taken from English unchanged: e. g. *sandwich*;

2nd English words translated, such as: *tête-ronde*, *franc-maçon*, *libre-penseur*;

3rd those formed from English words by the addition of a French suffix, such as: *highlandais*, *lenticulaire*, *réfracter*.

The remark which B. makes on p. 7 and 11, „*conformité*, *convocation* etc. are of course older in French in their general sense; they are only semantic loan-words,” also holds good for others he adduces, such as: *papier*, *planteur*, *recteur*, *report*, etc. In this connection the following words deserve attention: *budget*, *constable*, *gentleman*, *verdict* etc. which English borrowed from French in the middle ages and which afterwards returned to France altered or unaltered in form or meaning.

J. J. BECKER ELZINGA.

The Infinitive, the Gerund and the Participles of the English Verb.
By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff, 1923. f 4.50, cloth f 5.50.

Although this book is published under a title of its own, it is really an instalment of Poutsma's *Grammar of Late Modern English* begun in 1904. It is, indeed, rather a supplement to the first volume of that work than an independent treatment of the subjects mentioned in the title. And this is quite right, for an independent treatment would have entailed many useless repetitions. Mr. Poutsma's experience seems to support those grammarians who hold that the time-honoured arrangement of our grammars, beginning with a treatment of the parts of speech, to be completed in the chapter on

the structure of the sentence, is not essentially changed, but simply reversed, by those who, attaching importance to theoretical arguments, prefer to start from the sentence.

The book falls into three parts, as shown by the title, the infinitive occupying a hundred pages, the other subjects some seventy each. The pages on the infinitive deal chiefly with the use of *to* and its absence; it would probably be difficult to add anything on this subject. In the sections on the tense and voice of the infinitive the author mentions a point that is generally neglected by grammarians, although examples of the construction had already been collected by Stoffel. I refer to such sentences as the following: *Newcastle takes its name from the castle which was begun to be rebuilt by Rufus*. Poutsma also adds such cases as *No building is allowed to be erected*, etc., but this is a case of a nominative with infinitive, and different from the other example. This difference is best seen when the corresponding active sentences are compared: *Rufus had begun to rebuild the castle*, and *They allowed no building to be erected*. In the former case both the finite verb and the infinitive are active, in the second the infinitive is passive. And the noun that becomes the subject of the passive construction is the object of the infinitive in the former case, the accusative (hardly a real object) of the finite verb (and at the same time the subject of the infinitive) in the second.

The sections on the gerund and the participles are as thorough, and as fully illustrated as we have come to take for granted in any work of Mr. Poutsma, but they do not seem to call for any special comment; the pages on the participles will be familiar to readers of *English Studies*.

K.

Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy. By F. L. LUCAS, B. A. Cambridge University Press, 1922. 136 pp. 7/6 net.

The book under review is not the work of a scholar, but of a literary journalist. The author would have acted wisely had he followed the advice — such as it is — of another literary journalist, Mr. Clutton Brock, who, in a letter published in *The Times Literary Supplement* of December 1, 1921, wrote: "As for histories of the modern drama, they should concern themselves only with good plays and should not be written at all about a time when there were no good plays." They should certainly not be written by minor *littérateurs* out for stylistic effects.

So far from adding anything to the labours of Cunliffe and others who have dealt with Seneca's influence on the Elizabethan stage, Mr. Lucas has only a mild sneer for their painstaking scholarship. He spends nearly one hundred pages of fine writing on the Greek and Roman drama, Seneca the Man, the Tragedies of Seneca, 'Darkness and Dawn', before he comes to Elizabethan Tragedy at all. It would be more or less in the author's vein to say that in the last three dozen pages the proportion of real matter to titles and quotations is about that of one halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack — and this ha'p'orth is mostly borrowed from Ward, Jusserand, Boas and others, with an occasional shrug at Cunliffe and Engel to show the writer's independent attitude. And, with all the assurance of a second-hand historian, he pronounces judgment on questions that are still matter for conjecture, without even the faintest intimation to the unwary reader that *adhuc sub iudice lis est*.

Here is a case in point. On p. 117 Mr. Lucas writes: "Kyd's *Soliman*

and *Persida*, a far weaker play than the *Spanish Tragedy*, tries to make up for it (viz. Senecan influence) by wholesale slaughter. The Chorus is supplied by Fortune, Love and Death, who dispute pre-eminence; as there are no less than eighteen murders in the piece, and only 'supers' survive to carry out the corpses, Death is an easy victor." A few lines higher up we read: "The lost original *Hamlet*, probably by Kyd (1587), his *Soliman and Persida* (1588)," etc. The least mistake in these passages is that the second name in the title should not be spelt *Persida*, but *Perseda*. Such trifles may be beneath the author's notice. But how is it conceivable that he should write "Kyd's *Soliman and Persida*" when the authorship of this tragedy is one of the vexed questions in the history of Elizabethan drama and very far indeed from being settled? The facts are briefly these: *The Tragedie of Soliman and Perseda* is an anonymous play, preserved in two Quartos, the one dated 1599, the other undated. The entry in the Stationers' Register is dated November 22, 1592. On account of certain points of similarity between it and *The Spanish Tragedy* Hawkins, who republished the play in 1773, ascribed it to Kyd — though merely by way of conjecture. This ascription was denied on various grounds by Markscheffel (1885) but vigorously defended by Sarrazin in *Engl. Studien* XV (1891), and afterwards in his book 'Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis' (1892). A trenchant criticism, however, of Sarrazin's theory and method was given by Schick in *Herrig's Archiv* XC (1893), while the view that Kyd was the author had been previously attacked by Schröer in 'Ueber Titus Andronicus' (1891). Ward, in his 'History of English Dramatic Literature', (1899) inclines to Sarrazin's opinion; so does Boas, in his edition of Kyd's works (1901), though he suggests the alternative that *Soliman and Perseda* may be the work of some disciple writing in Kyd's manner. Tucker Brooke (whom Mr. Lucas seems to have read! vid. p. 90) in 'The Tudor Drama' (1911) is even less positive; and the Cambridge History of English Literature (1918) is completely sceptical about the question of authorship. Yet Mr. Lucas coolly — or is it mere ignorance? — writes of "Kyd's *Soliman and Persida*". Add to this that nothing is known for certain about the dates either of the *Ur-Hamlet* or of *Soliman and Perseda*, and that the date now commonly assumed for *The Spanish Tragedy* is 1587, not 1586, as he has it on p. 115 — and it will be seen what are Mr. Lucas' qualifications for writing on Elizabethan Tragedy.

A critic dealing with this book in the latest issue of the *Modern Language Review*, winds up with the remark: "In short, Mr. Lucas' book has nothing for the professed scholar. But it should be an excellent book to put into the hands of the undergraduate who is setting out on the study of modern drama." With all due deference to the reviewer's opinion — he is Prof. C. H. Herford's successor at Manchester — I beg leave to disagree. Nothing should be put into the hands of the undergraduate that cannot stand the test of scholarship. Least of all productions like this, that cloak their unreliability beneath the stylistic effects of literary journalese.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

Measure for Measure. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 7 sh. net:

The fourth volume of the handsome Shakespeare edition published by the Cambridge University Press shows fortunately no falling off from the high standard of excellence attained in its predecessors. Its principal feature, the

extensive Introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, a model of clear and sound critical reasoning, seems to me the best he has yet supplied. After a comparison between the sources and the contents of the play, which once more brings out the extreme importance of Italian influences, Q. puts the questions: What is wrong with this play? and: Where lurks the main flaw, the secret of that dissatisfaction of which we are all conscious as we close the book or come away from the theatre? Most critics, he observes, suspect the mischief to be somewhere or somehow in the bawdry. The refutation of this opinion affords him an opportunity of making some very apposite remarks on the subject in general. He then shows, that in the period to which *Measure for Measure* belongs Shakespeare's attitude in regard to licentious matter has undergone a distinct change and further, that in this period of the great tragedies his attempts at writing a comedy seem somewhat forced and have not been altogether successful. *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*, all three border on tragedy and all three worry us because we understand them imperfectly. We are naturally inclined to suppose some disturbing factor in the poet's life, a love deception possibly. Q. throws out a hint in this direction, but wisely refrains from any further guess-work. The fact, however, that Shakespeare seems, during these years, constantly haunted by the thought of adultery and incontinence in women is significant and leads the writer to a closer investigation into the character of the heroine Isabella, that paragon of purity, on whose righteousness opinions are greatly divided. He will not set himself up for umpire in the dispute. He only tries to show, that Shakespeare failed in making Isabella a consistent character and that this inconsistency — a fault so extremely rare in the plays — is the main cause of our dissatisfaction. "Are we then to suppose," he continues, "that Shakespeare's capacity and judgment had been unhinged for the while by some mysterious dark lady? Before we have recourse to that explanation, it will surely be more economical to find one, if we can, in the text itself." Is is indeed admitted on all hands, that the text as it has come down to us is untrustworthy and full of puzzles. Q's discussion of the two most famous scenes with their strange intermingling of poetry, worthy to rank with the best of *Hamlet* and downright bad and dreary prose, proves more clearly than ever "a clash of two irreconcilable styles and a discordance of invention." The play must have been tampered with by a writer who had but very moderate notions of dramatic art.

Q. leaves the conjectural emendations to his collaborator Dover Wilson, whose contribution "The Copy for *Measure for Measure*" is scarcely less interesting. Two new historic finds, which explain the hitherto obscure passages: 1. 2., 'Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's' etc. and 2. 4. 79—81 . . . , 'As these black masques. . . Proclaim an enshield beauty. . . ' etc., settle the date of *Measure for Measure* beyond reasonable doubt. Another remarkable point to which the author draws attention is the fact that some beautiful blank verse lines may be extracted from the drab prose passages, the most striking instance being the line: 4. 2. 199., 'Look th'unfolding star calls up the shepherd . . . '

Dover Wilson supposes that a reviser hurriedly worked over Shakespeare's verse and expanded it into prose, and after several other interesting inferences comes to the conclusion, that *Measure for Measure* was first abridged for a court performance in 1604 and afterwards filled out again by a prose adapter.

Besides these two articles the volume contains a great many valuable Notes, a Glossary, a few pages on the Stage History of *Measure for Measure* and a very fine reproduction of the portrait of Ben Jonson by Gerard Honthorst

A. G. VAN KRANENDONK.

The Teaching of English. A New Approach, by W. S. TOMKINSON
Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1921. 4/6.

This book breathes the new spirit pervading the teaching of the mother tongue, this term to be understood in the wider sense of the literature as well as the language. Though obviously not of primary interest to the *foreign* language teacher, yet the latter may find plenty of valuable observations on the subject of treating literature in class. The earlier portion of the book, dealing with the teaching of the language (mainly to primary school children) does not come up to the standard of the subsequent chapters. At the outset Mr. Tomkinson emphasizes the importance of oral practice as the natural preparation for composition and I shall be the last to controvert his proposition. However, in elaborating it, the author, owing perhaps to a desire to be complete, is beguiled into discussing subjects his notions of which seem none of the clearest. I will only note one or two remarks out of quite a few that are equally fanciful or puzzling:

Mr. T. urges the teacher to master the art of "nasal production, without the unpleasant nasal quality" which, he assures us, "is the essence of the modern voice methods". I wonder, what "that arch-phonetician" Mr. Daniel Jones (by the way, Mr. T. dubs him David) would think of this elocutionary achievement. Nor do I see the wisdom of making Dr. Bridges' homonyms serve for ear-practice. And what is the good of such vague generalizations as the following: "o's must be open, a's pure, and ee's and u's sustained."

It would not be fair, however, to lay too much stress on the weak spots (most of them in the earlier portion), since they are more than compensated by the really good stuff to be found later on.

In the chapters on Reading (Silent and Aloud), Composition (both Verse and Prose) and Appreciation Mr. T. is in his true element. He profusely illustrates his method from the wealth of material provided to him by his experience in class teaching. Like other advocates of what may be called the new movement in the teaching of English the writer definitely instructs his youngsters how to make verse, and his arguments in defence of it are well worth reading. It is interesting to be shown in detail how the thing is done, starting from preliminary exercises in rhyme and rhythm. A few specimens of original work are attached, one being a ballad of real merit, composed by a girl of fourteen.¹⁾

The author also insists on the *systematic* teaching of prose composition and here again the exposition of his method is quite exhaustive and illuminating. Another important chapter is the one on Appreciation. From it we see how Mr. T. cultivates the critical sense of his young scholars by discussing the aesthetic principle of Order, the use of Repetition, the Figures of Speech, the

¹⁾ It would be a pity to make no mention of the writer's suggestion as to how the 'mood' of a poem may be summoned up or strengthened in the hearer's mind by the aid of music. He refers to Richard Steele as a pioneer in this field. From a suggested list of poems with pieces of music to match I only mention: Sohrab and Rustum — Slow movement from Dvořák's New World Symphony; Keith of Ravelston — Opening movement Pathétique Sonata.

value of fitting Epithets etc., verse form and word music having been treated before. He chooses for an illustration a class discussion of Morte d'Arthur.

To a great extent the book covers the same ground as Mr. Arnold Smith's *Aims and Methods* (reviewed in E. S. I, 153). A notable difference is that, whereas the Dramatic Method figures very prominently in the latter book, Mr. Tomkinson looks upon it with indifference and warns against its pitfalls, particularly when applied to History. He has some acute observations on this point, arguing that "the atmosphere . . . will be falsified and debased. Imagination, by which alone we possess the past, will be overpowered by the crude realism of history in action."

To sum up, *The Teaching of English*, though somewhat unequal, is suggestive in many parts, and there is a literary flavour about the book which makes it pleasant reading. If in a subsequent edition the author could see fit to prune the introductory part rather vigorously, and to generally revise his work, there would be a distinct gain. He might then also attach names to the numerous nameless quotations, which he courteously supposes the reader to be conversant with.

Steenwijk.

C. J. VAN DER WEY.

Religiöses und Kirchliches Leben in England. By OTTO BAUMGARTEN. Leipzig, 1922.

This study, published in the series 'Handbuch der Englisch-Amerikanischen Kultur' ¹⁾ is intended to acquaint the German people, above all German students, with the religious life of the English people. During the world war it became evident that a good deal of misunderstanding and ignorance still prevailed about it, owing to which great mistakes were made on the German side that might have been avoided with a better knowledge of the English mentality.

With a laudable lack of prejudice Prof. Baumgarten deals with the various types of English piety, which he has learned to know and distinguish both by frequent stays in England and intimate intercourse with leading personalities and humble folk, and by a close study of English literature.

After a short survey of English church history, from the early middle ages down to the present day, the author discusses successively the State Church types (ch. 2), the Low Church (ch. 3) and High Church types (ch. 4), the Evangelical (ch. 5) and the Broad Church types (ch. 6), the Methodist (ch. 7), the Puritan (ch. 8), the Baptist (ch. 9), the Chiliastic (ch. 10), the Christian Socialist (ch. 11) and the aesthetic-religious types (ch. 12), winding up in the last chapter by indicating what is characteristically English in the various types of piety. Among these characteristic qualities Prof. Baumgarten reckons dependence on the Bible, a strong propensity for moralising, utilitarianism and a large measure of formality.

This study in which such a concise but at the same time clear picture is drawn of religious life and tendencies in England, will undoubtedly contribute to a better understanding of the English people, both by Prof. Baumgarten's countrymen for whom the booklet was written and by others for whom spiritual life in England was a closed book thus far. Also the English themselves may learn much in this respect from a foreigner who approaches their religious life objectively and psychologically, and profit by many a shrewd remark and characterisation of this able German scholar.

Amersfoort, 12 Dec. 1922.

DR. R. MIEDEMA.

¹⁾ See E. S. Dec. 1922, p. 234

Brief Mention.

The Sentence and its Functional Units. A new method of displaying the relation of words in organised speech. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. A. DARBY, M. A., B. D. London, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1921. 76 p. p. 3/—.

The author of this little book claims that "the principles of sentence-structure embodied in this book are not altogether those commonly accepted". The claim is perfectly just as the reader will see from the following example. The man carrying the parcels passed very quickly: *The man carrying the parcels* — subject — (*passed*, copula — *passed very quickly* — predicate. And in parsing the word *passed* is called an adjective. Some readers will be surprised to hear that every sentence, "if complete", must contain three parts: the subject, the predicate, and — the copula. "Many sentences can be framed which do not, at first sight, appear to present these three elements, for we may frame sentences as follows: — The man runs. The girls laugh. They write. The Copula appears to be missing in such sentences but is not really so".

It is not necessary to make any further quotations. Those who know the elements of formal logic will recognize the source of this 'grammar'. It is the sort of book that might have been written by a real student of language some fifty years ago. Historical students who wish to have an idea of what a grammar based on logic is like will find this book very interesting. But it is naturally not the sort of interest that the writer desires. He does not want his book to be looked at as a curious specimen of bygone times. As a book to be used at the present time, in school or elsewhere, however, we naturally cannot recommend it. The author is clearly a logician, not a student of language. — K.

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The Three Lovers. By FRANK SWINNERTON. 7¼ × 5¼, 333 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

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The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, F.R.S. 9 × 6, xiv + 756 pp. Macmillan and Co. 18s. n.

[Abridged edition. See W. VAN DOORN, *Fruit from the Golden Bough*, E. S. IV, 81 ff.]

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Diss. Amsterdam.

Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, &c. Being Selections from the Remains of HENRY CRABB ROBINSON. Edited by EDITH J. MORLEY. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, xxiii. + 176 pp. Manchester: University Press; London: Longmans. 1922. 7s. 6d. n.

The remains of Crabb Robinson, one of the most conspicuous of social figures and recorders of social history in the first half of the nineteenth century.

William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon. By EMILE LEGOUIS. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xiv. + 146 pp. Dent. 5s. n.

The substance of these pages appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* last spring. Every one is now familiar with the story of Wordsworth's early amour with Annette Vallon, and of his daughter Caroline, at any rate since the publication of Professor Harper's "William Wordsworth" in 1916. The researches of M. Legouis and others have added details to the story; and he is able to give the curious history of the Vallon family, which he compares to a novel by Balzac. The preface states that the story of Wordsworth and Annette is to form the subject of a novel by Mrs. Margaret Woods [T.]

Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play. By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. $9\frac{1}{4} + 6\frac{1}{4}$, xi. + 239 pp. Putnams. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Woolcott, the dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, here collects and surveys the record of Dickens' affection for the theatre and connexion with it. It did not content Dickens, the author declares, to be a novelist. "It is impossible to explore far in the half-shrouded byways of Dickens without surprising again and again this secret of his heart — that he wanted to be an actor." The evidence for this Mr. Woolcott finds in Dickens's correspondence — the Macready letters and many others — from which a liberal selection is made, and in the descriptions of and references to the stage in his novels, long passages from which are quoted. Mr. Woolcott also adds a chapter on the dramatizations of Dickens's works. The book contains several illustrations of Dickens portraits and Dickensian relics such as playbills and lists of stage properties drawn up in Dickens's hand. [T.]

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Contemporary American Literature. Bibliographies and study outlines. By JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY and EDITH RICKERT. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xix. + 188 pp. Harrap. 1922. 5s. net.

The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. By GEORGE N. SHUSTER. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$, xi. + 365 pp. Macmillan and Co. 9s. net.

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By BERNARD SHAW. Now completed to the death of Ibsen. 3rd Edition. $7\frac{1}{4} + 5$, xxiii. + 210 pp. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

Essays and Studies. By Members of the English Association. Vol. VIII. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1922.

The eighth annual of the English Association contains, as usual, several articles of literary criticism. There is a study of *Tragedy*, by JOHN S. SMART; *The Mystical Element in English Poetry* by A. HAMILTON THOMPSON; *Romanticism in the modern world*, by PROF. HERFORD; *Hazlitt* by PROF. KMR. Besides these there is a critical text with commentary of a mock-heroic fifteenth century poem *The Felon Sew*, edited by G. H. COWLING; notes on the *Meanings of Certain Terms in the Anglo-Saxon Charters* by G. B. GRUNDY, and an article on *English Grammar and Grammars* to which we refer in our Notes and News.

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Hali Meidenhad. An alliterative homily of the Thirteenth Century. From MS. Bodley 34 Oxford and Cotton MS. Titus D. 18 British Museum. Edited by the late F. J. FURNIVALL. Being a revised edition of No. 18 of the original series, *Hali Meidenhad*, from MS. Cotton Titus D. xviii. Edited by OSWALD COCKAYNE. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 116 pp. For the Early English Text Society. Milford. 1922. 12s. net.

An Enquiry on a Psychological Basis into the Use of the Progressive Form in Late Modern English. By J. VAN DER LAAN. 1922. pp. 135.
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English Synonyms explained and illustrated. By J. H. A. GÜNTHER. 4th ed. Wolters, 1922. pp. VII + 575. f 5.90. [A review will appear.]

The Infinitive, the Gerund and the Participles of the English Verb. By H. POUTSMA. V + 240 pp. 16×24 c.M. Noordhoff, 1923. f 4.50, geb. f 5.50 [See Review.]

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A History of the Cambridge University Press, 1521-1921. By S. C. ROBERTS, M.A. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ ×6, xv.+190 pp. Cambridge. 17s. 6d. n.

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A History of the Perse School, Cambridge. By J. M. GRAY. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ×5 $\frac{1}{2}$, vi.+161 pp. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d. n.

A scholarly history of the ancient school founded by Stephen Perse, physician, of Cambridge, who died in 1616. [T.]

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Le Flambeau. 31 Juillet—31 Août 1922. Abel Le franc, Le Secret de William Stanley (I, II).

Notes on Macaulay.

The characteristics of Macaulay's prose writings, their manliness, sincerity, clearness, their wealth of illustrations and abundance of detail, have often been enumerated. Their faults, indeed, are so numerous and conspicuous that one is apt to forget in analysing his compositions that the biographer of Addison and of Clive is a great and brilliant writer. We marvel at the stupendous power that must always have been at his disposal to keep up to the last page that peculiar old-fashioned excellence, that intensity of attention and expression, that profusion of imagery which marked the opening paragraph. Never, throughout his essays, as full of various information as an egg is full of meat (and for the inordinate length of which he had repeatedly to apologize to his editors) is there any sign of flagging. Sidney Smith, a virile writer, whose treatises show many points of resemblance, was a weakling, compared with this intellectual athlete; Coleridge's dissertations, though sounding far greater depths, are dull, involved and inconclusive; de Quincey, when uninspired, writes page after page of mere twaddle; Lamb seems a trifler. Macaulay, easily victorious in all his undertakings, has no rivals in constructive grasp, in masterly execution, in his supreme art of dovetailing paragraphs. There are few writers who so powerfully impress us with the sense of their superiority. The audacious plan and microscopic finish of the History, the Victorian soundness and the panoramic vision of his richly illuminated Essays, the clarity and sustained force of his rhetorical prose, the unwavering conviction of his critical estimates and ideas suggest a powerful and universal mind, which has probed all things within human ken. An innate, titanic force propels his lucid sentences. There are no clumsy transitions and no obscure passages. He has evidently not read up his subject to write about it and his ideas have not ripened while he was composing. But he exhibits his overwhelming and long-familiar erudition with masterly craft and the almost playful ease of an expert stylist. Macaulay is a great teacher and in spite of spontaneity and virtuosity his structures have the characteristics of massive build and imposing, though somewhat old-fashioned, grandeur. Descriptions, expositions, reflections, arguments all seem flawless and final. Nevertheless it is clear upon a little consideration that our respect and admiration are chiefly induced by the author's deep-rooted self-confidence. The fault we find with most modern thinkers (blaming ourselves the while for being unreasonable) is their apologetic attitude of mind; the frank or implied confession that their philosophic quest has been in vain. None has solved the haunting enigma of life. But about Macaulay there is no half-heartedness. For him there are no social problems and no metaphysical mysteries. He has known no struggles of the soul, no contrition, no devastating passions; above all he has never doubted the palpable correctness of his own views. He has one unshifting point of view whence the Universe looked intelligible and transparent to him and, therefore, there is an enviable repose and equilibrium about all his writings. His soul has never yearned for something higher than his own achievements. Nothing could ever shake his convictions, confound, surprise, disillusion him. In his conception of life all had been foreseen and arranged, fathomed and appraised. There were precedents and rules of conduct, acknowledged duties, a code of morality and "honour". He had his unalterable opinions and methods. His information had been boiled down to ever accessible facts and figures. His simplicity of outlook is incredible and he staggers even sincere admirers

with some critical enormity like the following. "Mr. Southey is . . . utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood." What a childish conception of man's mind and its organs and of the meaning of the word "truth" a thinker must have to write this egregious dictum.

He took the greatest pains not only to be intelligible, but also to be amusing. "Obscurity and affectation" he writes, "are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle at any cost which produces affectation in the manner of a writer, is likely to produce sophistry in his reasonings." His nephew tells us that it was Macaulay's ambition to write a history which every young lady would read in preference to the latest novel, and we know that he "really prized" a vote of thanks from Manchester "for (his) having written a history which working men can understand." It is, indeed, impossible even for the dullest or most careless reader to misunderstand him. He formulates the simplest proposition several times, proves it over and over again and illustrates it with a number of examples, often of the most homely and familiar type. In discussing the inductive method in philosophy he makes his "plain man" reason thus. "I ate minced pies on Monday and Wednesday, and I was kept awake by indigestion all night. I did not eat any on Tuesday and Friday and I was quite well. It cannot have been the brandy which I took with them. For I have drunk brandy daily for years without being the worse for it." etc. Here is an instance of redundancy. "It is," he says of one of Milton's Latin writings, "well written though not exactly in the style of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not, in short, sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements." He never scruples to write the baldest truism, if it may serve as a link in some involved argument. "In nations broken to the curb, in nations long accustomed to be transferred from one tyrant to another, a man without eminent qualities may easily gain supreme power."

He rarely wrote except about subjects with which he had long been familiar and only when some event had called public attention to them. "The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint, until they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood." And he could not rest, writes Trevelyan, until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence. His pages are full of bright things, a remarkable anecdote, a memorable metaphor, a startling paradox, a cutting bit of sarcasm. The melancholy of Dante "resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey"; he tells of "writers compared with whom Lucian and Gulliver were veracious, liars by double right, as travellers and as Jesuits." "So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind that it not only was not suffocated beneath the fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance" — a fine metaphor, which might with perfect justice be applied to himself. Of course, his colours are often too glaring. "Milton retired to his hovel to die." Charles the First's "most attached councillors turned away with shame and anguish from his false and hollow policy." In the famous essay on Addison Macaulay notices "the advantage which in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the

general." Of this advantage, which he may frequently have found in Hazlitt, he availed himself with great felicity. "It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust."

The unique lucidity of Macaulay's prose amply repays the trouble of a little analysis. It may be partly explained by his purely intellectual attitude of mind as a writer, and partly by the fact that he solely addresses himself to the reader's understanding. It is not hard to explain what is meant by a purely intellectual attitude of mind. Our whole life is a protracted conquest of sub-conscious inner regions by the mind. A man of culture constantly directs his attention to his inner life and by a slow process of introspection strives to observe, to distinguish and to give names to its various phenomena. He learns, for instance "to explain" a vague dislike of some person of his acquaintance by discovering certain definite repulsive qualities, such as the man's insincerity or stinginess, or may be, his aquiline nose or the colour of his eyelashes. Intellectual people feel the need of reducing the whole world to a vast mental diagram, which is ever growing more complete. Macaulay has mapped out his universe, down to the minutest details. He has divided and subdivided, grouped and classified his material with unusual comprehensiveness. When professor Heymans of Groningen University began his researches in the field of "special" psychology, he had lists of character qualities printed, after each of which his students were to note down coefficients for each "object" they studied. Of these lists one is frequently reminded in reading Macaulay. Repeatedly we find characterizations like these. "A sensible man, of powerful and independent mind." "A candid enemy, sagacious, adventurous, intrepid." He distinguishes intellect, morals, temper, spirits, wit, ingenuity, imagination and the like as a botanist counts petals and stamens. His criticism follows the same method. "The version (of some translation) is not very easy or elegant, but it possesses clearness and fidelity." He mentions languages "from which either pleasure or information may be derived". A certain style has "grace, energy, music"; another is "weighty and massive." Somebody's eloquence is "not florid or impassioned, but grave and sober." All life is dissected, labelled and shelved. For him there is an official standard of excellence for all things and it is the censor's duty to enforce it. He has due respect for his ancestors, who have bought the blessing of "liberty, security, toleration" with their blood. He is as rich in strings of abstract nouns as Victor Hugo. "Fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation and mercy." Society requires "a system of justice and order." "National honour should be upheld abroad." Life has "its private calamities, temptations, dangers." "We must not abandon eternal principles for accidental associations." His man of culture is a regular clock-work figure equipped with learning, accomplishments, judgment, sensibility, taste, doctrines, maxims, first principles, estimable and ornamental qualities, breeding, "law and punctilio," elegant amusements, fortune, dignities, family ties, friendships; or stained with vices, crimes, folly, errors, appetites, evil passions, as the case may be. His descriptions of "external appearance" are enumerations of features according to pattern. "Ample and majestic foreheads, brows strong and dark, but not frowning, eyes of which the calm full gaze while it expresses nothing seems to discern everything, cheeks pale with thought and sedentary habits, lips formed with feminine delicacy but compressed with more than masculine decision."

The danger of such intellectualism is very evident. To reason in detail about life in abstractions would require universal knowledge and perfect dialectic powers. A mental diagram of the phenomenal world is, at best, but a very defective and coarse reflexion of reality. It is manifestly and painfully incomplete. Natural science proceeds in the same way, but its aims are far more modest and attainable. Yet even a chemical formula represents but partially the reactions that are actually taking place in the test-tube or crucible, and when we have to deal with such complicated and enigmatic beings as living men and women, their nature, relations and activities, even the most erudite sagacious author blunders hopelessly.

Macaulay had no high opinion of Montesquieu's merits as a political philosopher. "Specious but shallow, studious of effect, indifferent to truth, eager to build a system, but careless of collecting those materials out of which alone a sound and durable system can be built, the lively President constructed theories as rapidly and as slightly as card-houses," says the critic with his usual rhetorical energy in the essay on Machiavelli. Yet it requires very little perspicacity in the student to discover the great debt which Macaulay owes Montesquieu. We have only room for a single quotation from *"l'Esprit des Lois,"* but it suffices to show the curious results to which the 18th century method of logical inference from decidedly insufficient data led. In the chapter entitled "*Les pays ne sont pas cultivés en raison de leur fertilité, mais in raison de leur liberté,*" it says: "*Il est naturel qu'un peuple quitte un mauvais pays pour en chercher un meilleur, et non pas qu'il quitte un bon pays pour en chercher un pire. La plupart des invasions se font donc dans les pays que la nature avait faits pour être heureux; et, comme rien n'est plus près de la dévastation que l'invasion, les meilleurs pays sont le plus souvent dépeuplés, tandis que l'affreux pays du nord reste toujours habité, par la raison qu'il est presque inhabitable.*" The reader will perceive that the conclusion itself is not illogical. But how can a philosopher and man of the world trust to results derived from a few ill-verified observations which a truly critical mind would reject even when based upon the most extensive geographical, anthropological, historical and psychological learning.

In his earlier essays, notably in the afore-mentioned essay on Machiavelli, Macaulay makes copious use of the same synthetic method. Some traces of democracy, he says, lingered in Lombardy and Tuscany when the rest of western Europe was ruled by the nobles. "A people when assembled in a town, is far more formidable to its rulers than when dispersed over a wide extent of country." The observation is so evidently just that we forget to ask, if, then, there were no towns in the rest of Europe. The reputation of Montesquieu is explained in a few sentences. "He caught the eye of the French nation, at the moment when it was waking from the long sleep of political and religious bigotry; and, in consequence, he became a favourite." If Cromwell the younger had not been such a weak character, his father's institutions would have been preserved to this very day! Such were the random assertions that, in spite of the common experience of ages, passed muster as logical deductions.

Another danger of intellectualism is that its expression so easily degenerates into rhetoric, especially if its author is fond of grandiloquent phrases and images, as Macaulay certainly was. The modern essayist whose object is to make his readers feel as well as think, is far less likely to forget the world of reality which his words can but faintly represent — than a dealer in in abstractions. Rhetoric is defined as fine words without conviction or

earnest feeling. A rhetorician is essentially an untruthful man. Yet we can understand perfectly what Matthew Arnold meant by calling Macaulay, who was the soul of honesty, a rhetorician. For his sentences and periods flow so smoothly that it frequently seems the words come of their own accord and the craftsman appears so frigid and aloof that one is tempted to question his sincerity. Still such impressions may be very misleading. There is no more rhetorical, no more artificial among all Byron's minor pieces than the notorious "Fare thee well." Yet the emotions which inspired the poem were genuine and deep as his contemporary letters and diary entries conclusively prove. To the indolent, however, "mental" prose has one advantage over "impassioned" prose: it keeps the student constantly employed on one identical level of his being; there is no tiresome shifting of the attention from ideas to sentiment. Macaulay's reader surveys the world as from some mountain, like the gods of old, beyond the reach of earthly passion or emotion.

It is very necessary to explain what is meant by "mental" prose, by saying that Macaulay addresses himself only to the reader's mind. It was the only mode of expression during the greater part of the 18th century; and the new prose which has been invading all literature ever since Burke and Chateaubriand marks a novel phase in the growth of sensitive man. The older school to which Macaulay almost entirely belonged makes us understand facts. Its function is to collect the essence of a host of inner experiences in a convenient formula. The reader receives the cipher, the skeleton, knowing quite well what it represents, but does not trouble to "live" it, to realize it imaginatively. All thinking at bottom is but a makeshift to command a multitude of untractable, unco-ordinated facts pertaining to real life — and to manipulate them; and all abstract writing is a code for communicating such formulae. It is, therefore, a convenient but necessarily roundabout way of transmitting knowledge. But no one — outside the sphere of science — is content to live in a world of formulae, in pictures, instead of in the world of living passions, moods and intuitions. Therefore the later prose tries to operate directly. A word represents an idea, but it may also affect our feelings immediately and appeal to the imaginative sensibility. The 19th century authors frequently choose their words so, and arrange the music of their sentences in such a manner that they actually create in their readers even the most subtle, evanescent emotions.

A few illustrations may make this necessary bit of analysis intelligible. "George of Trebisonde and Marsilio Ficino," says Macaulay, "would not easily have been brought to believe that the inventor of the printing-press had done more for mankind than themselves, or than those ancient writers of whom they were the enthusiastic votaries." This is Macaulay's Marsilio Ficino: a rather silly and pedantic votary of ancient writers. We read, understand and pass on unmoved. But who can read Walter Pater's sketch of Ficino without becoming aware of a dreamlike world of strangely beautiful presences, suggested rather than called up by the languid flow of carefully modulated sentences? "And now the scholar rested from his labour; when there was introduced into his study, where a lamp burned continually before the bust of Plato . . . a young man, not unlike the archangel Raphael, as the Florentines of that age depicted him. During this conversation Ficino formed the design of devoting his remaining years to the translation of Plotinus, that new Plato, in whom the mystical element . . . has been worked out to the utmost limit of vision and ecstasy."

Or again compare Macaulay's description of Westminster Hall, opening

that truly magnificent piece of rhetoric, Warren Hasting's trial at the bar of the House of Peers, with de Quincey's night at Shrewsbury.

"The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law."

To Macaulay the moment of the famous trial had its peculiar solemnity, which was heightened by "military and civil pomp", and the historical associations of the scene were, as always, present to the eye of his mind. But the past had no mystery for him; mankind as seen through the hallowing vistas of many centuries was mankind of his own day, and the destiny of individuals, no more than the destiny of nations, was simply the outcome of certain well-known forces operating according to familiar laws, which had nothing of a brooding fatality, or poetical retribution in them. To de Quincey the outward appearances of things are but like so many windows through which we catch a significant glimpse of an unfathomable universe alive with occult happenings springing from hidden causes.

"This single feature of the rooms — their unusual altitude, and the echoing hollowness which had become the exponent of that altitude — this one terrific feature (for terrific it was in effect) together with crowding and evanescent images of the flying feet that so often had spread gladness through these halls on the wings of youth and hope at seasons when every room rang with music — all this, rising in tumultuous vision, whilst the dead hours of night were stealing along, all around me — household and town — sleeping, and whilst against the windows more and more the storm outside was raving, threw me into the deadliest condition of nervous emotion and I saw London expanding her visionary gates to receive me, like some dreadful mouth of Acheron."

And yet Macaulay's purple patches are as beautiful in their own way as both de Quincey's and Pater's. The famous passage about Warren Hastings' knowledge of India is a marvel of craftsmanship. It might be compared to a base relief carved in oak, without a trace of the mellowing influence of time (in blurred outline or ripened colour of worm-eaten wood) but bold, clear-cut and vigorous.

It has been frequently observed, sometimes with quite unnecessary acrimony, that Macaulay was no original or profound thinker. He probably knew this quite well himself, for he was a truly modest man who fully knew the limitations of his peculiar genius. "I have done my best", he writes to Napier, "to ascertain what I can and what I cannot do". "I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, I am nothing if not critical. The case with me is directly the reverse. . . . Such books as Lessing's *Laocoön*, such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in *Wilhelm Meister*, fill me with wonder and despair." He was, at any rate, a man of many thoughts, which sometimes rose to the dignity of ideas.

No one outside his family circle has ever known his opinions on religious matters. His reticence in this respect was very remarkable. His view of

metaphysics, according to his biographer was much like Voltaire's in *Zadig*: "Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu'on a su dans tous les âges, — c'est à dire, fort peu de chose." Although he violently attacked Mill in his younger days, he was a utilitarian at heart. In this connection the essay on Bacon is enlightening. The speculative paragraphs amount to a panegyric on utility and progress. Multiplying human enjoyment and mitigating human suffering are the true objects of philosophy, science, legislation, morals. The ancients desired to be independent of comfort and to disregard misery. But their sages did not live according to their own precepts and their discourses effected nothing. An ordinary shoemaker may look back on a life better spent. "It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry." Plato's philosophy begins and ends in words. To elevate the mind in order to contemplate abstract, essential, eternal truth; to withdraw the mind from the visible and tangible world and fix it on the immutable essence of things seemed hateful cant to the Victorian essayist. "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." All this, of course, is most unjust. The ancients regarded philosophy as a discipline and not as a science. They advocated a special control and training of the passions and of the mind, not for moral or social ends, but as part of a necessary system of higher culture preliminary to various religious initiations. It seems curious that a classical scholar like Macaulay should not have known this; and curious, too, that the mere poetical appeal of Platonist writings should have had no effect on the ardent admirer of Milton. But he was a utilitarian in all matters regarding the conduct of life and there is a distinctive note of broad and tender benevolence in his rather crude materialism, that is strangely touching and endearing. Such ordinary habits as eating and drinking, "lighting fires in cold weather", acquire an unlooked-for, quiet dignity when he writes about them. The author's whole-hearted generosity unwittingly hallows "corks for learning to swim" and garden chairs for invalids. "That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the *Timæus* without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English School of wisdom altogether rejected."

Macaulay did not believe in metaphysics as an avenue to truth; indeed he had no patience with speculation of any sort. "What is the highest good, whether pain be an evil, whether all things be fated, whether we can be certain of any thing, whether we can be certain that we are certain of nothing, whether a wise man can be unhappy, whether all departures from right be equally reprehensible.... this sort of philosophy, it is evident, could not be progressive." In the essay on Ranke the same thought is fully worked out. "All the great enigmas which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages. The ingenuity of a people just emerging from barbarism is quite sufficient to propound them. The genius of Locke or Clarke is quite unable to solve them." "Natural theology, then, is not a progressive science." Kant's critique of cognition should suffice to refute such assertions, but Macaulay's sturdy common sense heartily despised the German's inevitable jargon. He notes in his diary (November 23, 1848): "I received to-day a translation of Kant from Ellis's friend at Liverpool. I tried to read it, but found it utterly unintelligible, just as if it had been written in Sanscrit.... I can understand Cicero's *Academics*, and most of Plato: and it seems odd

that in a book on the elements of metaphysics by a Liverpool merchant I should not be able to comprehend a word."

But the case for Christianity is different. It is, to his mind, a practical religion and it promotes the "well-being of the human race." It sanctions "everything which promotes happiness and virtue." It is a pure, merciful religion to the evidences of which the highest intellects have yielded. Its morality is benevolent and exquisitely adapted to the human heart, "the facility with which its scheme accomodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave." (Essay on Southey). All this does not alter the fact that we are reasonable creatures, says Macaulay, and in theological matters have to argue from observed facts. If we trust that God will avert some threatening calamity, we should not forget that he has permitted a good many calamities to scourge our faulty race. "We, too, rely on his goodness not in extraordinary interpositions, but in those general laws which it has pleased him to establish in the physical and in the moral world." Reformation is "that impetuous and appalling rush with which the human intellect moved forward in the career of truth and liberty." The doctrines of the Reformers are agreeable to reason and to revelation (Essay on Bacon). His ideal Christian is "rationally pious".

Literary criticism was not Macaulay's forte. A critic who ignored Carlyle and Ruskin, who pronounced Wordsworth's "Prelude" to be an endless wilderness of dull, flat, prosaic twaddle and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the most valuable addition which America had made to English literature, cannot hope for mercy at the hands of posterity. Macaulay the pleasant and witty versifier (as he proves to be in his letters and occasional pieces), the writer of stirring and polished ballads, was not, of course, a poet at all in the modern sense. He is not outraged by what is ugly and vulgar in real life. In this respect his article on Southey is instructive. Southey, says Macaulay, judges of a theory, a public measure, a religion or a political party, peace or war, as men judge of a picture or a statue, by the effect produced on his imagination. But a philosopher should have opinions based on reasoning. Southey hates the factory system which forces men to lead lives of monotonous toil and to live in naked cottages, all in a row. The old cottages had ornamented chimneys, low slate roofs covered with lichens and mosses; hedges of clipt box enclosed the little patch of flower garden and the orchard had its banks of daffodils and snowdrops. Macaulay on the other hand proves that the poor rates are lower in manufacturing than in agricultural districts and concludes that the people in the former are better fed, lodged, clothed and better attended in sickness. The Whig M. P. is too much a man of affairs to care about "external beauty" where economic progress is evident. The great socialists of the later Victorian era held greatly different opinions. Macaulay is never enthusiastic about natural scenery, although he manages topographical descriptions with consummate literary tact. The charm of blending or contrasted colours, the sculptural element, chiaroscuro, grouping, drapery, all that delights the painter in the tangible world, remained a mystery to him. But it is obviously unjust to say that he did not understand great poetry. The essay on Milton is worth studying. His contention that as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines, though plausibly presented, rather surprises us in a contemporary of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Byron. But it cannot be denied that he very happily defined at least one essential component of Milton's power. "The effect of Milton's poetry is produced, not so much

by what it expresses, as by what it suggests, not so much by ideas expressed as by others connected with them. This poetry has an occult power. New forms of beauty start at once into existence and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead." And he goes on to illustrate his point with his usual brilliance. No man who is not sensitive to the most impalpable influences of poetry could have written the passage. Nevertheless it must be granted that he equally enjoyed reading the most trashy novels "weeping copiously" as he notes in his diary. "Eugene Sue has quite put poor Plato's nose out of joint." Indeed, he seems to have regarded sentimentality as an honourable distinction.

There was one department of literature — for as such it was reckoned in his day — in which in spite of all deductions he was truly eminent. His views on historical writing have often been quoted.

"History, at least in its state of ideal perfection is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. But, in fact, the two hostile elements of which it consists have never been known to form a perfect amalgamation; and, at length, in our own time, they have been completely and professedly separated. Good histories, in the proper sense of the word, we have not. But we have good historical romances, and good historical essays."

In the same essay on Hallam he sketches such an ideal history. "To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belong to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist. On the other hand, to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, to trace the connection of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom, has become the business of a distinct class of writers." His bold attempt to unite the two functions of a historian is called *The History of England*.

F. HOPMAN.

On the Old English Fracture of *a* before *l* followed by a consonant.

In *English Studies*, vol. iv, p. 93 ff., Miss Serjeantson, of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, deals among other problems with the fracture of *a* before *l* + a consonant. The conclusions she arrives at differ in some important respects from my own in *Contributions to the History of Old English Dialects* (Lund 1917). Thus she concludes from her material that fracture did not take place in Dorset, Gloucester, Worcester, Warwick, that it was introduced into Kentish from Essex, and that it took place also in Cambridge and Suffolk. I do not think these conclusions are warranted by the material. The method adopted is open to criticism.

Miss Serjeantson alludes (§ 5) to the possibility that Old English charters

may not "reflect the ordinary language of the districts to which they belong". But "as the old Suffolk and Surrey charters contain so many features evidently characteristic of the local dialects there is no reason why the charters of Worcester or Gloucester or Hampshire should not be equally reliable". However, even if the early Surrey charters are in genuine Surrey dialect, it does not of course follow that later charters, that is, charters written after the West Saxon dialect had come to be recognized as the standard, are equally to be trusted. And if some charters show marked dialectal, non-West-Saxon features, it would be rash to conclude that all O. E. charters can be implicitly trusted from a dialectal point of view. In the second section (p. 191 ff.) Miss Serjeantson frequently has recourse to West-Saxon influence to explain forms in early charters not written in Wessex.

It must not be taken for granted that a charter by which land in a certain county is granted away must have been written in that county. It is important to note who the grantor was. This important circumstance is totally neglected by Miss Serjeantson. Thus Kemble 563 (= Birch 1266 f.) contains a confirmation by King Edgar of the establishment by Athelwold, bishop of Winchester, of Benedictines at Ely. This charter is one of those which Miss S. takes to prove fracture in Cambridgeshire. The charter was issued at Wulfamere (perhaps Woolmer in Hants). The language, as might be expected, is purely West-Saxon (cf. e.g. *ælmih̄tigum*, *gewylt* (from *wealdan*), *ræt*, *igland*, *forlæten*, *mæden* 'maiden', *eac*, *geecnode*). No doubt the charter was written by the King's clerks in the royal chancery. It is irrelevant for our purpose. The same is true of Miss Serjeantson's second Cambridge charter, which is also one of Edgar's, Birch 1305. On Kemble 874 and 875 see *infra* under Suffolk charters.

In the case of charters issued by local people it is important to establish whether or no there are any other dialectal features in the language that point to influence from other dialects. A typical example is offered by Miss Serjeantson's third (and last) Cambridge charter (Birch 1306). This contains a grant by a local magnate, but there are other (West-)Saxon features in its language, as *ælbrede* (<-*brezde*), *ælbreden*, *eac*; *lið* 'lies', *ic cype*. On *gehyrsum*, *alysednesse* Miss S. says herself, p. 191, that we cannot take these seriously. Evidently the *ea*-forms need not be taken any more seriously. In my opinion no proof has been brought forward of fracture having taken place in Cambridgeshire.

Many of the charters consulted contain no other material than personal names. These must be used with caution, especially when they are not in the text, but in the list of witnesses. A witness who wrote his own name would employ his usual spelling, and he might insist on this being used even if he did not write his name with his own hand. In the Kentish charter O. E. T. 33 (803) are found a few personal names with *a* before *l*-groups. All are those of witnesses. Aldulsus (!) was bishop of Lichfield, while Alhheard was bishop of Elmham (East Anglia) and Ealhmund bishop of Winchester. These prove nothing for Kentish sound-history. There are further in the charter two names in *-bald* (admittedly a type of little importance) and one Alhmund, which may be relevant. — It should also be remembered that names and name-elements wander from one district to another. A typical instance is the common Old English *Ælf*-, which is an Anglian form.

The conclusion that fracture took place in Suffolk is founded in the first place on the well-known charters of Æthelfled and Ælfled (Birch 1288 f.). We are not told on what grounds these charters are referred to Suffolk; perhaps the reason is simply that Sweet (Second A. S. Reader) states they

are Suffolk texts. I see no valid reason for this attribution. The fact that the charters seem to be copies made out for the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk is not proof enough; with equal reason one of Miss S.'s Cambridge charters (Birch 1306; cf. § 23), which seems to be an exemplification for preservation by the Westminster Abbey scriptorium, may be looked upon as a specimen of the London dialect. In my opinion the charters are in Essex dialect.

Ælfled was widow of Byrhtnoth, the famous alderman of Essex. He was a great landowner; his widow's will enumerates some 21 manors in Essex, some 12 in Suffolk and a few in other counties. Ælfled's *morgengifu* was Rettendon in Essex. We do not know if she continued to live in Essex after her husband's death, but I see no reason to doubt that she did. Her will would probably be drawn up in Essex.

It is more difficult to judge of Æthelfled's charter. She was widow of King Edmund I, and we know nothing of her life after her husband's death. She owned large estates, some 9 being in Essex, while some 7 or 8 were in Suffolk, and some in other counties. She left a great part of her property to her sister Ælfled and her brother-in-law. Possibly she took up her abode in Essex, perhaps with her sister, when her husband died.

It seems to me strong arguments must be brought forward in support of the theory that the charters are Suffolk rather than Essex ones, especially as their language is obviously Saxon, not Anglian (e. g. *ylðran*, *gæhyrð*, *nearca*, *bæahges*, *beagas*; *stent*, *rest*, 'rests'; *ic bidde*).

Kemble 874 and 875, which are held to prove fracture in Suffolk, are charters issued by Edward the Confessor. They are both written in pure West Saxon and are irrelevant.

Miss S. thinks fracture did not take place in Dorset (or at least part of it). It is then curious that fracture is well evidenced in Dorset in Middle English times (§ 55) and remains longer there than in most other counties (§ 8). The theory is based on Kemble 260 (A. D. 847). This charter has 4 *ea* (Miss S. forgets one *weal* and makes the number 3) against 5 *a*. This does not seem very conclusive, especially as two of the *a*-forms are names in *-bald*, *-wald*, while the two *Alhstans* are witnesses. The only remaining instance is *alda*, which occurs in *se alda suinhaga*; *a* may be due to the position after *e*.

The charter is one by King Æthelwulf of Wessex, who grants to himself 20 hides called *Homme*. The charter was witnessed at Dorchester in Dorset, which does not prove that it is in the Dorset dialect. As will be seen the charter is not satisfactory proof that fracture did not take place in Dorset.¹⁾

Incidentally a few words may be said on the Ham mentioned in the charter. The place was near the sea and a river Avon. So Ham in Wilts cannot be meant. Of the present Avons only the two in S. W. Hants fall into the sea. If Ham was on one of them the charter refers to Hants. But no Ham is now known in this part of Hants. There is a Ham, however, in Gloucester on the Little Avon, which falls into the Severn estuary. I suppose this is the place meant; the Severn estuary may have been referred to as the sea.

We come to Gloucester, Worcester and Warwick. Miss S. here forgets the important fact that the counties were annexed at a very early date by Mercia.

¹⁾ Kemble 741, quoted in § 37, has fracture regularly. *Wale*, given as an example of unfractured *a*, is not a case in point; see Bosworth-Toller under *walu*. The charter refers to Dorset, but is of doubtful value, being a royal charter (Cnut A. D. 1024).

Several of the early charters adduced are those of Mercian kings, are stated to be in Mercian hands, and contain Mercian dialect forms. Thus O. E. T. 9 (736) is by Æthelbald; 14 and 15 (779, 791—6) are by Offa; Kemble 237 is by Wiglaf, Kemble 243 by Berhtwulf, Birch 513 by Burgred, all kings of Mercia. Mercian forms are e.g. *-berht* (O. E. T. 14), *siollanne*, *aec*, *aelmaehtigan* (Kemble 243), *berh*, *berge*, *strete* (Birch 513).

Charters issued by Uhtred, subking of the Hwicce (O. E. T. 13) or by the bishops of Worcester may seem more trustworthy. But even in the case of such Mercian influence is plausible. Letters from the royal court would be constantly received by the local authorities and would be taken as patterns by them. The 8th and 9th century charters, moreover, are very short; they contain, of examples in point, a few personal names and one place-name (*Oymedes hah*). The charters have a few other Mercian forms (as *Berhtuuald* O. E. T. 10, *Ecg-*, *Ciolberht*, *Dæhheh* Birch 490). The regular *a*-forms found in these early charters, under the circumstances, prove little or nothing as regards the early dialect of Gloucester, Worcester and Warwick. With the 10th century the material becomes fuller and *ea*-forms often appear, but now West Saxon influence is plausible. The charter that has most material, moreover, Kemble 570, was issued by King Edgar. Incidentally I remark that Miss S. does not do quite full justice to the *ea*-forms in the last-mentioned charter. She omits at least 6 examples of *healh* and 2 *weal-*.¹⁾ The two examples of *fald* should be eliminated.

I do not think the O.E. material throws much light on the early dialect of Gloucester etc. The M.E. material shows that the language at least of Gloucester and Worcester was on the whole South-Western (West Saxon) but that fracture apparently did not take place. Robert of Gloucester has forms such as *calf*, *holde*, *old*. But there are also forms that point to fracture, viz. such as *fulle*, *fulde* 'fell, felled' (O.E. *fiellan*) Rob. Gl., *uldere*, *uldest* 'elder, eldest', Rob. Gl. MS. α. Both the types *calf*, *holde* and *fulle*, *uldere* cannot be the genuine forms of the same dialect. I take it that the fractured forms are the genuine Gloucester forms, while *calf*, *holde* are imported Mercian forms. The place name Chauson proves that fracture once took place in Worcester. This renders it likely that also Gloucester once had it, though it was later displaced in most cases by Mercian unfractured forms. It is quite possible that introduction of forms like *calf*, *haldan* took place before the beginning of the middle English period.

The Kentish material offers particular difficulties. The earliest charters have no certain instances of fracture; yet *aeldredi*²⁾ in O.E.T. 4 (A.D. 679) is probably an attempt at rendering a form *Ealdred* (Chadwick, *Studies in Old English*, p. 183). The charters before 800 contain of examples in point only a few personal names: *bercuald*, *aldhodi* 679, *berhtuualdus* 700 or 715, *balthhardi*, *dunualhi*, *duunualan*, *aldberhti* 740.³⁾ Here *a* may be due to Mercian influence, but there is also another possibility to be reckoned with. It is of importance that all occur in Latinized forms, which may have *a* instead of *ea* partly because Latin had no *ea*, partly owing to Continental influence. There are other curious forms in these charters, as *berht-*, *bernhaerdi* with *e* instead of *eo*. The first may be due to Mercian influence, but hardly the latter. Finally, Miss S. has overlooked the fact that O.E.T. 8 (770) has a fractured form: *uwealhhunes*.

¹⁾ The passage is corrupt; Birch has *Wealthgeate* (2).

²⁾ Omitted by Miss Serjeantson.

³⁾ Miss S. gives the date wrongly as 770 and the forms incorrectly as *ald-*; *-uualth* (2).

In the 9th century charters *a*-forms are well evidenced, but they do not preponderate quite so much as Miss S. would have us believe. In two cases forms from the same charter are given twice. O.E.T. 34 and Kemble 191 are identical; *alre*, *halfe* are quoted from both, while *Wealh* is omitted. O.E.T. 38 and Kemble 228 are also identical. From one are taken *weald*-, *-beald*, *ealh*-, *-wald* (3), from the other *salde*, *aldor*-, *-wold* (4). The *wald* are given twice, while one *-weald* is omitted. Yet it is not to be denied that *a*-forms are in the majority in some charters. Miss S. assumes that the fractured forms have been introduced from Saxon dialects. But Chadwick's suggestion (*Studies in Old English*, 183) that the *ea*-forms represent the genuine Kentish development while the *a*-forms are due to the influence of the Mercian court-language is equally possible. Such influence is indeed very plausible, as Kent was in the 9th century and earlier under Mercian supremacy. If Miss S's opinion is right, we must assume that the fractured Saxon forms were introduced wholesale into Kentish, a very improbable suggestion, as no other Saxon features have been pointed out in Kentish dialects, and as Kent is the district where fractured forms are preserved longest.

It remains to discuss the Surrey documents from about 870, viz. Kemble 317 (= O.E.T., ch. 45) and the Codex Aureus Inscription (O.E.T. p. 175). In these *a* is always preserved before *l* + a consonant. Miss S. gives only Kemble 317 under Surrey, while the latter text is placed under Kent. As the charter is the will of, and the inscription contains a grant by the same Ælfred, alderman of Surrey, we expect both to be in the same, the Surrey, dialect. As a matter of fact the two texts have practically the same language; the differences are chiefly of an orthographical kind. Thus the charter usually has *ē* (rarely *æ*) for O.E. *æ*, while the Inscr. has *æ*. The sound *æ* is evidently meant. The charter has usually *o* for *a* before nasals. The Inscr. has regularly *o*, but the text is much shorter. The only difference of any importance concerns the *i*-mutation of *ō*, which is regularly *eo* (i.e. *ō*) in the charter (3 exx.), while the Inscr. has 2 *eo*, 3 *e*. There are no distinctly Kentish features in the language of the Inscr.

A careful examination of the two texts reveals the following remarkable facts.

1. W. Germ. *ā* appears as *e*, while *i*-mutation of *ai* usually appears as *æ* or *ē*: (with W. Germ. *ā*:) *mege*, *-mega*, *megum*, *foresprec*, *sue*, *Werbung* (4), *wepned*- (Charter); *lecedome*, *Werbung* (4), *ārede* (Inscr.); (with *i*-mutated *ai*): *clēnnisse*, *ērestan*, *hūete*, *gedele*, *lēne*, *gelestan*, *netelhæmstyde*, *ðem* (5), *þem*, *ðæra*, *eghwelce* (Charter); *dæghwæmlīce*, *hæðnum*, *clæne*, *clæne*, *hæðenese*, *nænig*, *rærað*, *ðæm* (Inscr.). We find *e* only in *eghwylc*, *-e*, *gemene*, *gemenum*, *lestan*, *þem*, *ðem* (3), *þerto* (Charter); *eghwelce* (Inscr.). In *eghwylc* *e* may be due to some special circumstance and denote *ē*. In the other cases *e* is no doubt miswritten for *ē*. We must conclude that West Germ. *ā* had become *ē*, while *ai* with *i*-mutation was *æ*.

2. W. Germ. *ā* after *g* is *e*: *gere* (2), *begetan* (pl. pret.). W. Germ. *e* after *g* is *e* in *wergeld*, *eo* in *begeotan*, *ageofen*, *geofe*.

3. *i*-mutation of *a* is *ē* before *r* + a cons.: *ērfe*, *-s*; *e* before *l* + a cons.: *gesellan*, *sello*, *āselle*; *ae* or *a* before *ht*: *almaehtiges*, *ællmēhtig*, *almahtig* (no doubt miswritten for *maehtig*).

4. *i*-mutation of *au* is *e*: *ceorteseg*, *supregum*.

5. *ea*, *eo* are smoothed before velars: *reht*-, *rehte*, *berhtsige*; *ec*, *oferēcan*, *-lēge*, *-lege*; once *eac*, once *ea[c]* (Charter); *ec* (Inscr.).

6. Velar mutation is common before dentals: *gewriotu*, *begeotan*, *-gecweodu*, *awreotene*, *weotum*, *geweotan*, *seondan*; once before *c*: *breoce*.¹⁾

¹⁾ Cf. *breocan*, *gespreocu* and the like in Anglian texts (Bülbring § 243).

7. *h* has disappeared in *neste* 'next', *gelið* (from *læon* 'to lend').

8. 1 sg. pres. has the ending *-u* (*-o*): *hatu*, *sello*.

9. 3 sg. pres. ends in *-eð* without syncope: *gehaldeð*, *weordeð*, *forðcymeð* etc.

The remarkable thing is that all these features are good Anglian, and some of them can only be Anglian, as the smoothing, and *gelið* (= W. Saxon *liehð*), *neste* (= W. Saxon *niehst*). Forms such as *meg* cannot be Saxon. If these texts are written in the Surrey dialect, this was an Anglian, not a Saxon (or Kentish) dialect. If the Surrey dialect was Saxon, as we expect it to have been, these texts are not in the Surrey dialect.

On the old Surrey dialect we get some information in the 13 cent. Chertsey charters, dealt with by Wyld, *English Studies*, III, p. 42 ff., and from place names. A comparison between these and the old charters reveal remarkable discrepancies.

1. The Chertsey charters, according to Wyld, have absence of fracture in some cases, as *Chaluedune*, *alle*, *Aldeburi*, but also fractured forms as *eald*, *helden*, *onwealde*, *Ealdeburi*, etc.; cf. especially *ælde* 'old'. But *Chaluedune* has had fracture, as shown by the Ch.-*Aldeburi*, *alle* and the like may go back to O.E. forms with *ea* or *a*, as O.E. short *ea* became M.E. *a* regularly. The fractured forms, such as *eald*, *healden* (where *ea* was long and did not become *a*) show that *alle* etc. must go back to O.E. *ealle* etc. Place name forms such as *Chaldon*, *Eldebury* and *Eldemede*, *Chalfegarston* in late Chertsey charters corroborate this. On this point early and late Surrey texts show marked discrepancy.

2. O.E. *ǣ* from W. Germ. *ā* appears in Chertsey Ch. as *æ*, *e*, *a*, as in *stræte*, *strete*, *strate*, *made*. This proves O.E. *ǣ* (not *ē*) for the old Surrey dialect. O.E. *ǣ* is also proved by the place-name Stratton. The old charter has *ē*.

Other points referred to by Wyld are irrelevant.¹⁾ O.E. *æ* appears in the old texts with the pronunciation *æ*; the same sound is indicated by such forms as *weteres*, *kneppe*, *ðat* in Chertsey charters. O.E. *i*-mutated *ēa* is *ē* in *flemnesfremde* Chertsey Ch., but *ē* was the regular development of *ēa* with *i*-mutation in most dialects. The coincidences are irrelevant.

The Chertsey charters do not show any Mercian traits; they tell us that the Surrey dialect was Saxon, as we expect it to have been. It follows that the old Surrey texts are not in the Surrey dialect. This may seem a remarkable conclusion, but I do not see how it can be avoided. The difficulty is to account for the startling fact that two texts apparently written in Surrey are in a Mercian dialect.

There is no reason to suppose that alderman Ælfred was a Mercian; nor is it probable he wrote the texts with his own hand. No doubt he used a scribe for the purpose. This scribe — or these scribes — must have written a Mercian dialect. The assumption that the alderman employed scribes who were Mercians or were under the influence of Mercian scribal tradition is not quite so fanciful as it may seem. London in the ninth century stood in curiously intimate relations with Mercia. In 840 Berhtwulf King of Mercia confirms a charter of Æthelbald concerning the port of London (Birch 152). In 857 Burgred of Mercia grants land in London²⁾ to the bishop of Worcester (Birch 492). In 872 the Danes came to London, and the Mercians concluded peace with them (Ags. Chron.). In 886 Alfred the Great recaptured London from the Danes and handed it over to Æthelred, alderman of Mercia (ib.). In 889 Alfred and Æthelred, subking of Mercia,

¹⁾ Of other points we may mention that the Chertsey Ch. has the syncopated 3rd. sg. pres. *start*. The old charter has forms such as *haldeð*.

²⁾ Birch takes "vicus Lundonie" to refer to Sandwich in Kent.

granted a house in London to the bishop of Worcester (Birch 561). In the light of these facts Mercian influence on the official language of London becomes extremely plausible.¹⁾ If we assume that alderman Ælfred of Surrey had in his service (or employed temporarily) a scribe or scribes trained in London, the Mercian character of the Surrey texts is easily accounted for.

It is extremely interesting to note that the Mercian character of the charter is confined to the body of the text, while the names of the witnesses are not Mercian in form. Thus we find *Beorhtwulf*, *Beornheah*, *Beagstan*, *Wulfheah* without smoothing; *Wealdhelm* with fracture (*Eadwald* has a in an unstressed syllable). Ælfred's wife is referred to in the text as *Werbung*; as a witness she is *Wærburg*. It may be added that Archbishop Æthelred writes: "*ic ... fæstnie and write.*" These discrepancies are easily explained if the scribe wrote an official language different from that used in Surrey.

In the Codex Aureus Inscription, on the other hand, the names subscribed have the same forms as in the text: *Werbung*, *Alhðryð*.

From what has been said it also follows that the Old English so-called Surrey texts give no support to Professor Wyld's theory as to the localization of *the Owl and the Nightingale* in Surrey. In fact, there are not, so far as I can see, any marked points of resemblance between the charters and the M.E. poem except the fact that both have a before l + a consonant.

To sum up, I can find nothing in the material and discussions of Miss Serjantson that gives me any reason to revise the opinions as regards the Old English fracture put forward by me in my *Contributions*. This, of course, does not imply that I look upon my contribution as the last word on this difficult subject.

Lund.

EILERT EKWALL.

Notes and News.

Shakespeare in English Literature of 1922. No attention has yet been called to the fact that in what are possibly the three most outstanding literary products published in 1922, Shakespearian influence is unmistakable: Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, Barrie's *Dear Brutus* and Walpole's *The Cathedral*.

Both *The Merchant of Venice* and *Loyalties* present a racial conflict. In each play the author has been careful not to emphasise his own view, with similar results. Through the ages Shakespeare critics have, in their interpretation of such characters as Shylock, Antonio and Bassanio, largely been guided by their pro- or anti-Semitic feelings. Christian theologians like W. W. Lloyd have energetically condemned Shylock's conduct, whereas Heine called Shylock the only decent male character in the play. With *Loyalties* it has been exactly the same. When De Levis exclaims in the Club: "You have called me a damned Jew, my race was old when you were all savages. I am proud to be a Jew", the applause invariably comes from the same quarter. On the other hand, when Gilman in Mr. Twisden's office remarks: "I've nothing against them, but the fact is — they get on so I prefer my own countrymen, and that's the truth of it", the anti-Jewish elements among the audience are equally emphatic in their approval.

The position of Shylock amidst his enemies is analogous to that of De

¹⁾ Cf. Oman, *England before the Norman Conquest*, p. 424, who remarks that "Beorhtwulf of Mercia came down [to London] to defend his chief port" (A.D. 851).

Levis. Both are wanted only for their money. As soon as their actions tend to hurt the interests of a Christian, the other Christians, however little else they may have in common, herd together to ward off the blow directed against one of them. Morally considered, they are most of them very respectable people, except for a Dancy or a Bassanio among them. But when their dealings are with a despised Jew, it needs no severe critic to find fault with their ethics. And the manner in which Shylock and De Levis react on this treatment is strikingly similar. Almost verbally so. For, just as Shylock's obstinate cry "I will have my bond" echoes through the whole play, De Levis repeats with equal insistence: "I want my money back". By this unamiable trait both forfeit the sympathy which broad-minded opponents might not otherwise have withheld from them.

Dear Brutus is avowedly an imitation, or if you like, a twentieth century version, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Puck is also called Robin Goodfellow, and Hobgoblin and a 'lob of spirits'. That there was a Lob in Shakespeare Sir James Barrie is careful to inform us through dear Mrs. Coade, in whose perplexed brain he was mixed up with Robin Goodfellow, and Joanna defines her host as something which 'Puck might have grown into if he had forgotten to die'. All the events in *Dear Brutus* take place on Midsummer Eve. It is Puck who brings about the love between Titania, who is somewhat like Lady Caroline, and Bottom, who is very much like Matey. In general those things please him best that befall preposterously. The same may be said of Lob, who, like his ancestor, is very quick and most unexpected in his movements. But just as Puck has a tender spot in his soul, which is shown in his love of flowers (in every cowslip's ear he hangs a pearl), Lob calls his flowers by pet names and tenderly ministers to their comfort, as if they were human beings. The enchantment thrown over the loving couples in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* and in *Dear Brutus* is of a temporary nature and is dispelled by the agency of Puck and Lob respectively. But its effect in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is lasting, whereas the wizard of our days has learned to be sceptical and gives us no more than a hint on which to found our hope that the supernatural interference may not have been entirely fruitless.

Lastly, we have Mr. Walpole's fine novel *The Cathedral*. Its hero is a clergyman who, at a critical point in his life, finds himself gradually forsaken by all his friends and relations except his daughter. His mind is unable to bear up against misfortune, and finally gives way. The parallelism with *King Lear* is too evident to call for comment. Lear is fully aware of the descent of madness upon him and implores Heaven to spare him: "O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad", is his prayer. Before his last battle with Ronder the Archdeacon cries: "O, God, don't take my sanity from me, leave me that Leave me my mind save me from madness". Was it to forestall the critics, at the same time thereby heightening the irony of the situation, that Mr. Walpole made Bentinck major choose *King Lear* for "an evening of a little Shakespeare reading"?

As long as such analogies between the works of living writers and Shakespeare can be traced, we need not fear that our worship of the master tends to become mere 'bardolatry', or that constant study of his work will develop 'musty' qualities. As Brutus said of Caesar, so we may of Shakespeare, that he is mighty yet, his spirit walks abroad.

J. KOOISTRA.

English Studies in Czechoslovakia. English intellectual and literary influence has played an important role in the development of Czechoslovak civilisation. In old times it appeared at one of the most decisive moments of Czech history, in the Hussite movement (John Wycliffe), and in the modern period, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, it has been permanent. A succession of great translations from English poetry belongs to the milestones of modern Czech literature (Milton's *Paradise Lost* by Josef Jungmann in 1811; two complete translations of Shakespeare's plays, the one in 1854—1872, the other in 1888—1922), and Macpherson, Byron and Shakespeare are often cited names among the formative influences which have helped to determine the growth of modern Czech poetry. Notwithstanding all these facts the systematic study of the English language and English literature is of but recent date among the Czechoslovaks. Critical essays and even monographs in book form have been appearing, it is true, ever since the middle of the nineteenth century (Durdík's book on Byron 1871, Malý's on Shakespeare 1873, Mourek's *Concise History of English Literature* 1890, Janko's *Shakespeare and his Works* 1909), and in the sixties the first English grammars for Czech speaking readers were published (that by Straka 1862), soon to be followed by corresponding English reading books (that by Malý 1872) and English-Czech dictionaries (the two volume dictionary by Jonáš 1876 and 1877 respectively). But there was no directing centre of such efforts for a closer acquaintance with English civilisation, for English was not included in the curriculum of any widely attended Czech school. When, in 1870, a new type of non-humanistic higher schools was created in Austria (the so-called *Realschulen*), English was included, in addition to French, in the curriculum of the German schools only, while at the corresponding Czech schools German was so emphasised that there was no room left for English. Only at Czech higher commercial schools (the so-called *Commercial Academies*, the oldest of them founded in 1872), has English been taught from the beginning. Even for the small number of such schools it was, however, difficult to get adequately trained teachers, for no steps were taken for making English a part of instruction at the Czech university. At the old university of Prague, common both to the Czechs and the Germans, an English Seminar had existed since 1876 (*Seminar für französische und englische Philologie*), but when, in 1882, the old University of Prague was divided into two independent institutions, the Czech and the German Universities of Prague, the existing English Seminar was made a part of the German University and no corresponding institution was founded on the Czech side. It was as late as the autumn of 1912 that a chair of the History of English Language and Literature and an English Seminar were founded at the Czech university. After two years the normal development of the new centre of English studies was stopped by the war. The students were called away to military service, the yearly endowment was lowered practically to nothing, the contact with the Anglo-Saxon world cut off entirely. The proclamation of the Czechoslovak State and the end of the war in 1918 mark the opening of a new era for English studies in Czechoslovakia. To the regenerated English Seminar of the Czech University of Prague the English Seminar at the newly founded Masaryk University at Brno has been added and even at the new Comenius University at Bratislava steps have been taken for securing scientific instruction in English. The future of English studies in Czechoslovakia will very much depend upon the place which will be assigned to English in the reformed type of Czechoslovak secondary schools. As yet no definite outlines of the reform

are apparent. The problem is very difficult, for French, English, German and different Slavonic languages have all of them — not counting the classical languages — justified claims upon a place in the new curriculum. So far it is safe to say only that English will certainly win one of the first places in the competition of the modern languages, and that Czechoslovak research work in the field of English language and literature, for which some foundations were laid in the second decade of the twentieth century (Prof. Chudoba's book on Wordsworth, 1911, and his two books of essays on Modern English literature, 1915 and 1920; the two first volumes of the author's detailed History of English Literature, 1910 and 1915) has promising prospects before it.

Prague in March 1923.

VILÉM MATHESIUS.

English Association in Holland. On 12th February a new branch was started at Flushing, this being the ninth to join the Association.

Hon. Secretary: Miss R. Tweedy, 24 Boulevard Bankert.

Mention should have been made in the preceding number of the celebration of its second lustrum by the Haarlem branch, one of the oldest and most flourishing branches, and one of the six that founded the English Association in Holland in 1919.

The lecture-recital on *English Folksongs* which Mr. Steuart Wilson member of the Madrigal Society "The English Singers", gave before the branches at Flushing, Haarlem, Hilversum, Nijmegen and Rotterdam on February 21, 22, 23, 24 and 26 respectively, proved a splendid finish of the season's work. Mr. Wilson showed himself an excellent speaker as well as a highly gifted singer, and his selection of folksongs contained many interesting specimens brought to light by the diligent searches made in recent years.

Members of the English Association may join the *Engelsche Bibliotheek* at Amsterdam at an annual subscription of f 4.— (non-members f 6.—). Those wishing to do so should apply to their branch secretary. The subscription covers the period from 1st January—31st December. Books are sent free of charge on application to Messrs. Swets & Zeitlinger, 471 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, and must be returned in the same way.

Members wanting addresses of English boarding-houses or of families taking paying guests, may apply to Miss F. J. Quanjer, 24 Weissenbruchstraat, The Hague. Special requirements should be stated, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed with each enquiry.

The Training of Secondary Masters. In the Gids of last February Dr. J. Aalbers published an article on the training of secondary masters which calls for some comment. The ideal of Dr. Aalbers is to give the universities the monopoly of the training of secondary masters, just as they have the monopoly of the training of lawyers and doctors. We are expected to take for granted that the universities are capable of training the lawyers and doctors. With regard to lawyers the growth of the private tutor system

is hardly a proof of the efficiency of the universities; but we will assume that the universities are really doing satisfactorily what Dr. Aalbers takes for granted that they are doing.

The first question that presents itself is whether the comparison of masters with doctors and lawyers is justified. Is the work of the professors of law and medicine of the same character as that of the professors in the faculty of letters? Let us ask a preliminary question: Are professors of law and medicine selected on the same principle as professors in the faculty of letters? Everybody will acknowledge that success as a doctor or as a lawyer is an excellent recommendation for a professorship. Indeed, it is most unlikely for a man who has failed as a doctor to obtain a professorship. And in letters? It is a matter of common knowledge that the question if a candidate for a professorship is a successful master is not even raised. And it is well-known that in many cases men have become professors who had proved abject failures as masters. What is the practical consequence? That most professors in the faculty of letters never think of the twofold nature of the task imposed upon them, and look upon their pupils as future men of research only, not as future masters. And it can hardly be otherwise: it is really impossible to train a man to do what one has never done or what one has unsuccessfully tried to do oneself. Whatever may be true, therefore, with regard to the faculty of mathematics and science, we hold that the faculty of letters, as at present constituted, is unable, even if willing, to give a full training to secondary masters. As to modern languages we go further: the university monopoly in these subjects would be deplorable both in the interest of the schools and in that of research. Competition is the only means of safeguarding the study of these subjects.

Dr. Aalbers is aware that his proposal to grant the monopoly to the universities is not likely to be accepted. So he declares that he would be satisfied if candidates for the M. O. diplomas were required to possess the same qualifications as are required by the universities, and if the A and B-examinations were held by the members of the faculties. As to the first of these proposals we are in full agreement. But if the examinations were entrusted to the faculties it would immediately become evident that the universities are by no means equipped to undertake this task. In modern languages Groningen and Amsterdam would share the monopoly; and Dr. Aalbers himself must be aware that the equipment of both universities is such that it must be supplemented by courses given by his own colleagues of the Gymnasium and others. As to Leiden it is true that there is a single lecturer for French and another lonely one for German; but one of these, at any rate, does not seem to share the wide-spread belief that a Government appointment is as efficacious for a teacher as the Roman Catholics believe episcopal ordination to be for a priest: in spite of his Leiden appointment Dr. de Boer has joined Dr. Valkhoff to give a non-university course in Utrecht!

But what would happen if Dr. Aalbers got his way? The examinations would be university examinations. In his praise of a university education Dr. Aalbers, quite rightly, lays stress on its social advantages. But he fails to see that university examinations at the present day do not necessarily mean residence in a university. They do not even mean residence in the case of subjects that entail laboratory or hospital work; how can they mean residence in the case of subjects that require a lecture-room only? And how can they mean residence if it is doubtful that the university is the best training-place? In such cases residence, or even attendance at the lectures, could be enforced only by professors prepared to abuse their position as

examiners, and a charge of this nature has up to the present been made only with regard to the German Committee ¹⁾. Dr. Aalbers, to be consistent must require proof of residence as a qualification for admission to any university examination. This is the actual practice in Oxford and Cambridge and far from reprehensible ²⁾; but it is hardly an idea that can seriously be entertained in the existing organization of our universities.

To sum up: the only practical part of Dr. Aalbers's proposals is the levelling of the M. O. and the university examinations with regard to the diploma of admission. And this the Minister can do without the intermediary of the Chambers.

Die Neueren Sprachen. The periodical press of Germany is naturally passing through an extremely difficult time. The editors and publishers of *Die Neueren Sprachen*, the periodical that suggests to all older men the name of Viëtor, appeals for support. Dutch friends of the paper can most effectively help by subscribing to it (f 6.80). Those who read the paper in some reading-room might contribute a small sum in Dutch money: it is a considerable sum in German money. As the sending of small amounts is inconvenient we suggest that contributions may be sent to our postal account (no. 13745, Amersfoort). The amounts could then be sent in one letter. So many Dutch masters owe a great deal to the *Neuere Sprachen*, including successful writers of schoolbooks, that we expect this opportunity to pay a debt will not be neglected. (Published by Elwert, Marburg.)

A-Examination 1922. We quote from the report in *Bijvoegsel Staatscourant* no. 19, January 26 & 27, 1923: "Slechts omtrent één onderdeel van het examen wenscht de commissie een oordeel uit te spreken, n.l. de spraakkunst. Zelden kon een hooger cijfer dan 3 worden toegekend. Zelfs bij tal van kandidaten, die overigens een behoorlijk examen aflegden, was de kennis van dit gedeelte matig. Misschien is dit een gevolg van de meening, dat de Engelsche spraakkunst zoo gemakkelijk is. De commissie raadt toekomstigen kandidaten aan, een ernstiger studie van dit gedeelte van het examen te maken."

Translation.

1. I was the youngest of a large, noisy family, but was quiet and self-absorbed. 2. And it now astonishes me that I was. 3. I was a meek, gentle child; my sisters were grown-up ladies — at least that was how I regarded them; my brothers were big boys — at least I thought them very big; and I myself, in every respect their inferior, could not but be meek and gentle, though I had not been oppressed. 4. My father always remained a comparative stranger to me, but my mother was very kind; with her I felt like a chicken

¹⁾ It is characteristic of this committee that it is the only one that has discovered that the M. O. candidates were worse this year than in preceding years. And the explanation is: the good candidates are naturally attracted by the university. In other words, any candidate who wishes to be well thought of is advised to go to a university, by preference to Groningen!

²⁾ We wish to emphasize this, because a gentleman who is allowed editorial space in the *Weekblad M. O.* thinks Dr. Aalbers's opinions on the subject ridiculous.

under its mother's wing. 5. I was safe and warm with her and I loved her dearly because I was sure that she would always protect me from everybody and everything.

6. For I was a timid child; I was afraid of dark staircases, of bearded men, of murderers and especially of tigers and extremely afraid of ghosts. 7. From all this I felt sure my mother would protect me; but I was not always with her: I used to play in the nursery, and the nursemaid used to sit at the window, mending, and though she was kind, yet I sometimes longed for my mother.

8. Strange to say that longing has never left me, and even now I sometimes long for her. 9. And when she died and I was grown-up and married it seemed to me as if a protection had disappeared from my life.

10. Now I sometimes enjoyed being afraid, and made up stories of huge tigers and bearded murderers; the latter particularly were a constant source of fear to me, and I well remember the cold shiver which ran down my back when my little cousin once asked me:

"I say, which are you most afraid of, thieves or murderers?"

11. Then I faltered from the bottom of my quaking heart: "Oh . . . murderers . . . for they . . . they kill you." 12. For I was also afraid of death. 13. And once when I narrowly escaped seeing death I got such a bad fright that I shall never forget it. 14. We were then living at the Hague, on Mauritskade, opposite the bridge leading to Nassaulaan. 15. It was winter, the canal was frozen over, and while I was sitting at the window, pulling on my little stockings with red stripes — a skater fell through the ice under the bridge, and was pulled out lifeless, at any rate unconscious . . . 16. From my window I saw the pale, wet body with limp arms and dripping hair and closed eyes, and I thought the sight so shocking that with only one stocking on I scrambled to my mother in the drawing-room downstairs and burst into uncontrollable sobs in her lap . . . frightened to death and chilled to the bone because I had seen Death.

Observations. 1. *Boisterous family* is correct: Children who were sometimes shy, and sometimes a trifle boisterous (*Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Ch. II.). — *I was still*. The predicative use of the word 'still' in the sense of 'silent' is marked obsolete in the Oxford Dictionary. *Taciturn* is not suitable either. *Self-contained* is often used in a somewhat unfavourable sense: Pale and *self-contained* she met him with cold conventionality of tone. (*Strand Magazine* 1902 p. 752). *Self-contained*, austere, proud (*Century Magazine*, Jan. 1893. p. 468). For *self-contained* dignity give me a British peer. (*Cassell Magazine*, May 1903. p. 661.). The queen thought him cold, High, *self-contained*, and passionless (Tennyson, *Guinevere*.). Another sense is 'complete in itself': The following back-numbers of "The Times History of the War," for which there has been a special heavy demand, the story in each being in a sense *self-contained*, have been reprinted. — The term *reserved* could hardly be applied to the behaviour of a little child.

2. *That I was so*. See Kruisinga, *Accidence and Syntax* § 1031, and especially § 1044: Don't call me censorious, Mark; you know I am not so Trollope, *Framley*, Ch. I). As for women, they're all *so* (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, Ch. LIV). *That I was thus*: I was not ever *thus*, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on (Cardinal Newman's Hymn).

3. *I was a weak child* conveys an altogether different idea. — *My sisters were quite grown-up*. — *And myself*. The omission of the personal pronoun seems restricted to the language of poetry. See Kruisinga's *Accidence and*

Syntax § 1063. — *Far beneath them* would have a different meaning *beneath* contempt, *beneath* criticism, *beneath* your notice, *beneath* your dignity. It is *beneath* a genius to draw corks (Douglas Jerrold, *Men of Character*). This is almost the only signification of the word in living English, according to the Oxford Dictionary, the spoken language preferring *below* or *under* for the other meanings. — *Could not be else but* had better be altered to *could not be anything else but*. — *Though I was not suppressed*. The pluperfect tense ought to have been used. *Suppress* is rarely said of persons, as in the following quotation from Burke (*Letter to a Noble Lord*): "I have never *suppressed* any man; never checked him for a moment in his course by any jealousy or any policy". In 1872 the Ballot Act intended to *suppress* bribery and intimidation at elections. (Parrott, *Life and Duties of a Citizen*, p. 76). She determinedly *suppressed* a dimple (*Strand Magazine*, 1910: p. 289). It goes very much against the grain with me that the name of a witness should ever be *suppressed* (Galsworthy, *Justice*, Act III). These banknotes have all been *suppressed* (= recalled) (*Strand Magazine*, 1894. p. 217). *Grind down* is too strong a term: For the past eighteen months the people had been *ground down* by militarism (*Times*). The Scotch were *ground down* by their English governors. (Smith, *Smaller English History*, p. 73.).

4. *My father always held somewhat aloof from me*. This would mean that his father avoided him, whereas the text merely suggests that his father did not play with him. — *My mother was a dear* = was een snoes.

5. *I was safe and warm near her*. Instead of *near* write *with*. See note 7. — *I liked her very much*. *Like* and *love* differ greatly in strength or warmth, and may differ in kind. *Like* may be feeble and cool, and it never has the intensity of *love*. We may *like* or even *love* a person; we only *like* the most palatable kind of food. The difference is clearly marked in the following sentence from Charles Reade's *Never Too Late to Mend*: Had he *loved* the New Testament and the Saviour he would have fought Hawes tooth and nail, but he did not *love* either; he only *liked* them — he was commonplace. See Günther, *Synonyms*, p. 310. — *Everything and everybody*: I'm a fool, Nigel — that's the truth. I'm afraid of *everything and everybody*. (Hichens, *Bella Donna*, XXVI).

6. *For I was an afraid child*. As an adjective *afraid* never stands before a noun (*Oxford Dictionary*). A *fearful child* might be taken to mean a 'holy terror' (enfant terrible.). Yet its use is sanctioned by the Oxford Dictionary though the caution is added "Now somewhat rare": The impatient Greyhound... Bounds... to catch the *fearful* Hare (Addison). His *fearful* family would count in agony the hours of his absence. (Mrs. Shelley, *Swiss Peasant*). Also predicatively: If he is not too nervously *fearful* of being drawn into the dispute himself. (Mrs. Cook, *London*, p. 418). — *Beardy men*. The adjective *beardy* is not given by the big Century Dictionary, the Oxford Dictionary illustrates the word by a quotation from Carlyle. — *Above all of tigers*. — *Very afraid of ghosts*. Originally *afraid* was a past participle; hence the word is qualified by *much* (Compare: *much obliged*). Some principles which have to a large extent lost their verbal character are qualified by *very*: very tired, very pleased. See Kruisinga's *Grammar and Idiom*, § 140—141. —

7. *From all that my mother would protect me*. See Kruisinga's *Accidence* § 1185 ff and Poutsma II 1 B, p. 895 c. *I was not always near her*. You may be *near* a person without their taking any notice of you; if you were *with* them this would not be the case. The preposition *with* is therefore preferable. — *On the nursery*. Position in an enclosed space should be

expressed by *in*, not *on*. A young man... who lives *in* "rooms". (Lucas Malet, *Mrs. Lorimer*, Ch. XII.). Generally speaking the business-girl does not live alone in rooms; she lives with her parents. (*Royal Magazine*, 1912. p. 496). Compare further English and Dutch usage: *in* a pulpit (op een preekstoel); *in* a field (fields are enclosed with hedges). But on the other hand: *on* the heath (also: *in* a heath). — *The nurse*. The absence of the article expresses good-humoured familiarity. Cf. *Cook*, *teacher* etc. and see Poutsma's *Grammar of Late Modern English*, II p. 550; 3. On opening the door she saw a well-ordered, comfortable room..., *nurse* at her needle-work beside the large table, and a neat *nurse-maid* sitting on the floor showing a picture-book to a little boy. Nurse (nursery-governess) = kinderjuffrouw; nurse(ry) maid = kindermeid. — *Near the window* = niet ver van het raam.

8. *That longing has stayed with me*. I learned a good deal for a little girl and it has *stayed* by me (Gissing, *Unclassed*. p. 110.) *Kramers Woordenboek* translates *stay with* i. v. B i j b l i j v e n. The Oxford Dictionary records *stay with* in a different sense: I took a Draught of Water without Sugar, and that *stay'd with* me (*Robinson Crusoe*). *Haunted me*: "Don't Toussac; don't!" said the same gentle voice which had spoken first, "I saw you do it once before, and the horrible snick that it made *haunted* me for a long time. (Conan Doyle, *Uncle Bernac*, Coster's edition p. 30). — (*Even*) *now*. He did so mercilessly belabour me that the memory of it sets me writhing *even now* (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Sept. 1899, 110). I can see my mother *now*, looking out of the cab window as we passed Bread Street, and then turning to us... (*Pall Mall Magazine*, Sept. 1911). For three and ninepence I bought a new carpet-bag — I can see it *now*, a mixture of brown and green (Tom Murray, *Autobiography of a Self-made Man*, p. 696). In the sense of Dutch *nu al*: "Oh, if I only knew the way!" she lamented, "but my old head is muddled with all I've gone through and I've forgotten *even now* if you said 'turn to the right first or the left' (Jessie Pope, *Patsie's Christmas*). The lady hopes to keep the tiger kitten for some time, but experience has shown that a pet of this kind becomes somewhat dangerous when five or six months old. *Even now* when rolled over in its gambols with a puppy, it shows its temper. (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1907, p. 599).

9. *It has been to me as if*. Not possible in English. The impersonal construction must be changed to a personal one: I have felt (fancied) as if. — *I was already grown-up and a married man* is a bit awkward. *I had grown up to man's estate* is biblical.

10. *Invented stories*. — *The last especially*. *The last* is sometimes used to refer to a series of two: I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime. I can so sincerely forgive the first while I abhor the last (*Jane Eyre*, Ch. VI). — *Source of*: The very silence of the place appeared a *source of peril* [een gevaar] (R. L. Stevenson, *Markheim*). — *Tell me, which do you fear most*. A child would not speak in this manner. *Say, which are you most afraid of*. The '*I say*' to call attention to a statement or a question is shortened to '*say*' in the United States. In British English its use is restricted to the language of poetry: *I say*, cabby, are you engaged? (*Punch* 1854). *Say*, lad, have you things to do? (A. E. Housman, *Shropshire Lad*, XXIV). *Say*, could that lad be I? (R. L. Stevenson, *The Lad that is gone*.)

11. *Trembling heart* is correct. When the days are grudgingly counted to a blacker Monday than ever made a schoolboy's heart *quake* within him. (*Anstey, Vice Versa*) — *Quaking with terror* (*Century Magazine*, March 1901, p. 679).

13. *That I shall never forget.* The omission of *it* is not permissible in this context; it should be left untranslated when the object is only vaguely thought of. See Poutsma II, 736. 'I nearly forgot' he said (*Vice Versa*, p. 15). 'Nice day to-day, miss', he said cheerfully. 'Well, what is it?' 'Wait a minute', she said, wrinkling her forehead. 'What is a nice day to-day? No, I've forgotten it [i.e. the joke]. Give it up. What's the answer?' (Barry Pain, *Trouble at the Station*).

14. *Over the bridge* expresses a different idea from *opposite the bridge*. His brother slept over his study = boven zijn studeerkamer. Dutch over (tegenover) would be rendered by *opposite*. Before the names of streets etc. English usage generally dispenses with the article. *The Nassaulane* is impossible.

15. *Frozen-up* and *frozen over* are both good English. — We say: *put on* a hat, a coat, but *pull on* a stocking.

16. *Flabby arms* would be arms with more fat than muscles. *Flabby cheeks* (Hobbes, *Soulhunters*, p. 228). — Something entirely new, rich, plump and juicy, not *flabby*, like common sausages (Advertisement). Like a cat I crawled over that great *flabby* monster (a whale) (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1901, p. 589). Your heart is *flabby* as a laundry maid's hands (*Cassel Magazine*, 1903, p. 617). The tyre was all *flabby* (= flat, deflated) (*Humours of Cycling*, p. 17). — *She bursts into sobs* (Maeterlinck, *Blue Bird*, VI).

Good translations were received from Mr. G. J. K., Leeuwarden; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Miss T. O., Leeuwarden; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss T., Hilversum; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before June 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Jules was een paar dagen niet naar school gegaan, om zware hoofdpijnen, die hem heel bleek maakten, en hem een trek van groote treurigheid gaven; maar hij was nu wat beter, en zich vervelende op zijn eigen kamertje, ging hij naar beneden, naar den leegen salon en zette zich voor de piano. Papa zat wel te werken in zijn studeerkamer, maar het zou pa zeker niet hinderen, dat hij speelde. Zijn vader bedierf hem, in zijn jongen iets ziende, dat hemzelven vreemd was en hem daardoor aantrok, zooals hem dit misschien vroeger in zijn vrouw ook had aangetrokken; kwaad kon Jules in zijn oogen niet doen en als de jongen maar gewild had, zou hij geen geld gespaard hebben om hem een zorgvuldige muzikale opvoeding te laten geven, maar Jules kantte zich met handen en voeten tegen alles wat naar lessen zweemde en beweerde bovendien, dat het niet de moeite waard zou zijn. Eerzucht was er niet in hem; het streelde hem niet, dat Vader zooveel in hem zag, zooveel meende te hooren in zijn spel; hij speelde alleen voor zichzelf, hij speelde om zich te uiten in de vage taal van muziekklinken. Op dit oogenblik voelde hij zich alleen, verlaten in het groote huis; al wist hij, dat papa twee kamers af zat te werken en dat hij zijn toevlucht zou kunnen nemen op pa's groote rustbank, in zijn borst was op dit oogenblik een bijna fysiek gevoel van angst voor zijn eigen eenzaamheid. Zijn dunne, nerveuze vingers tokkelden tastend over de toetsen; dan liet hij zich gaan, vond een enkel motief, heel kort, van klagende mineur-melancholie, en liefkoosde dat motief, liefkoosde het tot het als eene monotonie van verdriet ieder oogenblik terugkwam. Hij vond het motief

zoo mooi, dat hij er niet van kon scheiden. Ze gaven zoo goed weer wat hij voelde, die vier, vijf tonen, dat hij ze telkens over speelde tot Suzette binnen vloog en hem zei, dat ze dol werd en hem vroeg, of hij ophield.

Zoo ook speelde hij nu, en het was erbarmelijk eerst; hij kende nauwelijks de noten weer; verscheurende cacofonieën kermden op en doorsneden hem-zelfen zijn arm, nauw van hoofdpijn genezen brein. Hij kreunde of hij weer pijn had, maar zijn vingers waren als gehypnotiseerd, ze konden niet uitscheiden, ze zochten door en de klanken zuiverden zich; een korte frase klaarde los als met een kreet, die terugkwam op één zelfden toon. En die toon was Jules eene verrassing en hij was nu blij ze gevonden te hebben, blij zoo een mooi verdriet te hebben.

Points of Modern English Syntax.

Under this heading we intend to quote sentences of present-day authors, whether in books or in periodical writings, that seem suitable to illustrate points of modern English syntax. The quotations will be accompanied by questions drawing the reader's attention to the point intended. For those who have no opportunity to call in the help of an expert in case of a difficulty there will be a reference to my Handbook, in its third edition.

1. "I see little of him now."
"Indeed!" said Mr. Utterson. "I thought you *had* a bond of common interest."
"We *had*," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me." Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*, ch. 2.

Compare the functions of *had* in these two sentences. Handbook, 102, 105.

2. The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he *had* unlocked the door and disappeared into the house. *ib.*

What is the function of the pluperfect *had unlocked*? Handbook 115, 2.

3. "Sleep well," he said as he softly opened the door for her. Bennett, *Grand Babylon Hotel*, ch. XVIII.

Is there anything to show that the speaker is not English? Handbook 191 ff.

4. Miss Spencer could have withstood successfully any moral trial, but persuade her that her skin was in danger, and she would succumb. *ib.* ch. IX.

What form of the verb is *persuade*? Handbook 552 f.

5. We can say *to mount a hill* and *to mount a horse*. We can also say *to ascend a hill*; but it would be absurd to say *to ascend a horse*. Why? Handbook 234—241.

6. And gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is there unusual in the meaning of *drew on* in this sentence? Handbook *ib.*

7. "In the first place, it is possible you may be interested to hear that I happened to see Jules to-day."
"You did!" Racksole remarked with much calmness. "Where?" Bennett, *Hotel*, ch. XXI.
"It won't do any one good."
"Won't it?" repeated Racksole with a sudden flash. *ib.* ch. XI.

What is the reason for using *to do* or repeating the auxiliary in these two sentences? Handbook 297.

8. We believe that from the perusal of these and many similar books which are now appearing most readers will rise still bewildered as to the real nature of the changes which our reformers would advocate in the methods of conducting international relations. We have *had* many suggestions. At one time we were told *Times Lit. Suppl.* 9/11, '22.

What is the meaning of *to have* here? Handbook 359.

9. Nor did he at all resent the fact that she had executed her plan in secret. She must have been anxious to get the room finished for the musical evening. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk. I ch. 9.

Explain *must* as a preterite. Handbook 392.

10. This used to be the custom before the French took over the government of the country. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 12/10, '22.

What is the function of *used* here? Handbook 455.

11. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*, ch. 1.

What is the function of *to hear* in this sentence? Handbook 468.

12. A guest to stop at Iping in the wintertime was an unheard piece of luck. (Iping is a hotel). Wells, *The Invisible Man*, ch. 1.

What part of the sentence is the infinitive? Handbook 474 a.

13. "Of course I shall be back for tea."

"Oh, yes, m'm!" Ada agreed, as though saying "Need you tell me that, m'm? I know you would never leave the master to have his tea alone." Bennett, *These Twain*, bk. I, ch. 7.

Is *to leave* construed with an accusative and infinitive here? Handbook 483 ff.

14. She preferred him to be seated. *Ib. ib.*

Is *him* an object here? Handbook *ib.*

15. It had a good garden to the back, and Mr. Clavering had built capital stables, with what were then considered the latest improvements. The point of good stabling was expected to let the house, as it was in a hunting county. Mrs. Gaskell, *The Squire's Story*.

Could we say *its back*? Handbook 1108.

What pronoun is *what* in the second sentence? Handbook 1151.

The point of good stabling: what is the relation of *point* and *stabling*? Handbook 1467.

What infinitive construction is illustrated by the last sentence? Handbook 502.

Is *hunting* a gerund or a participle? Handbook 750—2.

16. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood was cold in his veins. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What function has the infinitive here? Handbook 567.

17. It was the first time that there had ever been question of him visiting a private house, except his aunt's, at night. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, bk. II, ch. VI.

I don't like the idea of us living in Maggie's house. *Ib. These Twain*, bk. I, ch. 7.

What is the function of *him* and *us*? The case is not mentioned in Handbook 620.

18. The younger brother was flattered by this proof of esteem from the elder, but did his best by casualness of tone to prevent the fact from transpiring. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, bk. II, ch. 7.

Can *the fact* be looked upon as an object? Handbook 625.

19. It is a conversational style, and to read it is like hearing him speak. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 14/9, 22, p. 573/4.

Reading him is like looking at a series of pictures by Rubens, which are all so energetic and masterly in manner that we cannot tell which he painted only for the sake of painting. *Ib.* p. 574/.

To read the pages of M. de Labriolle's most interesting work is to be convinced that the literature he writes of so learnedly and excitingly ought not to be left so much to specialists. *Ib.* p. 582/4.

Account for the choice of the infinitive and the gerund as subjects. Handbook 657.

20. We behold sea power exercising its universal sway in the history of both the Hellenic and the Latin races. *Times Ed. Suppl.* 23/7, '21.

What part of the sentence is *sea power*? Handbook 693.

21. Edwin in the darkness could see him feeling in his waistcoat pocket, and then raise his arm, and throw in the direction of the dimly lighted yard. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk. I, ch. 5.

Account for the change from *feeling* to *raise*. Handbook 703 f.

22. Under the table Flora was touching John's foot warningly; Nedda attempting to touch Derek's; Felix endeavouring to catch John's eye; Alan to catch Sheila's; John biting his lip and looking carefully at nothing. Galsworthy, *Freeland*, ch. 16.

What is the relation of the participle constructions to the rest of the sentence? Handbook 717, 1.

23. Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest his head clerk, upon the other. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *with*? Handbook 719.

24. Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court. *Ib.*

What construction is *going east*? Handbook 727.

25. The testator devised the Ardmore estate in trust for his eldest son for life, with remainder to his male issue in fee, whom failing, to testator's other sons, according to seniority. Quoted by Wendt, *Grammatik* p. 35.

James's son-in-Law, the Prince of Orange, would not have been accepted by the nation as king and, failing him, there was no one but Monmouth. Garnett, *Age of Dryden*, p. 21.

What is the construction with *failing*? Show how it could become a participle. Handbook 732.

Reviews.

A History of English Philosophy. By W. R. SORLEY, Professor in the University of Cambridge. C. U. P., 1920. 20/— net.

Modern man is spoiled, in a sense. So is the modern undergraduate. And just as he is offered every variety of delicacies at table, in cafés and bars, in teashops, on the stage, in light fiction, so he would like to hear only what is 'interesting' in the small University called H. B. S., and in the big University, called Alma Mater. The sensation of the 'interesting' is the demand many undergraduates also make on their professors. It seems they require more approximation and assimilation between University and teashop. Now it is the safest plan, in the long run, to live on plain, substantial food, without any special tickling of the palate. And we, for our part, are of opinion that only those ought to go to a university who are trained and accustomed to like the black or brown bread of the Baker or Professor.

The new *History of English Philosophy* is dry black bread without any marmalade of anecdotes. In \pm 300 pages Mr. Sorley has given an account of the principal figures or groups of figures who together form what may, not without some pride, be called the English philosophers. Round about

them plenty of space has — purposely — been left to stars or constellations of lesser rank. Witness the Preface, the book meant to be objective, and it is. It has become a guide, a trusty and dutiful and therefore mostly reliable guide to the Museum of British Philosophy, written by an expert in a terse and pointed style, dry and matter-of-fact as guides to museums mostly are. Mr. Sorley is a *reporter*, not an *interpreter*. The compiler of the 'guide' has few expressions that suddenly light up the philosophic darkness like flashes of imagination. Still the root and essence of things is nearly everywhere indicated summarily and to the purpose.

Objections? Observations? Given the preface, given the objectivity of the book, they will be few.

One of the laudable qualities of the English is that they are and mostly remain themselves. Isolation, fidelity to tradition, etc. strengthen and preserve this characteristic element. Thus arises and exists an original people. The thinkers also are original. Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Mill are pioneers. The English may be proud of their philosophers; they may speak, which we Dutch cannot do, of *their* philosophers, even though a German has somewhat slightly referred to 'das ganze Baconische Geschlecht'. Sorley, too, has performed an act of nationalism by confining himself exclusively to Englishmen. Thus the international interaction that prevails in the great republic of the United States of Philosophy has been too sparingly illustrated. The influence exerted by the English pioneers on the surrounding countries, rather than that exerted on them by foreigners, should have been included in the sketch.

The fact that the book arose out of 'Chapters contributed to the Cambridge History of English Literature', affords an explanation for the not very philosophic tone and spirit prevailing in it. It thereby often affects one as literary and external, while the lives have run to excessive length for this small compass.

Vere scire est per causas scire is the maxim that demands, as it were, a biological or naturalistic treatment of philosophy also. Partly owing to this division into chapters the continuity of the evolution has not always been followed, while social currents and scientific events and their influence on philosophic thought (Newton, Boyle) have found little or no room. We also regretted to see that the quotations from Mediaeval and later Latinists were not given in the original. It is better that the multitude should ascend to philosophy than that philosophy should descend to the multitude!

Where Mr. Sorley starts polemizing for once in a way, he is fairly weak. The attempt e.g. to defend Bacon against Pope's well-known epigram 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind', is a faint one.

On the whole the style is that of one who proceeds with strong, heavy, well-aimed blows. At the same time the structure and the architectonics of the book might have had more of that 'strict economy of phrase' of which Sorley speaks himself. Some rather lengthy lives, that of Locke e.g., present avalanches of dates.

We can certainly recommend this book. It is thorough in its way. But no one who has read it twice or thrice and digested it should think himself 'au fait'. He will be outwardly conversant with the subject. It may be a starting point for set and more penetrating study. If such a thing existed, it would be a suitable handbook for the L. O. or M. O. certificate in English Philosophy.

It remains to mention that to the book is added a 'Comparative Chronological Table giving the dates of the chief works in English philosophy

along with the dates of some other writings, English and foreign, and of some leading events'. An excellent idea!

At the same time a Bibliography. 'The list does not profess to be exhaustive.' Nor can Ueberweg-Heinze be dispensed with by the side of it. Yet it is, like everything external in this book, very useful, especially for the original editions.

October '21, Nijmegen.

Dr. P. VRIJLANDT.

L' Evolution Psychologique et la Littérature en Angleterre, 1660-1914.
By LOUIS CAZAMIAN. Paris, Félix Alcan, 1920. VIII, 268 pp.

Though it is three years since M. Cazamian's book was published — an apology is due for a review so long delayed — there is still every reason for bringing it to the notice of students of English literature in Holland. Without giving new facts or documents it deals with what is well-known in such a way as to open up new perspectives and to stimulate research.

To the history of literature M. Cazamian applies his knowledge of psychology and of the social life of the present and past. His object is to relate the development of English literature to the psychological evolution discernible in the moral history of the nation; and at the same time to enquire how social conditions have influenced, and either promoted or retarded the course of this evolution. From the succession of alternate 'romantic' and 'classical' periods, he deduces the law of psychological rhythm. The moral life of the nation oscillates between two poles: emotion and intellect. The first decisive phase in English literature — the Elizabethan era — is predominantly emotional in tone. As artistic effects, however, gradually lose their force from being too often repeated, satiety sets in, and the collective mind of the nation turns away from its emotional 'pole', and seeks relief in an intellectual ideal in life and art. This subversion of the old ideal coincides with a great social change — the Restoration. As emotion ceases to be the motive power in art, so the religious fervour of the Puritans is discredited in public life. An age of reason sets in, and the sway of the intellect is confirmed when after 1688 the upper middle classes, though to some extent taking the place of the aristocracy as a power in social life, adopt the intellectual ideal of the literature of court circles in a chastened and matured form.

M. Cazamian proceeds to point out how this intellectual ideal, with its laws of reason and order, suited the minds of the middle classes who set the fashion in art, and how their social prestige upheld the classical norms long after their very absolutism would have made us expect a reaction. As a matter of fact there are early signs of such a reaction in the revival of sentiment in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the sentimental drama and later on in the sentimental novel, the middle classes effected a kind of moral reinsurance against the too absolute sway of the intellect. Together with this revival of emotion as a motive force in literature, a reviviscence of imagination took place, and the two helped on the reaction against classicism, which was not, however, overthrown till the end of the century. The abnormal duration of the classical period is ascribed by M. Cazamian to social causes, which retarded the pulse of the psychological rhythm, as they had accelerated it in 1660.

It would be tempting to follow the author in his detailed analysis of one period after another, illustrating the evolution of literature with the help of social history, and explaining it in terms of modern philosophy. His ideas are those of the psychologist, his metaphors are often borrowed from science. He speaks of the 'curve' of literary history, the 'axis' of his research, the oscillation of the rhythm. He symbolises the succession of romantic and classical periods, more and more contaminated as they follow each other more rapidly and tending towards ultimate stagnation, by the image of an ascending spiral described between two intersecting tangents in the shape of a cone. 'La mémoire collective et le souvenir subconscient' are shown to affect the primitive purity of the creative instincts. We are reminded of Schopenhauer's 'Wille zum Leben' by 'le vouloir-vivre national', of Nietzsche's 'Umwertung aller Werte' when we read of the 'incertitude des valeurs consacrées qui précède l'apparition des valeurs nouvelles', of Kautsky's ideal superstructure by the chapter on 'la préparation sociale du Romantisme'. A curious compound of German and French thought applied to the history of English literature. If for no other reason, the book would be worth reading for this one. In spite of its abstractions it never fails to interest, because of the supremely French lucidity of its thought and style. Its justification lies in the opening sentence of the first chapter — "Le besoin d'ordonner selon des lignes claires notre passé moral est vivace et obstiné." No doubt the prime object of literature lies in its aesthetic appeal; but in another aspect, literature is an index of the moral and social life of a nation. Those who wish to study it in this function will find M. Cazanian's book to be an invaluable guide.

R. W. Z.

Brief Mentions.

Bibliography of English Language and Literature, 1921. Edited for The Modern Humanities Research Association by A. C. PAUES. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1922. 4/6 net.

The first number of this Bibliography was announced in E. S. III, 94. The second, now ready, is more than twice its bulk, and in several respects an improvement on its predecessor. Thus the section 'General and Historical Grammars' with its incongruous contents has been replaced by one headed 'Historical and Period Grammars', including scholarly works only. The entries are still, however, given in alphabetical, not in chronological order, as is done with literary works. *Sixteenth-Twentieth Century Drama* has been distributed over the various chapters dealing with the literature of each separate century.

The Dutch entries are not quite complete nor always accurate. Thus Dr. Kruisinga's note on 'Ward' in the *Christmas Carol* in E.S. III, 172, is registered in the section 'Middle English Writings'; while on p. 126 his name is given instead of Mr. van Kranendonk's as reviewer of *Six Short Plays* by Galsworthy. It seems no one has troubled to supply the Dutch contributions, which had to be compiled by Miss Paus from such sources as were available at Cambridge. The present writer having, at the Editor's request, undertaken to supply the Dutch section henceforward, will be grateful if any errors of omission or commission that should appear in future instalments are brought to his notice. — Z.

Greater Britain. Englische Stimmen über das britische Weltreich.
Herausgegeben von DR. W. LÜHR. Teubners kleine Auslandstexte.
1923.

The emphasis rightly laid by German (and other) scholars on the importance for Modern Studies of a knowledge of the social conditions, as distinct from the language and literature, of a country, would appear to be leading to undesirable extremes. Messrs. Teubner have forwarded the first instalment of a series of 'Auslandstexte' for use in the upper forms of higher schools. It consists of short extracts from writings by authors

like Froude, Seeley, Lord Milner, Chamberlain etc. designed to illustrate the opinions of British imperialists, and the main lines on which the British Empire has recently developed. It is a handy compendium, and a dangerous weapon in the hands of a master who takes his task to be the inculcation of political sentiments. For there is no doubt that this preoccupation with social and political, as distinct from literary subjects, is prompted by *political* considerations. This may be defensible from the German point of view, but in Dutch schools we have no use for such arsenals.

Apart from this aspect, the booklet has little to recommend itself as an asset in teaching English. Its subject matter falls almost entirely within the domain of the history master. Stripped of its subjective bias, the series might be used as illustrative material for the teaching of history in commercial high schools. Language teachers will do well, in our opinion, by continuing to concentrate on language and literature, and by going to social and political history for occasional sidelights only. „Kulturkunde“, as represented by this new series, should not be allowed to take the place of literary culture in the programmes of our schools. In how far „Auslandstudien“ ought to form an integral part of modern studies at the Universities is an altogether different question. — Z.

Supplement to the Shelley-Bibliography 1908-1922.

Owing to an inexplicable oversight on the part of the compiler many items were omitted from the bibliography published last year. Most of them have been kindly pointed out by Prof. S. B. Liljegren of Lund University, to whom the writer's sincere gratitude is owing, as is his apology to the reader. Among the works submitted below have also been included studies that have appeared since June 1922. Some selections and translations have been left out purposely. Articles in magazines etc. published in 1922 are wanting. For them the reader is referred to the Bibliography of English language and literature 1922, edited for to the Modern Humanities Research Association, by A. C. Paues, due to appear in the autumn of this year.

J. K.

Shelley, a Poem. By C. E. FOSTER. 1908.

Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener. London, 1908.

Letters of Shelley to Peacock. 1909.

Bulletin of the Keats-Shelley Memorial. 1910 ff.

Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, etc. By BARNETTE MILLER. Columbia Univ. Stud. in English. 1910.

A Day with the Poet P. B. Shelley. By MAY BYRON. 1910.

Shelley and Peacock. By A. A. DIGEON. Mod. Lang. Notes, 1910, 41 ff.

Nature Poems by P. B. SHELLEY. Ill. by W. HYDE. London, 1911.

The Sensitive Plant. By P. B. SHELLEY. Introd. by EDM. GOSSE. Ill. by CH. ROBINSON. London, 1911.

Note Books of P. B. Shelley from the originals in the library of W. K. Forman. Boston, 1911. 3 vols.

On the Portraits of Shelley. By T. L. PEACOCK. 1911.

The Diary of Dr. J. W. Polidori, 1816, relat. to Byron, Shelley etc. By J. W. POLIDORI, 1911.

Shorter Poems by P. B. SHELLEY. Arden Books. 1912.

KASPROWICZ, *Arcydziała Europejskiej poezji dramatycznej II (Rodzina Cencich).* 1912.

Id. Id., *I. Oedipus Tyrannus.*

Prométhée délivré, trad. par TOLA DORIAN. Paris, 1912.

Shelley. By SYDNEY WATERLOW. The People's Books. 1913.

The Protestant Burial-Ground in Rome. By SIR J. R. RODD. 1913.

The Protestant Burial-Ground in Rome. By H. GAY. 1913.

Shelley's Triumph of Life. By F. M. STAWELL. 1914.

Antike Einflüsse by P. B. Shelley. Von O. INTZE. 1914.

Notes on the Sources of Poe's Poetry. By J. ROUTH. Mod. Lang. Notes. 1914, 72 ff.

- Shelley als Uebersetzer des homerischen Hymnus 'Εἰς Ἐρμῆν*. Von THEODOR VETTER. 1914.
- Shelley*. By C. H. HERFORD. Cambr. Hist. of Engl. Lit. 1915.
- P. B. Shelley, I Cenci*. Traduzione di A. de Bosis. Milano. 1916.
- The Influence of Horace on the Chief English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*. By MARY R. THAYER. New Haven, 1916. [The poets considered are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning.]
- P. B. SHELLEY, Pamphlets*. Prima traduzione italiana di M. MARINI. Milano, 1917.
- Byron and Shelley*. By H. M. BUELL. Mod. Lang. Notes, 1917. 312 ff.
- The Lyrical Poems and Translations of P. B. SHELLEY*. With a Preface by C. H. HERFORD. London, 1918.
- Literarische en Historische Studiën . . . Shelley*. Door W. G. C. BYVANCK. 1918.
- Kant and Shelley*. By R. BLAKE. (pseud.) 1919.
- A. M. Roos, Ett diktaröde*. Stockholm, 1919.
- An Opinion in the Writings of Tennyson, with a statement of his changed views regarding P. B. Shelley*. By R. BROWNING. 1920.
- Shelley's Ode to the West Wind*. By H. S. PANCOAST. Mod. Lang. Notes, 1920, 97 ff.
- R. RAYMONDI, Shelley in Italia*. Padora, 1920.
- Naturalism in English Poetry*. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. London, 1920. [Contains essays on Shelley's Interpretation of Christianity, on Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron, and on The Poetry of Shelley.]
- The Defence of Poetry*. By P. B. SHELLEY. (Peacock's Four Ages of Poetry). 1921.
- Friedensideale eines Revolutionärs*. (P. B. Shelley) Von T. VETTER. Zürich, 1921.
- Shelley über Politische Reformen*. Von H. HECHT. Germ. Rom. Monatschrift. 1921.
- Shelley's Swellfoot the Tyrant*. By N. I. WHITE. Publ. of the Mod. Lang. Assoc. of America. XXXVI, 3.
- Shelley and the Abbé Barruel*. By W. E. PECK. Ib., XXXVI, 3.
- A Poet's Science*. By M. A. DEFORD. The Open Court, XXXV, Sept. 1921.
- A Note on Shelley, Blake and Milton*. By A. H. GILBERT. Mod. Lang. Notes, XXXVI, Dec. 1921.
- New Fragments of Shelley*. By EDMUND GOSSE. Times L. S. Feb. 24, 1921.
- Shelley and Westminster Abbey*. By E. P. HEWITT. National Review, April 1921.
- Dr. Johnson and Shelley*. Notes and Queries, Nov. 5, 1921.
- A Note on Shelley and Peacock*. By W. E. PECK. M. L. N. XXXVI, June 1921.
- The Source book of Shelley's Adonais*. By W. E. PECK. Times L.S. April 7, 1921.
- Shelley's Autograph Corrections of 'The Daemon of the World'*. By W. E. PECK. T. L. S. June 23, 1921.
- Shelley's Unpublished After-the-War Message*. By ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE. New York Times Book Review, July 3, 1921.
- The Historical and Personal Background of Shelley's Hellas*. By N. I. WHITE. So. Atlantic Quarterly. XX, Jan. 1921.
- Shelley's Queen Mab*. By TH. J. WISE. T. L. S. June 30, 1921.
- The Shelley Birthday Book*. London, 1922.
- For the Centenary of Shelley's Death*. By C. H. HERFORD. Poetry Review, July 1922.
- Shelley: The Poet of Idealism*. By I. G. A. HOLLOWAY. (Ib.)
- Shelley als Dramatiker*. Von HEL. RICHTER. Germ. Rom. Mon. Schrift, 1922.
- G. BIAGI, Gli ultimi giorni di P. B. Shelley*. Florence, 1920.
- The Dramatic Poems of P. B. SHELLEY*. Ed. by C. H. HERFORD. London, 1922.
- Shelley's Debt to Alma Murray*. By N. I. WHITE. Mod. Lang. Notes, Nov. 1922.
- Shelley's Charles I*. By N. I. WHITE. Journ. Engl. Germ. Phil. 1922, 431 ff.
- A Vindication of Natural Diet*. By P. B. SHELLEY. With notes by F. E. WORLAND. London, 1922.
- Shelley, a hundred years away*. An address by JOHN T. DAVIS, Hull, 1922.
- Shelley in Edinburgh, etc*. By W. E. PECK. 1922.
- Proserpine and Midas*. Mythological Dramas by MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY. Edited by A. KOSZUL. London, 1922.

On the Character of Desdemona.

On the 9th of January of this year, Miss Lena Ashwell lectured at the Bishopsgate Institute in London on the character of Desdemona. I was unable to be present, but read the report of her lecture in the next day's *Daily Telegraph*. According to the reporter Miss Ashwell said on this occasion — "that it was a literary tradition that made Desdemona a blameless, helpless, charming, delightful expression of the perfect woman. By a series of quotations from *Othello*, she explained her theory that Desdemona was just as guilty, in her way, of the crime as Othello was in allowing his jealousy to be aroused. Desdemona, she said, first deceived her father, who lavished every love and care on her. She was a coward and told lies. On her death-bed she told her last lie, and so redeemed her character. Miss Ashwell believed that it was the hypocritical interpretation of Desdemona's character which accounted for the lack of popularity of *Othello* at the present time. It was not necessary to have the character so camouflaged that it ceased to be real, to comply with the convention that the heroine of a play must be invariably faultless."

Either this report is not very good, or the lecturer did not express herself very clearly. One has some difficulty in determining whether the words "and so redeemed her character" are meant ironically or not. And that the heroine of a play must be invariably faultless, can only be a convention among the illiterate. But it is evident that Miss Ashwell's view of Desdemona's character differs from that generally accepted. Now, Miss Ashwell's views on anything concerning the Theatre, are not lightly to be dismissed. She is an actress of considerable repute, who has played such leading parts in Shakespeare's dramas as Rosalind and Portia, Brutus's wife. She has never, so far as I know, acted the part of Desdemona herself, though she did take, at one time, that of Emilia. Since I am of Furness's opinion¹⁾ that in the interpretation of Shakespeare's plays, our first appeal, and perhaps our last, should be made to the dramatic instinct, as it has been termed, with which eminent actors are especially endowed, and attach, therefore, a good deal of weight to the words of Miss Ashwell on this point, I resolved to look into the matter more closely.

Somewhat to my astonishment I found that Miss Ashwell's statement has been anticipated by a few Shakespeare critics, though most of them do not express their views quite so positively.

The great majority, however, are of the contrary opinion, and speak of Desdemona in words of unrestrained praise. Thus do Johnson, Campbell, Lamb, Dowden, Rose,²⁾ Bradley, Raleigh, Brandes, and the Germans A. W. Schlegel, Franz Horn, Gervinus and M. J. Wolff³⁾. But there are others who are less enthusiastic: Heraud⁴⁾, Bodenstedt⁵⁾, Bulthaupt⁶⁾, and even Stopford Brooke is a little guarded in his eulogy.

Now it should, at the outset, be stated, that with most of the critics mentioned, the treatment of Desdemona's character resolves itself into an

¹⁾ Preface to the *New Variorum Edition of Othello*, p. vii.

²⁾ *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1880—82.

³⁾ *Shakespeare, der Dichter Und sein Werk*.

⁴⁾ *Shakespeare, his Inner Life*, 1865.

⁵⁾ *Jahrbuch der Shakespeare Gesellschaft* 1867.

⁶⁾ *Dramaturgie des Schauspiels*. Bd II (Shakespeare) 1894.

ethical discussion which has very little bearing on the subject and is, as such, of no significance for the student of Shakespeare. Whether a girl is or is not justified in opposing the will of her father, even to the extent of making him thoroughly unhappy, when her love is at stake, may form the subject-matter of highly edifying controversy, but is irrelevant to an appreciation of Desdemona's character, as developed in the play. As long as it does not come into conflict with her other deeds, the opposition of her father's wishes offers, in itself, little material for the tracing of character qualities. It is an entirely different matter to try and find out if the words used by Desdemona to defend her course of action throw any light on her innermost motives, which may quite well be hidden from herself. In the same way, it is fruitless to argue whether fear can justify the telling of untruths. What matters is if the telling of the untruth is consistent with other revelations of character in word or deed.

Broadly speaking, the faults ascribed to Desdemona by her detractors come under four heads:

- (1) Lack of filial feeling.
- (2) Lack of modesty.
- (3) Untruthfulness.
- (4) Cowardice.

Before we set out to test Desdemona's character on these four points, we may well try and find out, if the genesis of the play gives us any clue to Shakespeare's view of the matter. That is, after all, the most important point but one, to be considered. The play itself, the concrete form that the author gave to his views, is and will always remain more important still.

Now, for the genesis of the play two channels of information are accessible to us: firstly the *Hecatombithii* by Giraldi Cinthio, from the seventh novel of the third decade of which Shakespeare borrowed his plot for *Othello*, and secondly the texts of the first and second quartos (respectively dated 1622 and 1630) and the first folio. For our purpose, the second of these helps is the more important. Even if Cinthio's novel should in any way yield corroborative evidence to Desdemona's guilt, this would prove very little. For we know that in other plays Shakespeare modified his raw material for purposes of dramatic effect or to create contrasts in character (compare the characters of Macbeth, Macduff and Banquo in the play with those in Holinshed). But, as it happens, there is no trace of guilt in Cinthio's Desdemona (sic): she is 'una virtuosa Donna', Othello is represented as 'vinto dal nobile pensiero della Donna', and the Italian author dwells on the courage which makes her follow her lord into perils. But it might be argued that in this case Shakespeare's representation of the character is worse than his original. The answer is that no dramatic purpose would be served by such a change. Besides, there is another circumstance which prevents the assumption. In Cinthio's story, the ensign's wife is, likewise, virtuous ('honesta giovane'), whereas Shakespeare's Emilia does certainly not deserve this epithet. Her character has been made more unfavourable than its original. What other reason could Shakespeare have for this change than this, that by Emilia's shortcomings Desdemona's virtues should appear all the more conspicuous?

A comparison between the first quarto and the first folio is not without interest. If we knew with anything like certainty to what causes the differences between these two texts are attributable, the material presented would be very valuable indeed. Unfortunately, we are totally ignorant of the influences that have been at work here. Whether Shakespeare had anything to do

with the changes which, for example, the first quarto underwent at the hands of the Editor of the second quarto, has not yet been brought to light. All we can do, therefore, is to put these changes before the reader to be used or neglected at his discretion. Those concerning the presentment of Desdemona are three in number. In these three cases the folio has lines which are absent from the quarto. They all occur in Act IV, the act which shows the heroine in her moments of intensest suffering. They contribute to enhancing the pathos and to ennobling the character of Desdemona. The lines in IV, ii, addressed by Desdemona to Iago:

Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off,
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore';
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me —

emphasise both her fidelity towards Othello and the purity of her mind.

The lines in IV, iii, spoken to Emilia, have the same effect:

Desd. Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

And the whole of the willow-song with the dialogue pertaining to it which does not appear in the first quarto tends to heighten the pathos¹⁾ in the condition of one whose virtues have already won our sympathy.

We must now consider the four charges that have been brought against Desdemona. First there is the accusation of unfilial conduct. All the evidence lies in the second Act, in Desdemona's answer to her father's question where most she owes obedience, and in her refusal to remain at Brabantio's house while Othello is fighting against the Turks. The tone in which she speaks to her father is highly respectful ('my noble father . . .'). She is conscious of her obligations ('To you I am bound for life and education'), and her resolve is not made without a struggle ('I do perceive here a divided duty'). Her reminder that Brabantio's wife, at one time likewise preferred him to *her* father shows a skill in debate which we shall not find in her again, when issues of equal or greater importance are at stake; it may, therefore, be judged slightly inconsistent, but morally considered, it can never be called by a worse name than 'adroitness', or, as Mrs. Jameson has it, 'the instinctive unconscious address of her sex,' and even

¹⁾ In the introduction to his facsimile of the first quarto, H. A. Evans considers the omission of the willow-song etc. in Q, as a 'cut', to shorten the play for representation, the absence of Desdemona's solemn protest IV, ii, 151-169, however, as least likely to be due to intentional excision, for it is difficult to suppose that the most prosaic "cutter" would not have spared them if he found them in his copy.

The Editors of the *Cambridge Shakespeare* say:

'Many passages are omitted in Q, by accident or design, and some which we find only in the later editions look like afterthoughts of the author.'

this is called in question by Bradley. As regards her refusal to live in her father's house, the fact that it is made after Brabantio's and Othello's refusal, should not be lost sight of. Her husband's word makes the matter for her one of conjugal obedience, and her father's 'No' cannot but put all thoughts of pleasing him that she may have entertained, at once out of her head. I do not, therefore, see any reason to doubt her sincerity in saying: 'I would not there reside, to put my father in impatient thoughts by being in his eye.'

Whether she ought or ought not to have added something more, in the nature of comfort to these words, which happened to be the last she ever addressed to her father (but Desdemona could not know that) is matter for general moralists to decide, not for the Shakespeare student, because it deals with the quite imaginary drama of *Othello*, as these gentlemen would have written it.

The same scene contains Brabantio's well-known words:

'Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;

She has deceived her father, and may thee.'

It seems to me that the wrath and spite which animate the speaker at this moment, sufficiently account for the strength of the word "deceive", and that to found on this passage a surmise that 'in word, deed, thought, she must have been guilty of falsehood', as Heraud¹⁾ does, is highly fantastical²⁾. We are not forgetful of what Iago says to Othello: 'She did deceive her father, marrying you; and when she seemed to shake and fear your looks, she lov'd them most', nor of Othello's affirmative answer: 'and so she did'. But Iago was working on the passion of jealousy which he had already managed to excite in the Moor. Naturally, in doing so, he put things as unpleasantly as he could, and equally naturally Othello, who had by this time come to that state in which anything that seemed to confirm his fears gave him a kind of perverse satisfaction, agreed to the correctness of Iago's words.

We then come to the second charge, that of immodest behaviour. No one has worded this more bluntly than John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States, in his correspondence with Hackett³⁾. He does not scruple to call Desdemona 'little less than a wanton Desdemona is not false to her husband, but she has been false to the purity and delicacy of her sex and condition when she married him.' He strongly emphasises the unnaturalness of her love for a 'blackamoor'. Less forcibly, Bulthaupt⁴⁾

¹⁾ J. A. Heraud, *Shakespeare, his Inner Life*, London, 1865.

²⁾ In this connection I cannot refrain from drawing the reader's attention to a remarkable case of verbal similarity between the statements of two writers on the subject. I shall place side by side the words of Heraud and those of W. R. Turnbull, in his book *Othello, a Critical Study*, London, 1892 (please note the date of publication!)

Heraud.

The tragedy, however, might not have been possible at all but for a defect in Desdemona's character. In word, deed, thought, she must have been guilty of falsehood --- She has one foible. It is the slightest of foibles but one frequently fatal --- a habit of fibbing. From a timidity of disposition, she frequently evades the truth Practically, too, she dallies with falsehood.

Turnbull.

In her courtship she probably practised some craft and cunning both in word and deed. When difficulties present themselves, she evades the truth from a sort of natural timidity, and openly toys with falsehood . . . She manifests that fatal foible of fibbing, but for which the tragedy might not have been possible at all.

³⁾ J. H. Hackett. *Notes and comments upon certain plays and Actors of Shakespeare, with criticisms and correspondence*, New York 1864.

⁴⁾ H. Bulthaupt. *Dramaturgie des Schauspiels* 1894 (*Bd II Shakespeare*).

does the same, when he says: 'Schon ihre Neigung zu dem Afrikaner hat einen Beigeschmack von sinnlicher Pikanterie'. Stopford Brooke¹⁾ harps on the same string, though in more subdued tones. 'No amount of greatness of mind, of nobility of character in Othello can entirely — as some think it can — do away with the natural improbability, the physical and racial queerness of her love for the Moor.' — It is clear that here again we are in the domain of general ethics, the subject of the discussion being no longer Shakespeare's play, but the question whether it is ever allowable or advisable for a white woman to marry a black man. To get away from this domain as quickly as possible, let us see what Shakespeare says about it. Then we find that Brabantio, indeed, agrees with John Quincy Adams on the point. The father of Desdemona would never have charged Othello with obtaining the affection of his daughter by magic arts, if this affection had not seemed unnatural to him. But there are other testimonies regarding Desdemona's relation towards Othello. In the first place, there is Brabantio's own description of his daughter's disposition. 'A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself'. Now this is, it is true, Brabantio's idea of her, but why it should *not* be Shakespeare's we fail to see. And we cannot, like Stopford Brooke, consider the many great actresses who took this description as the basis for the presentment of Desdemona as foolish. Even the fact that, while her father harboured this opinion of her modesty, she was — in the harsh words of Heraud — 'carrying on a love intrigue with a man of another race and colour, in which she was half the wooer', cannot alter our view.

For what was Desdemona's attitude in this wooing? We know it from the celebrated passage, where Othello informs us how his accounts of the sufferings and hardships he had gone through, aroused Desdemona's pity. She even loved him for the dangers he had passed, and encouraged his suit by bidding him

if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would win her.

Seeing what barriers racial difference had erected between them, the strength of which Desdemona must have perceived as clearly as those around her, was it so very 'bold' in her to intimate that, to her at least, such barriers were of no account? The Duke does not consider these things nearly so unnatural as Brabantio or John Quincy Adams, for he says: 'I think this tale would win my daughter too.' Desdemona herself explains all unnaturalness quite away by saying: 'I saw Othello's visage in his mind.' But, interposes Bulthaupt, her whole behaviour contradicts this assumption, for — and I confess his reasoning here becomes almost unintelligible to me: 'Ihr ganzes heiteres, harmloses, leichtsinniges Verhalten, ihre fortwährende Verliebtheit widerspricht der Annahme, dass sie ihn *trotz* seiner Abkunft, *trotz* seines Alters, *trotz* seiner "Häszlichkeit" liebt — sie liebt ihn, weil er der Mohr, allerdings eben dieser, sogleich als Mann, als Mensch so hochstehender Mohr ist.' As I said, I can hardly make sense of this, but if it means anything, then this view of the matter certainly leaves no room either for unnaturalness or for immodesty. A far more clear-headed witness than the German critic, however, is Iago. And he, who never in the course of the action, paints her better than she is, confirms Desdemona's words I, i, 225, where he says to Roderigo: 'Mark me with what violence she

¹⁾ A. Stopford Brooke. *Ten more Plays of Shakespeare*, London 1913.

first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastic lies'. This, then, on the authority of Othello, Desdemona herself, and Iago, was the fountain, head of her affections: pity mingled with admiration. We can perfectly agree, because we think it is borne out by all internal evidence, with the fervent eulogy of Lamb¹⁾: 'Nothing can be more soothing, more flattering to the noble parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the force of love and from a sense of merit in him whom she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with a *coal-black* Moor . . . it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses.'

A propos of the continued display of fondness, laid to her charge by Bulthaupt, — the austere Adams thinks 'her fondling with Othello is disgusting' — what lines, what line even in the whole play justifies this new attack on Desdemona's modesty? She calls her husband by no more endearing names than 'good love', 'my dear Othello', 'my good lord', and only once 'sweet Othello', (IV, i, 251), when he is on the point of striking her; evidently this appellation is intended to enhance the dramatic effect of the blow. As soon as dangers begin to thicken around her, it is always, not in fondness, but submission: 'my lord'! Judged by this test, Macbeth, who calls his wife in turns 'my dearest love', 'love', 'dear wife', and 'dearest chuck', might with equal show of justice be accused of uxoriousness.

Iago's unfavourable criticisms of Desdemona are not valid, first because he had all the cynic's contempt for women, secondly because it often served his purpose to paint her worse than she was. Without further comment we quote:

(To Roderigo) 'a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian' (I, iii, 362-3).

(to Roderigo) 'The woman hath found him already,' etc. (II, i, 254-271)

(to Cassio) 'She is sport for Jove,' etc. (II, ii, 17-20).

A more serious obstacle in the way is the willingness with which Desdemona listens, on the quay, to the smutty talk of the Ancient (II, i, 109-164). The rigorous Adams has, naturally, not overlooked this. "She allows Iago almost unrebuked, to banter with her very coarsely upon women." "Almost unrebuked" is untrue, but one would, indeed, have expected Desdemona not to listen to Iago's ribaldry at all. But as Stoll²⁾ rightly observes, this readiness to listen to or partake in obscene conversation, is a trait which Desdemona has in common with other pure-minded ladies in Shakespeare. He instances Helena (*All's Well that Ends Well* I, i), and Portia, the wife of Bassanio, shall not pass quite scot-free either. But as soon as we admit that many Shakespearian heroines show this trait of character, we can no longer charge Desdemona in particular with it. Whether we choose to attribute the phenomenon to the morals of the time or, as Prof. Stoll does, to the exhibition of an irregular and 'Gothic' taste in the Elizabethan dramatist, does not matter: in either case the phenomenon itself has no bearing on the character of the heroine³⁾.

¹⁾ C. Lamb. Works, London, Moxon, Son & Co., 1870.

²⁾ *Othello, An Historical and Comparative Study*, Minneapolis 1915.

³⁾ Personally, I think that of this and similar scenes may pre-eminently be said what Prof. Stoll says in another connection: 'Again and again it appears that theatrical effect, or the light and shade of the whole, is more precious in the Dramatist's eye than a character's integrity'. This may sound blasphemous to those whose business it seems to be to justify the ways of the Bard to men, but it is a standpoint to which continued Shakespeare study is slowly leading us again. Again, for it was already taken up a hundred years ago by no less a person than Goethe who, according to Eckerman, (*Gespräche*

The words, spoken by Desdemona to Iago in IV, ii, 'I cannot say "whore", it does abhor me now I speak the word', and the question she asks Emilia in IV, iii, 62, 'Dost thou in conscience think, tell me Emilia, that there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind,' prove without any room for doubt, that her thoughts were pure and her knowledge of the world's sins pathetically limited.

Before we pass on to the alleged untruthfulness and cowardice in Desdemona, let us consider two minor charges brought against her: want of delicacy and tact. Both qualities are said to show themselves in her pleading with the Moor for Cassio. Adams, with characteristic Puritanism, sternly asserts that it is not for female delicacy to extenuate the crime of drunkenness and bloodshed. And Heraud, likewise, speaks of the 'lenity' with which she makes light of Cassio's fault. Well, seeing that her primary object was to have Cassio restored to his office, she could hardly do otherwise than represent the offence as a slight transgression. And was the offence, after all, so 'heinous', as Adams makes it out? Cassio had got drunk and been involved in a fight. This, in itself, is a thing that — I was almost going to say — may happen to anybody. Nor does Othello seem to lay much stress on the moral aspect of his Lieutenant's misconduct, but he does emphasise its military aspect: 'What, in a town of war, yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, to manage private and domestic quarrel in night, and on the court and guard of safety! 'Tis monstrous.' That Desdemona should not see the offence in this light, who can blame her for it? Women have at all times been averse to militarism. In this respect Desdemona was no exception to her sex, as is shown by the spirit of indifference and ignorance combined in her parenthetical clause: 'And yet his trespass, in our common reason — *Save that they say, the wars must make example out of their best* — is not almost a fault To incur a private check'. Needless to remark, I do not agree with Heraud, who discovers in the same parenthetical clause "false arguing, not unconsciously."

That the insistence with which she keeps worrying her husband about Cassio's recall is tactless, cannot reasonably be denied. And the attempt made by Wolff to motivate this insistence by putting it as if she meant to do her husband a service by interceding for his best friend, is absolutely doomed to failure by her words: 'my lord shall never rest, I'll watch him, tame, and talk him out of patience; His bed shall seem a school, his board a thrift: I'll intermingle everything he does with Cassio's suit' ¹⁾. Such behaviour would gall the most patient of husbands. And we can well agree with Stopford Brooke, who calls it overdone and wishes that we might have less of it. The most plausible explanation of this exaggeration seems

mit Goethe, ed. Houben, Leipzig 1910), said (with regard to Lady Macbeth's words 'I have given suck' and Macduff's 'He has no children'): 'diese Worte wollen weiter nichts beweisen, als dasz der Dichter seine Personen jedesmal das reden lässt, was eben an *dieser Stelle* gehörig, wirksam und gut ist, ohne sich viel und ängstlich zu bekümmern und zu kalkulieren, ob diese worte vielleicht mit einer anderen Stelle in Scheinbaren Widerspruch gerathen möchten.... er sah seine Stücke als ein Bewegliches, Lebendiges an, das von den Brettern herab den Augen und Ohren rasch vorüberfliessen würde, das man nicht festhalten und im Einzelnen bekritteln konnte, und wobei es bloss darauf ankam, immernur im gegenwärtigen Moment wirksam und bedeutend zu sein'.

¹⁾ I suppose that Wolff bases his interpretation of Desdemona's motives on her lines to Othello: 'Why, this is not a boon: 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm, or sue to do you a particular profit to your own person'. But this is merely her way of putting it, to win Othello over the more easily. There is no reason, however, why she should to Cassio represent her intentions other than they are.

to me that Shakespeare wants to impress the audience, who have already been informed of Iago's designs by himself, with the danger she is by these words calling down on her own head, to make them with every word she utters tremble for what she will say next. In his zeal the Author did not know where to stop; he rode the jade of dramatic irony to death.

The element of untruthfulness has entered sidelong into the discussion of Desdemona's behaviour towards her father and her appeals for Cassio. The main points on which the charge is founded, have not been mentioned yet. There is, first, her remark, made on the quay: 'I am not merry, but I do beguile the thing I am by seeming otherwise'. Heraud gives on these lines the following comment: 'To seem otherwise than she is, in order to obtain her end, is at all times lawful in her estimation, not meaning ill but to make matters easy'. Really, this sort of reasoning is highly irritating. What end was there for Desdemona to attain? She is anxious about her husband: her first question on landing was after him, and now she is involved in a piquant conversation with Iago. Before entering into it, she once more asks if anyone has gone to the harbour for news, and then resigns herself to listening to the ancient's scurrilities and even replying to them: if it will do nothing else, it will help her to pass the time of waiting, and so she speaks, more than half to herself, by way of excuse for her seeming light-heartedness, the incriminated words. Coleridge's comment on these lines: 'The struggle of courtesy in Desdemona to abstract her attention' is somewhat vague, but seems to go still farther in exculpating the speaker.

The next clause in the indictment brought in against Desdemona is furnished by the words which she addresses to Othello. 'What! Michael Cassio, That came a-wooing with you and so many a time, when I have spoke of you disparagingly, Hath ta'en your part'. 'So that', says Heraud, 'Desdemona had not only disguised her sentiments from her father, but had idly sought to do the same for Cassio, who was in the secret'. And Adams is of opinion, that the exercise of concealment and disguise 'in satirical censure upon the very object of (her) most ardent affections is certainly no indication of innocence, simplicity, or artlessness'. If this is not putting the worst possible construction on matters, I do not know what is. Othello himself, as presented by Edwin Booth, certainly took it very differently. In the interleaved copy of *Othello*, in which he wrote out for Furness much of his 'business' it says *re* 'disparagingly': 'Reprove her playfully. Throughout this colloquy gaze lovingly in her face and seem to encourage her to coax you by your teasing silence'. Why not assume that Desdemona — this is certainly not far-fetched — in order to hear her lover praised by Cassio, drew the latter out by disparaging him? Another explanation would be that in her eagerness to dispose her husband favourably toward Cassio she wilfully harms her own interests by accusing herself of something of which she was never guilty, that Cassio may shine all the more brightly by the contrast.

The attack is levelled with full force at the lines in which Desdemona denies the loss of the handkerchief. The accusation of cowardice is here conveniently coupled with that of double-dealing.

Desd. It is not lost, but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Desd. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Desd. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now.

E. E. Stoll, the learned Professor of Minnesota University, seems at this

point to join the chorus of detractors, but halfway his argument changes and directs itself against the author. He says: 'It has been urged that innocent women and children have recourse to deceit from fear. But Desdemona was brave enough and trustful enough, in running away with the noble black man and in pleading her friend Cassio's suit; and even a timid innocence does not look altogether like guilt. Our discussion of a similar situation in other dramatists . . . shows how for the situation's sake they have tampered with the integrity of the character'. This position is easily tenable; it would have been wiser, perhaps even more natural, for Desdemona to confess the loss. And it is true that such a confession would have spoiled the scene, even the play. My only objections to Prof. Stoll are these: Desdemona's attitude does *not* carry the impression of guilt to anyone but the inflamed Moor, who has, by this time, lost all faculty of distinction. Secondly, Desdemona's courage has hitherto been shown in a period of her life when she was sure of Othello's love, and in this certainty fought against circumstances; but now her husband's love threatens to fall from her; in the terrible consciousness of this calamity, her courage fails her, and she seeks refuge in delaying the decision, in warding off the blow by an unreasoned denial of the truth. Moreover, as the late Professor Raleigh rightly observes, the most important statement that she makes in this connection, is 'but what an if it were?' This is no untruth, on the contrary, it expresses the truth that she has done her husband no wrong. The whole of Professor Raleigh's impassioned appeal to tenderer feelings and nobler judgment is well worth reading ¹⁾, although one feels inclined at the end to agree with Sterne's Yorick: 'In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much'.

No defence is needed for Desdemona's anguish in the last act, when the Moor, whose age, size, strength, and colour must now be an additional source of terror to her, comes to her bedroom, raving, with his eyes rolling. There is, as Rose says, 'no spring, no elasticity, about her mind, no reflection, almost no thought . . . At the end her words have the directness and the oneness of a child's begging helplessly for delay of punishment.' Only a barbarian can think of cowardice, when he sees such torturing going on before his eyes. It has rightly been said that the fourth and the fifth Act of *Othello*, if perfectly performed, would be unbearable to witness.

As for the last words, the splendid lie by which she saves her husband from the censure of the world, Franz Horn may be quoted: 'Die Lüge mit der Desdemona stirbt, ist eine himmlische Wahrheit, zu gut um in das Gebiet eines gewöhnlichen Moralsystems gezogen zu werden.'

There remains little to prove or refute. Most of the passages which put Desdemona in a favourable light have already been quoted as material for disproof of some accusation. The few following isolated lines which help to bring out her character may still be adduced. In IV, ii Desdemona says to herself: 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet; How have I been behaved, that he might stick the small'st opinion on my least misuse?' It seems almost superfluous to remark that Turnbull is entirely wrong in believing that in the first of these three lines Shakespeare distinctly suggests retribution and repentance. A comparison with the second and third lines and a reference to line 252, IV, i ('I have not deserved this') sufficiently shows that these words are spoken in bitter sorrow and meant to convey the opposite of what they express.

¹⁾ Shakespeare, p. 271-2 (Macmillan & Co. London 1909).

Attention has been called to Desdemona's seemingly inconsequential remark to Emilia about her relative Lodovico: 'This Lodovico is a proper man.' Emilia's thoughts are all on sensuality; she replies: 'A very handsome man,' but Desdemona continues: 'He speaks well'. This allusion to her cousin's interference in her behalf, when Othello struck her, is her only reference to that sorrowful scene; so gentle she is that when her thoughts wander back to it, his kindness outweighs her husband's brutality.

I will finally quote two judgments on Desdemona's character, both of unassailable authority. Iago, in hatching his plans, (II, iii 369) says: 'so will I turn her virtue into pitch, and out of her own goodness make the net that shall enmesh them all.' And after the strangling scene Emilia says to Othello (V, ii, 197) 'Thou hast killed the sweetest innocent that e'er did lift up eye'.

I do not know of the present unpopularity of which Miss Ashwell speaks. If it exists, this investigation will, I hope, at least have shown that a less favourable interpretation of Desdemona's character can hardly be the way to remove it. On the contrary, we heartily agree with Bulthaupt²⁾: "Die Schauspielerin, die alle, auch die scheinbar widersprechendsten Züge in Desdemona's Natur auf diese eine Liebesquelle zurückführt, ihr das blühende Colorit der Venetianerin und jenen künstlerischen zarten Anhauch verleiht, dessen Othello in seiner Trauer wörtlich gedenkt, wird, wenn ihre Erscheinung und ihre innere Grazie mit ihrer Auffassung Hand in Hand gehen, in der Darstellung der reizvollen Gestalt nicht irren können."

J. KOOISTRA.

War Words and Peace Pipings.

(Materials for a Study in Slang and Neologism.)

III. ³⁾

B. C. = Bad Character (of soldiers dismissed).

B. O. = Bombing Officer.

baby, soldiers' name for one of the smaller guns:

The guns are going strong this morning. There goes our big gun. The men call him "Mother," and his smaller companion "Baby" (*Daily Tel.*, 1915).

Also a small model aeroplane, a baby aeroplane:

BABY AEROPLANES.

BY CLARENCE WINCHESTER.

Few people realise the important part played by "baby," or model, aeroplanes in peace and war aviation. Just as models are employed in shipping tests which are carried out in and on tanks filled with water, so models are used in aircraft tests, which are carried out in what are known as wind channels or tunnels. (*Daily Mail*, 12 Sept., 1918).

baby elephant, kind of dug-out:

There was at one time a small form of dug-out known as a baby elephant, similar in design to the German pill-box (de Cadogan, ed. of *The British Empire Fortnightly*).

¹⁾ Shakespeare's *Schauspiele* erläutert (Leipzig, 1823) Bd II, p. 336.

²⁾ *Vide supra* p. 231.

³⁾ Cf. E. S. IV, 10 sqq. and 60 sqq.

baby porpoise, a hydrophone :

He lets us know that its [the hydrophone's] friends call it a "baby porpoise" and that real porpoises try to play with it. We gather that it conveys sounds . . . and that its attachment to a ship superinduces a sense of pleasing and unaccustomed security among the ship's company while at sea in time of war. (*Times*, L. S. 26 Febr. 1920).

back area, see quotation from the *Daily Mail*, 24 Sept., 1918 :

Before the battle the "back area" is a hive of industry, making ready for the attack. Rifles and guns are cleaned, bombs detonated, gas masks tested, water bottles filled, and battle gear put into order.

back of the line, behind the firing line, out of enemy gun-range.

bachelors' mess, the name commonly applied to the quarters of commissioned officers who are unmarried (E. S. Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*).

badgy, an enlisted boy (O'Toole, *The Way they have in the Army*, p. 38).

baggies, Tommy's name for sailors in the Navy — obviously a reference to the sailor's wide trousers (O'Toole, *The Way they have in the Army*, p. 38).

bait, see quotation from *The Times*, 15 Dec., 1915 :

I am at main camp now, but that is not free from excitement. One of our men on the bait patrol had a nasty experience a little while ago. The patrol is called a "bait" because it consists of a small number of men sent round the camp before dawn to see if the enemy are going to attack.

balloon apron, a net which, suspended at a great height over certain London suburbs, proved a great obstacle to the Gotha raiders; cp. the following cutting from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 27 May, 1918 :

Mr. Whitehead said the balloons were used in the defence of London. It was known as the "apron" defence. A pianoforte wire was stretched between the two balloons, and to this wire further wires were attached in the form of streamers, the object of which was to entangle an enemy aeroplane or other aircraft seeking to make its way to London, and so bring it down.

balloonatic, an expert in ballooning in jocular parlance :

But every "balloonatic" knows that when a balloon is attacked it is only once in twenty times that it is saved. He knows that he will have to jump. (*Daily Mail*, 20 Sept., 1918).

bandstand, a navy man's name for a gun carriage, as appears from the following cutting from the *Daily Mail*, 12 Sept., 1918 :

Even for this "No. 1" had no eyes, for he had had a weary middle watch and bed was his only interest. But he did notice a weird figure, apparently human, crawling about near the "bandstand" of the after gun.

He went to investigate and found the surgeon probationer, clad in a chamois leather overall suit, in which he had been sleeping on the wardroom couch below — for everyone must sleep more or less clad, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. He was feeling about in the dark, apparently in search of something.

banjo, réservoir d'huile circulaire, fixé au vilebrequin d'un moteur rotatif L. F. Plugge, *A Glossary of aeronautical Terms*).

bank, incline, said of an aeroplane (F. H. Vizetelly, *Soldier's Service Dict.*).

Bantam, infantryman below 5 ft. 3 in. in height :

The little men — the men who are no taller than five-foot-three and as short as our-foot-eleven — have formed themselves into a special battalion. They are called the "Bantams", and Glasgow is highly delighted with them. When the "Bantams" get to the front, in the opinion of Glasgow, the end of the war will be soon. They will run through the legs of the Germans, and attack them, with the concentrated ferocity of the turdy little Scot, in the rear. (*Sketch*, 14 April, 1915).

barbed wire disease, a form of nervous break-down — see quotation :

The word Ottoman still suggests a rather pleasant languor. From Lord NEWTON's account of his negotiations with the Turkish envoys over the exchange of prisoners we gathered that they were charming fellows, ready to talk about anything but the

business in hand, and particularly about a mysterious ailment called the "barbed wire disease", supposed to be rampant in British internment camps. But they had only the vaguest notions of the number of their British prisoners and showed no desire to part with them. (*Punch*, 1 May, 1918).

barndook see **bundook**.

barrack-room lawyer, a soldier's name for an argumentative brother-in-arms: an argumentative soldier is a "barrack-room lawyer" (Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 79).

barrage, a wall of shell fire thrown against an advancing enemy with such regularity that troops cannot pierce it (Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*); very often used figuratively:

There is a barrage fire of interrogations in every language and every accent. A veritable babel! Poor M. Pichon! (*Daily Mail*, 5 March, 1918).

Mr. Chaplin, enduring a barrage of questions, said: "There seems to be an impression that my next picture will be Charlie the Bolshy." (*Daily Mail*, 17 Sept., 1921).

Also used as a verb both in the proper and the figurative sense, as appears from the following quotations:

I WISH I did not dream of France
And spend my nights in mortal dread
On miry flats where whizz-bangs dance
And star-shells hover o'er my head,
And sometimes wake my anxious spouse
By making shrill excited rows
Because it seems a hundred "hows"

Are barraging the bed.

(*Punch*, 10 Oct., 1917).

Mr. Justice Darling was neither consistent nor conciliatory, and the whole case got out of hand. It became a wrangle of personality and irrelevancy, and Mr. Billing, having "barraged" the law, played recklessly to sensation (*Sunday Pictorial*, 9 June, 1918).

barrage bumping, jocularly for *barrage pumping*:

"Well, and what atrocity have they invented for us to-morrow, old man?"

"Oh, you and I are down for that pleasant little pastime known as 'barrage bumping' at 5.30 a.m., Jimmy, and the Commanding Officer wants to see you at once about it." (*Daily Mail*, 15 May, 1917).

base kit, soldier's kit worn at the base:

Them [pocket Testaments] as didn't [stay behind] must 'ave gone into "Base kit", cos any'ow there wasn't one to be raked out o' the Battery later on exep' the one that Pint-o'-Bass was carrying' (Boyd Cable, *Between the Lines*, p. 234).

basker, a slacker:

He doesn't want to be Duke of Cheviot. He just wants to go on being a "basker," which is the new word for what his mailed ancestry would have called a *fainéant*. People who bask, when they have an easy income, nice manners, a perfect valet, and a pretty talent for big-game shooting, are popular. (*Times*, 7 Jan., 1916).

The manager of St. James's Theatre had almost a shock as a result of an interview with a lady who called one day this week to buy seats for a performance of "The Basker". "Will you kindly tell me," she asked, "what is a 'basker'?" "Well," he answered, "he is a man who takes things very easily — 'lazes,' in fact." "Oh! really," said the lady. "I have no patience with people who take things easily. (*Daily Mail*, 3 Febr., 1916).

bathing-station, a place where soldiers can have a bath:

The numerous large buildings in this part of France afforded ideal wash-houses, and "bathing-stations", as they are called, are now established in all divisional areas. (G. V. Williams, *With our Army in Flanders*, p. 134).

battle-bowler, soldier's jocular name for his tin-hat or steel helmet:

BATTLE HATS.

Soldiers are even more conservative than schoolboys, but to most of them the "tin-hat" or "battle 'bowler'" is by now an accepted part of the "Christmas tree" which the soldier carries about with him. (*Daily Mail*, 17 July, 1918).

I left my battle-bowler in the company billet a mile or so away from the battalion parade-ground. It was a bad beginning to a two-hundred-mile march. True, the thing was merely a tin hat, and these trifles may be acquired surreptitiously, but it was my very own original tin hat, served out to me when tin hats first came into fashion and people thought it looked "windy" to wear them. (*Punch*, 11 Dec., 1918).

battle 'plane, a fighting-aeroplane :

A British airplane went forth on reconnaissance accompanied by what the Germans call a battle plane. (*Daily Mail*, 25 Jan., 1916).

Giant Battle 'Plane.

The new giant battle-aeroplane J. 6856, one of the most wonderful of the machines that have been built at Farnborough, Hampshire, is to carry out its first tests with a full crew shortly. Gunners and bombers, who are accommodated in bulletproof chambers on either side of the main fuselage, will carry out firing and bomb dropping practice. (*W. Daily Mail*, 15 Oct., 1921).

bazar, the sutler establishment which accompanies a native regiment in the India service wherever it goes (Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*).

bed-board, a soldier's bed :

"Boards" loom largely in the administration of the present-day Army.

They are of all sorts—medical boards, clothing boards, stock-taking boards, and audit boards. There are even bed-boards (or "boards, bed, soldiers' common," as they are officially termed) on which the troops sleep, and inventory boards containing a schedule of barrack-room furniture. Also boards (shove-halfpenny) for use in canteens. (*Daily Mail*, 17 July, 1918).

beggar in the boat, see quotation from Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*, p. 86 :

They [the targets] are not of the usual bull's-eye pattern, but are what is known as "figure" targets [= kopschijf]. The lower half is sea-green, the upper white. In the centre, half on the green and half in the white, is a curious brown smudge. It might be anything, from a splash of mud to one of those mysterious brown-paper patterns which fall out of ladies' papers, but it really is intended to represent the head and shoulders of a man in khaki lying on grass and aiming at us. However, the British private, with his usual genius for misapprehension, has christened this effigy "the beggar in the boat."

Bertha, a German long-range gun, also called *Big Bertha*, *Busy Bertha*, and *Fat Bertha* with allusion to Krupp's wife, whose Christian name was Bertha :

The Austrian (Skoda) 17in. howitzers are believed throughout the war to have played even a greater rôle in the various Germanic campaigns than the "Fat Berthas" of Krupps. (*Daily Mail*, 1 July 1916).

To-day there is no more outward sign of elation than there was of anxiety when "Bertha" was firing on Paris every quarter of an hour. Paris, indeed, was extraordinarily subdued to-day, and the flags will be put out only when victory is final. (*Daily Tel.*, 14 Oct., 1918).

A novel use for the one-time terror of Parisians, the German giant gun known as "Big Bertha," is foreshadowed by the Paris "Journal," quoted by the Exchange to-day.

"Big Bertha" has repented her evil life (says the newspaper) and is about to become an engine of use to man. Her propulsive power is to be employed in the study of the high atmosphere by means of a special projectile. Pointed at an angle of 41 degrees, "Bertha" can send the projectile eighteen kilometres, or about eleven miles into the air, and pointed vertically she can send it 78,700 metres, or very little short of fifty miles. We have no knowledge of what the ether is like at such a distance from the earth. Does density exist there, does terrestrial attraction, or would a projectile freed from it continue its way towards the stars? It is an experiment worth making. (*Pall Mall Gazette*, 27 May, 1918).

big-boy, one of the larger English guns, the caliber being 8 inches or something over :

Perhaps he wanted to scare us, to weaken our morale by spoiling our sleep. He surely did spoil mine. The shrapnel was screeching, the bombs were crashing on the

edge of town, and all the while the Big Boys roared defiance. If the raid was made against them it was a joke, because they never let up firing until dawn. (*Sunday Evening Paper*, 3 July, 1918).

Big Five, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 15 Febr., 1919:

The general effect is to extend the present alliance of free nations, under the immediate control of "the Big Five" — Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy and Japan.

Big Six, see quotation from the *Overseas Daily Mail*, 3 Dec., 1921:

An interim report to the Cabinet will be presented in about three weeks dealing with what are known as the "Big Six" spending Departments — the Admiralty, War Office, Air Force, and the Ministries of Labour, Education, and Health.

big stuff, an army word for large shells (A. G. Empey, *From the Fire-Step*, p. 228).

Big Three, viz., Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, a *Daily Mail* invention (see *D. M.*, 5 May, 1919):

A forecast of the peace terms was published yesterday by the *Sunday Times*, a newspaper which strongly supports Mr. Lloyd George, and we reprint it to-day. Its statements are fairly circumstantial; and they generally agree with the facts which the "Big Three" have already permitted to be disclosed.

In later *slang* the Big Three are the three corporations commanding the whole labour movement, viz. the railway workers, the transport workers, and the miners.

billy, a soldiers mess tin:

The old soldier who carries his "billy" filled with the scraps from the last meal and merely has to heat it up on a little fire at a convenient halt is the envy of all his comrades (Baden Powell, *Quick Training*, p. 57).

bird, an aeroplane:

There is a whirr — the low, ominous Boche whirr — and coming straight for the balloon at 100 miles an hour is an evil looking "bird."

Now the teaching is "Don't jump too soon — don't jump too late." If you jump too soon you may jump unnecessarily, for the "Archies" may drive the "bird" away. (*Daily Mail*, 24 Sept., 1918).

bird man, an aviator (*Webster Dict.*).

biscuit, see quotation from the *Daily Mail*, 1 Jan., 1916:

At a bedding store in a dark passage a couple of blankets and a couple of "biscuits" — mattress sections rather like gigantic biscuits in appearance — were thrown at him, and he was taken to a corner of another passage and told to put them down there tidily, for there he was to sleep.

a bit of stuff, a bullet, a shell fragment:

This pad what the minister gave me is fine. I keep it in my left breast pocket. Please tell him it hasn't stopped a bit of stuff yet, but I am sure it will soon. Remember me to everybody. Love and kisses from your Elijah." (*Punch*, 8 Aug., 1917).

bivvy, from bivouac, also in the sense of improvised shelter:

Now that the winter is drawing near a Boche overcoat makes a welcome supplement to an Army blanket o' nights. Bivouacs made of German ground-sheets buttoned together are as common as shell-holes. We cook in German mess-tins over German pocket-cookers, illuminate our "bivvies" with German nightlights, wash in German steel helmets, cut our bread with knives of Solingen steel, draw our rum issue in the peculiar flat grey cups in which Fritz keeps his butter and jam, and carry spare kit in haversacks or sandbags of genuine Fatherland fabrication. (*Daily Mail*, 31 Oct. 1918).

The first is the supply of bivouac sheet or "bivvies," as they are popularly called, for the accommodation of troops where billets are scarce. A "bivvy" cover is very similar to a wagon sheet, and is about 13 feet by 10. It may be stretched over a shell-hole or thrown over a centre pole, with its sides fastened to the earth or to a hastily built wall of sods. (*Daily Mail*, 23 Sept., 1918).

black list, the list with the names of pro-Germans firms that were to be boycotted by the trade:

At Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday Sidney Richardson, of Hatton-garden, was fined £ 40, with 10 guineas costs, for offering to trade with L. Sonneborn Sons, of 262, Pearl-street, New York, a firm included in the "black list" issued under the Trading with the Enemy Act. (*Times*, 31 March, 1917).

Hence the verb *blacklist* as used in the following quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 11 March, 1919:

The food will be paid for in four ways:

(1) By freights which will be credited to the Germans; (2) by the export of certain goods which are not "blacklisted" and which Germans will be allowed to export to neutrals and to such of the Allies as require them; (3) by liquid assets in the form of bills of exchange drawn on foreign countries for goods sent abroad, and in the form of securities; (4) by the German gold reserve.

Black Maria, a high-explosive German shell producing a cloud of black smoke when bursting, mistakenly applied to one of the German guns as appears from the second of the following quotations:

FACING the guns, he jokes as well

As any Judge upon the Bench:

Between the crash of shell and shell

His laughter rings along the trench;

He seems immensely tickled by a

Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria."

(*Punch*, 14 Oct., 1914).

Compared to these monsters, the 8-inch howitzer, known as "Black Maria" or "Jack Johnson", which bombards our trenches all day long, is but a small affair. (*Ill. London News*, 2 Jan. 1915).

black squad, ?

Seldom heard of, the "black squad" is responsible for more than one of our successes. Without the excitement of being in the fighting they have to keep things going at top speed all the time. (*Sunday Herald*, 12 March, 1916).

blanket, balk the gun-fire from the enemy:

On the Lorraine front our "blanketing" action and our curtains of fire stopped a violent bombardment by the German artillery and infantry and machine-gun fire in front of Letricourt. We directed effective *rafales* on the enemy's works north of Reillon. (*Times*, 16 Oct., 1915).

blanket-bath, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 30 Aug., 1918:

All wounds are examined and dressed by the night sister, "blanket baths" being given where the patient is too ill to wash himself, and the pulse and temperature are noted.

Blighty, the British soldier's name for his native country, popularized by Thomas Atkins in the first years of the war and already so universally known in 1917 that *Punch* is enabled to poke fun at one of his victims as he does in the following quotation — see *Punch*, 26 Dec., 1917:

There is nothing like taking precautions not to talk over the heads of your readers. We offer a few suggestions on similar lines:—

"Germany, the powerful enemy against whom we are contending in the present War 1914 onwards)"

"SHAKSPEARE, the immortal author of *Hamlet* (the tragedy)"

"Blighty, the British soldier's name for England"

The word remained a puzzle to many for some time, though any doubt about its origin might have been solved at once by turning up that wonderful mine of out-of-the-way information, *Hobson-Jobson*, a glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words and phrases, compiled by Col. Henry Yule and A. C. Burnell (1903). It is true the word is not yet found there in its latest stage of corruption but it is properly traced back to Arabic *wilāyat*, "a kingdom, a province," as he that runs and can read will find under the entry

bilayut, billait. This word has the sense of "Europe", whereas the original word is variously used with some specific denotation, the Afghans terming their own country *wilāyat*. What is exotic is indicated as such with the adjective *wilayati* or *bilayati* and in this way *bilāyati pānī*, or *bilātee panee* is the usual name for soda-water in Anglo-India. Here we have the phonetic forerunner of *blighty*, transplanted from British India to the North of France with the meaning of "home" or England. A wound entitling the soldier to be sent home as an invalid until his complete recovery was soon called a *Blighty wound* or a *Blighty touch*, a *blighty one*, or simply a *blighty*:

It is a privilege to be shown, through the medium of an imaginative temperament, the fine comradeship of the trenches, the heroism that shines through the haunting fear of death, mostly conquered with a laugh, but sometimes frankly expressed in the pathetic desire for a "blighty" wound — a wound just serious enough to send the envied hero home. (*Punch*, 16 Febr., 1916).

All day long the wounded were streaming down the road, but they were all pretty cheerful. I met one man who had been buried and shot through the right wrist, but he was wearing a Boche helmet, had been recommended for the D. C. M., knew he had a "Blighty," and did not care a snap for anyone. The first of our boys to come through was riding on an ambulance with a bandaged arm. He waved it to us and shouted "Blighty" as he went by. (*Times*, 29 Sept., 1916).

Hence he comes to the point of envying the man with a "blighty" — that is to say, a man seriously enough wounded to be sent back to England. (*Graphic*, 19 Febr., 1916).

There is also a phrase *get one's Blighty ticket*.

blimp, the colloquial name for the small airship known more authoritatively as the S. S. or sub-marine Scout:

The "Blimp," as it is popularly called, belongs to the non-rigid type of airship. There are two species — a single-engined ship, which is officially designated the S. S. Zero, and a larger and newer two-engined machine styled the S. S. Twin. The former has been the airship principally used. Her powers of air endurance are remarkable, and demonstrate an extraordinary development of small airships during the war. With an engine of only one-third of the horse power of a modern war aeroplane, she is capable of flying fully equipped with a crew of three for periods ranging from 12 hours at full speed to anything up to 50 hours without a stop. At full power she has a speed of about 50 miles an hour. Speed has not been an essential consideration in convoy work and submarine hunting. Reliability and the capacity for flights of long duration have been of far greater importance. (*Times*, 17 Jan., 1919).

blister, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 10 April 1918:

Details were given by Sir E. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Director of Naval Construction, of the cure for the torpedo which he had discovered and fitted to a large number of ships. This is the so-called "bulge," or "blister," running round the ship, or nearly, and containing material to deaden the blow of a torpedo. Our newest battle-ships and our battle-cruisers Renown and Repulse are fitted with it, as also are all the monitors. No "bulge" ship was sunk in the war by a torpedo. Several of them were hit — the monitor Erebus three times in succession — but all got back safely.

block ship, see quotation from *The Sunday Pictorial*, 12 May, 1918:

I'm assured that the effect of the block ships sunk in Zeebrugge Canal are becoming greater every day. And with our airmen "keeping busy" the Hun has little chance of freeing the port quickly.

Also called *blocker* — see quotation:

The warships of any nation may be divided into six classes, viz.: (1) Battleships; (2) Armoured Cruisers; (3) Unarmoured Cruisers; (4) Torpedo Craft; (5) Submarines; and (6) Miscellaneous, such as Blockers, Boom-smashers, and Mine-layers. (*The Searchlight*, 1916, p. 278).

blond(e) beast, a war-time indication of the German:

Nothing is better calculated to show the world, neutral and warring, that the Central Powers must be crushed if there is to be civilisation and not the dominance of the Blonde Beast. (*Sketch*, 6 Oct., 1915).

The officers, though there might have been more of the blond beast about them, were sufficiently Prussian.

blood, see quotation :

But, perhaps, the most curious term is that of "blood," to indicate a third class shot (H. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 80).

blood boat, another name for the jolly boat, so called for being employed in the daily transfer of fresh meat etc. from the shore to the ship when in harbour (Note to a *Life of Sir Clements Markham*, p. 81).

blood money, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 18 Jan., 1918 :

Q. — Are we Colonial soldiers entitled to the allowance granted Imperial soldiers under the Royal Warrant dated Dec. 19, 1918, and better known as "blood money" ?

blow, an underground explosion of a mine :

They prefer to burrow in an ominous silence and get at their antagonists from underneath with a thousand tons or so of blasting powder ; but their chief delight is to discover the other lot burrowing towards us, with intent ; and, approaching them with a smaller charge, to have underground what they are pleased to call a "blow," as opposed to the above-board method known as a "show." When an R.E. officer, using what to you or me would seem a mild and inadequate expletive, says, "Blow that German !" it is all up (literally) with the German in question. (*Punch*, 17 Aug., 1915).

Blue, an artilleryman ; the *Blues* also stands for the *Blue Boys*, q. v. :

Numerically the "Reds" (Light Infantry) far outnumber the "Blues" (Artillery). One finds the former in all of H.M. ships, from light cruisers upward, while "Blues" are carried in big ships only. When the two colours are blended this method of drafting will doubtless change. There will be only one type of marine — and that all-pervading. What will be the effect of the alteration on the prestige and efficiency of the corps ? That is the question now being discussed on many a mess deck. (*Daily Mail*, 19 March, 1918).

Blue Bird, a Red-Cross worker :

Miss Hargrave Martin . . . is making pictures of Red Cross workers at 2, Cavendish Square, and the girls look charming. Most of them are dressed in white ; all of them wear wimples, like a nun's head-dress. Some wear a blue ribbon across their breasts, like an order ; they are called the "Blue Birds." Others — the "Scarlet Runners" — wear red ribbons ; while those in charge are dressed in grey. (*Sketch*, 29 Dec., 1915).

Blue Boys, wounded soldiers in their blue hospital uniform :

Lady Cowdray's motor-'bus is a boon to wounded soldiers. She lends it to the various hospitals to use in conveying the Tommies to the entertainments and teas given for them. It rolled up to the Savoy on Tuesday afternoon with a jolly lot of "Blue Boys" who were going to the soldiers' tea concert there to be entertained by some members of the Gaiety company, a Charlie Chaplin film, and Miss Mabel Funstone, of "Mr. Manhattan." (*Weekly Dispatch*, 21 May, 1916.)

"You simply must come to the Madoxes," she tempted ; "the 'Blues' from Broadmead hospital are going to be there — seventeen of them. I simply love the wounded in their blue suits" (*Punch*, Sept. 1915, p. 228).

Blue Devils, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 15 July, 1918 :

This splendid procession of fighting men included half a regiment at least of strong, hefty Frenchmen picked for their weight and endurance, with blue Tam o' Shanter caps slung jauntily over their left ears, officially Chasseurs Alpins but to all France "The Blue Devils."

blue-hat, a member of the military police :

Blue-hat didn't need to ask him what his rank was ; he recognized at a glance just the very type of officer he was looking for (*Punch*, 21 Febr., 1917).

boarding-steamer, a steamer employed during the war for stopping and searching vessels suspected of carrying contraband (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*).

bobajee, a military cook, one of the many words the European Tommy learnt from his Indian brethren-in-arms ; it is the Anglo-Indian *bobachee*, which means 'a male cook' (Cp. Yule & Burnell, *Hobson-Jobson*).

Boche, see *Bosch*.

body shield, a metal shield to be used in the trenches as a protection against enemy bullets, largely advertised at one time. In *The Times*, 12 May, 1917, *Useful Suggestions on the Selection of a Soldier's Body Shield* is announced as a new publication.

body-snatcher, military slang for *sniper*. (A. G. Empey, *From the Fire Step*, p. 229).

boiling up tactics, see quotation from *The Sunday Pictorial*, 7 April, 1918:

All reports upon the situation to-day seem to suggest the idea that the Germans may be developing what are termed "boiling up" tactics, namely, that the fighting will swell into another very heavy push.

Bojer, Bulgarian:

And, d'you know, that corporal nipped out again under the same fire to recover some papers that had dropped from the colonel's tunic. Said he didn't know; thought they might be of some use to the enemy . . . would never do to let the colonel help the Bojers—(oh, yes, they're still Bojers)—so he brought them in." (*Daily Tel.*, 1915).

Bolshie, familiar abbreviation of the Russian word *Bolshevik*, used both substantively and adjectively:

Mr. Wilson replied, amid cheers, "The Bolshies are no sportsmen. They don't like to be touched under the fifth rib, and the only complaint they have against me at this moment is that I am telling the honest truth." (*Times*, 5 Sept., 1918).

The "Bolshie" Bosses control the Labour Party machinery and political funds.

They have appealed and are appealing for funds. Patriotic Labour must also appeal.

The "Bolshie" Bosses will continue to work and intrigue against every patriotic Labour candidate.

Our object is to support every patriotic Labour candidate and to prevent the return of any "Bolshie," Defeatist, or Pacifist candidate, whether he belongs to the Labour or any other party. (*Daily Mail*, 11 Sept., 1918).

bolt-hole, a hole in the trenches where a soldier can take shelter:

I seldom saw prisoners with less sign of battle upon them, though they had lived in a cauldron of fire and tumult. The moral is that if head-cover is thick and bolt-holes numerous no artillery can harm you. (*Daily Mail*, 14 May, 1917).

bomb, given in the *Concise Oxf. Dict.* as a substantive only, came to be widely used as a verb, both transitive and intransitive, during the war. In these functions it now occurs in the *Pocket Oxf. Dict.*, where it is explained as 'assail with, throw bombs'; see the following quotations:

In the afternoon of the same day, from the position gained in the morning, he captured a further length of trench under similar conditions, and continued personally to bomb the enemy at close range under very heavy fire until he was severely wounded, losing his right hand and left eye. (*The Times*, 1915).

We also find the verb *bomb out*:

On this front the contest became a bombing duel, and because the British were woefully short of bombs . . . , they were once again "bombed out" and forced to retire (Boyd Cable, *Between the Lines*, p. 146).

bomb-carrier, a bomb-carrying aeroplane.

bomb-crater, a crater or large hole formed by the explosion of a bomb.

bomb-dodger, see quotation from the *Daily Telegraph*, 17 Oct., 1918:

"If the London Brighton Railway Company continue as at present they will be soon imploring people to use the railway." This was one of the many remarks made at a meeting of the Brighton, Hove, and Worthing Season Ticketholders' Association, held to protest against the action of the company in refusing business men tickets while allowing luxury travelling. Allusion was made to the so-called "bomb dodgers" who were merely fleeing with their families from murder. This, it was pointed out, was not joy-riding.

bomber, 1. a bomb thrower; 2. a bomb-carrying aeroplane or other aircraft used for bombing:

Every grenadier (the word "bomber" is dropping out of use) had his bayonet-man, the bomb being regarded in this division as, in a general way, the accessory of the bayonet, the bayonet-man rushing in as soon as the bomb has exploded. (*Daily Tel.*, 20 Nov., 1915).

bombing-party, see *Bosch*.

bombing-raid, 1. an air-raid for dropping bombs on enemy forces, towns, etc.; 2. a raid by infantry in which the enemy are attacked with grenades (*Cassell, Engl. Dict.*).

bomb officer, an officer in charge of a company of bomb throwers.

bomb proof, proof against bombs or shells:

The management of the Globe Theatre announce that they have made the roof of the house thoroughly bomb proof, under the supervision of several experts. "Peg o' My Heart" can therefore pursue her wilful ways in security both to her audiences and herself.

Also used as a substantive with the sense of a bomb-proof shelter (*Pocket Oxf. Dict.*).

bomb thrower, (1) a soldier throwing bombs; (2) a mechanical device for throwing bombs:

Although marked for hospital, he declined to leave, and volunteered to throw bombs for another company which had lost its bomb throwers. He continued to bomb the enemy till the situation was relieved. (*Times*, 1915).

bong, a corruption of the French word *bon*, also used in the familiar saying *no bong*, a trench substitute for 'no good'. *Punch*, 8 March, 1916, has the following rag-time song:

ROLL up, rally up!
Stroll up, sally up!
Take a tupp'ny ticket out, and help to tote the tally up!
Come and see the Raggers in their
"Mud and Slush" revoo.
(Haven't got no money? Well, a cigarette 'I'll do).
Come and hear O'Leary in his great tin-whistle stunt;
See our beauty chorus with the Sergeant in the front;
Come and hear our gaggers
In their "Lonely Tommy" song;
Come and see the Raggers,
We're the bongest of the bong.

boost, see quotation:

A "boost" is opening a fairly heavy fire, or a raid, or an attack. (*The Globe*, 16 Febr. 1916).

boy, a soldier, the boys in blue being the "woundeds". There is a felicitous play upon the double meaning of the word in the following cutting from *Answers*, 11 Dec., 1915:

"Nuts and Flappers," the title of another series of popular crackers, needed such verses as this one:

"When you wish a 'nut' to annoy,
You should say he's only a boy;
If you want to add to his joys,
Tell him that he's 'one of the boys'!"

Boy's Friend, see quotation from *The Times*, 8 Jan., 1917:

There is much that attracts in welfare work, and some of the hard things that have been said against it are untrue. So a Boy's Friend finds it after some six months' work with boys of all descriptions in one of the largest munitions establishments. Why is this? Because boys are naturally responsive creatures, and, though many are inveterate grumblers, all good lads are generous and open-handed, and when they see the Boy's Friend is out to help them they will meet him more than half-way.

True, self-interest may be at the back of his mind, for the munitions lad is keen to improve his material position, and his pre-war or pre-factory standards of financial respectability are subject to a remarkable degree of elasticity. His subsequent views on this matter are quickly adjustable to any anomalies in the pay of more fortunate workers. For, like the public school boy, the munitions lad hates a rival, especially a better-paid one. And if the rival happens to be a girl he says hard things, for with all his virtues he is not chivalrous.

But, whatever his motives, he will support the Boy's Friend, and generally abides by his decision, even as to whether his dinner is composed of to-day's joint or yesterday's, and whether it is cat or rabbit that he is being called upon to eat after a morning's toil; and if the latter—for he knows how to push a complaint home—was it factory grown? The steaming and very savoury mess is thrust under the unflinching nose of the accommodating Boy's Friend. "Tiste that; do you call that pudden?" is the next peremptory command, as he finds a grain of barley has found its way into the rice pudding. Not disconcerted—for he knows his boy—the Boy's Friend pronounces both rabbit and rice to be excellent, for has not the lad paid for his dinner? and in this strong position he hopes to be one "up" on the management. Not altogether sure that the lad's fastidious palate will be satisfied, the Boy's Friend perhaps adds that rice is now a fashionable West-end dish, but the quick retort that they are not West-enders rather complicates his authority on gustatory matters.

Bosch, from the French *Boche*, a German, used in English as a substantive meaning: 1^o. a German; 2^o. the German language; but also as an adjective with all the senses of the adj. German. The true etymon is not the French *caboche*, as hesitatingly stated in Webster, but simply *Alboche*, which stands for *Allemand*. In a mood of good-humoured condescension Thomas Atkins used to call his enemy also *Boschie*, *Brother Bosch* and *Brer Bosch* and the Fatherland *Boschland*. From one of the quotations given below it may be seen that the word *Bosch* has occasionally been made into a verb:

At this point the Machine Gun Officer walked in. "The Bosches," he said, "have been potting at my dug-out the whole blessed afternoon." The C. O. straightened himself out.

"You mean to say the Germans have been directing their artillery fire upon and towards the bomb-proof shelter which you are accustomed to occupy." (*Punch*, 19 July, 1915, p. 35a).

Half-an-hour later a sentry brought him down the trench at the point of the bayonet for muttering as he rounded the traverse, "Galoot—Gunning—Grumble—Grumpy," in pseudo-Wessex. Naturally, to Native Yorkshire this sounded like pure Bosch (*Punch* 28 Nov., 1917).

"Well, the next day the attack was made, and at one end of a Bosch trench there was some pretty hand-to-hand work. An old Rittmeister held it, his breast covered with decorations, and he just wouldn't give in. Of course, so long as he stuck it the other Bosches did too, and there was nothing doing in the Kamerad line. (*Punch*, 19 Sept., 1917).

"Come on, young fella!" he exclaimed when the bundle showed signs of life; "bombin' party forward. Brother Bosch is playin' the piccolo just outside Fosse 19."

The Subaltern scrambled out of his wraps and, with incredible dispatch, gathered together the Davids of his section. "All guaranteed," so he boasted, "to hit the cocoanut every time." (*Punch*, 23 Febr., 1916).

THE BOSCHING OF AUSTRIA.

The Kaiser threatened to send a few German Generals to teach the Austrian Army how to win the war. (*Punch*, 10 July, 1918).

bow-cap, a metal plate fitted on the nose of a submarine (Cassell's *Engl. Dict.*).

box-respirator, a gas-mask fitting over the respiratory organs, with a tube from the mouth drawing air through a box containing chemicals acting as a filter (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*):

Our men have complete protection from gas thanks to the Box Respirator, and the P. H. Helmet also gives security. We have in fact beaten the enemy on land in every invention which he has produced. (*Times*, 1917).

box-tail, a tail or rudder in the shape of a box kite attached to a flying machine.

bracket, in artillery language: the space enclosed by the shots beyond and short of the target; the verb means: to fire a shot or shots beyond a target and others short of it, so as to determine the range by gradual approximation (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*).

Bradbury, a familiar name for one of the paper currency notes — usual value one pound — issued with the signature of Bradbury:

At five-thirty to the tick the hooter shrieked across the moor, and the flurried peewits cried where their nests were not, as old John Lyly says, being an old trick of theirs. Men and women, lasses and lads, streamed out of the mill into the streets of the little cotton town. It was pay-day, and they were all agog to turn their week of work into hours of joy and comfort.

We are interested in three of the men, each of whom had a "Bradbury" to spare. And, as in economics it is things that matter, not words, this means that each of them, reckoning up his doings and expenses till next pay-day, found that the "brass" in his pay-envelope would cover them all and leave a "quid" untouched. By old habit they still spoke of "brass" and "quids" in these days of "Bradburys". (*Daily Mail*, 17 April, 1918.)

brass-hat, soldier's name for a Staff Officer; also *brass lid*, and jocularly, *a brazen one*:

Never was such a variety of military caps seen together before: many variations of the "brass-hat" of the Staff Officer, from a hideous kind of Sandford-and-Merton pattern with a swollen crown, which some of the arbiters of fashions have imported from Piccadilly, to the faded red and tarnished gold of the Brigade Major from the trenches; the forage-cap of the Royal Flying Corps, the Glengarry and Kilmarnock bonnet, the kepi with its khaki cover — badge of the French interpreter — the slouch hat of the Gurkha, the puggaree of the Indian cavalry, the common — or garden service — cap of Mr. Thomas Atkins (G. V. Williams, *With our Army in Flanders*, p. 163).

A Staff moves on and disappears, and before the old house has had time to relapse into its secular sleep there is another irruption of "brass-hats" in motor-cars and mess orderlies in motor-lorries (*Ibid.*, p. 145).

Out here the telephone exists largely as a vehicle for the *jeux d'esprit* of the Brass Lids. It is a one-way affair, working only from the inside out, for if you have a trifle of repartee to impart to the Brazen Ones the apparatus is either indefinitely engaged, or *Na poo* (as the French say). (*Punch*, 8 Aug., 1917.)

bread line, a queue of people with bread coupons waiting outside a baker's shop:

But never mind that now. Look about you; but let me guard you against mistakes. That waiting group of women and children is not a "bread line". They are awaiting admission to a cinema show — that's all! The fact is we have no bread tickets, no butter cards, no "allowancing" of foodstuffs. There is enough for all and to spare. (*Sunday Pictorial*, 9 April, 1916.)

break through, a breaking through the enemy lines of defence:

In addition to words denoting German institutions the British newspapers have extensively employed certain expressions, which are merely 'Lehnübersetzungen' (to use an untranslatable word), e. g. 'break through', 'barring position', 'forefield', 'U-boot', 'culture', or 'kultur', 'frightfulness', and — I suggest with diffidence — the ubiquitous 'secretariat' and 'directoriate' (German 'Direction'), though with regard to the latter I may be withholding credit due to the French (W. E. Collinson, *Mod. Language Rev.*, 1919, p. 87).

Bristol, a type of aeroplane:

Away to the east one could see clusters of little black specks, all moving swiftly in one direction and then another.

Farther north we could see formations of our own machines — "Camels," "Pups," S.E.s. Spads, and Bristols — and lower down in the haze our artillery R.S.8s. We were just on the point of engaging six Albatross scouts away to our right when we saw ahead of us, just about Poelcapelle, an S.E. half spinning down closely pursued by a silvery blue German triplane at very close range. We changed our minds about attacking the six strutters and went to the rescue of the unfortunate S.E. (*Daily Mail*, 13 July, 1918).

British warm, a soldier's greatcoat, especially the kind worn in the trenches; see *Burberry*.

Brodrick cap, the British soldier's cap introduced by General Brodrick:

When you set out to perform those marches which you could not (in theory) accomplish, you looked like some new kind of zebra — blue cap, brown jacket, blue trousers, brown puttees, or blue puttees, brown trousers, blue jacket, and brown 'Brodrick' cap (A. Neil Lyons, *Kitchener Chaps*, p. 29).

broke, see quotation:

The chevrons worn by a non-commissioned officer are his "skaters". Should he be deprived of them for misconduct, he says he is "stripped" or "broke" (H. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 80).

brown, as used in "the brown of a general advance" means the mêlée of such an advance.

Cp. also:

A "browning" salvo at four miles' range struck his quivering fugitive command amidsthips (*Strand Mag.*, 1919. p. 52).

bubble, the globule of air in the spirit tube of a level:

No neater adaptation of means to end could be devised than your eighteen-pounder. She is as docile as a child, and her "bubble" is as sensitive to a touch as mercury in a barometer. (J. H. Morgan, *Leaves from a Field Note-Book*, p. 199.)

buckshee, one of the most popular words during the Great War, is the Anglo-Indian *Bucksheesh*, a Trinkgeld, pourboire. We don't seem to have in England any exact equivalent for the word, though the thing is so general; 'something for (the driver)', is a poor expression; *tip* is accurate, but is slang; gratuity is official or dictionary English, it says in *Hobson-Jobson*. The word is also used as an adjective and as a verb at present. It has developed new and very significant special meanings in the last few years of Armageddon, for which see the following quotations:

"Buckshee" is one of the most over-worked words in the vocabulary of the New Army. Where it came from nobody seems to know. The Indian Army is said to have coined it, but it does not figure in any of Mr. Kipling's stories. Perhaps the Egyptian Army got hold of "backsheesh" and anglicised it.

"Buckshee" means "something for nothing." If after the "gippo" has been rationed out a little of the stew is left in the dixie, you will hear the sergeant shout out: "Who wants a buckshee bit?" The lucky fellow who lights up a cigarette when cigarettes are very few and far between will be greeted on all sides by the cry: "Got a buckshee, mate?" Like all words that your real soldier-man favours, it is made to serve a variety of purposes.

A buckshee man is a man too many when a fatigue has been numbered off. If he is lucky he may be told to stay behind; but more often than not he is given a buckshee shovel and told to carry on.

Sometimes a man who is brought up before his company commander for a minor offence and given an hour's pack-drill will be ill-advised enough to resent it somewhat openly—say, by a scowl—as he is marched out of orderly room. He is brought back just as the sergeant-major has shouted to the police-corporal, "One hour's pack," and is given an additional hour to teach him better manners. Then, as he is marched out the second time the sergeant-major adds: "And one hour buckshee!"

An unpaid lance-corporal wears a buckshee stripe. When the Army Council issued the instruction that all second-lieutenants of 18 months' service should be promoted full lieutenants and thousands of junior subs rushed into the nearest town to purchase their second "pips," those were called buckshee pips. D.S.O.s given to hard-working staff officers on the Whitehall front are buckshee decorations. The recent increase in Tommy's pay was known throughout the Army as "the buckshee tanner." (*Daily Mail*, 1 Aug. 1918).

Along the western front when the airman possessed himself surreptitiously of any article he was said to have "hotstuffed" it. Other branches of our Army termed this proceeding "scrounging" or "bucksheeing." But names do not matter very much. Call the thing whatever you liked, everybody knew what it meant—and everybody did it

whenever he had the chance. In any case it wasn't stealing. Between the two there existed a well-understood difference and a distinction—one more easily appreciated, perhaps, by those who were there than by those who were not. None the less, it existed, which is disquisition enough upon the moral aspect of the subject.

Although I have taken part in a good many "hotstuffing" enterprises, often in quite distressing company, I feel no twinges of conscience. Neither did I ever observe these afflicting anybody else. About the only difference I could observe was that in "hotstuffing" one worked on the grand scale, whereas "scrounging" and "bucksheeing" applied mainly to little things. Usually it was the Service that benefited rather than the individual. Certainly, that was the case in regard to "hotstuffing." Materials were needed; they had to be got. In saying that one said all. A holy war could not be permitted to lag for want of a few superficial feet of scantling.

bulge, see *blister*.

silver bullets, the money necessary for carrying on the war :

Since this terrible conflict takes on more and more the appearance of a war of attrition, surely the financial factor becomes a vital consideration in the successful prosecution of the war. Mr. Lloyd George himself gave emphasis to this fact when he used the famous phrase "silver bullets", and not to regard a Surveyor of Taxes as being on war service is to ignore the fundamental necessity of the situation. (*Daily Tel.*, 1915).

To-day I venture to make the further suggestion that the Allies should mobilise all their economic forces, and coin out of these the "silver bullets" of which we have heard so much and seen so little. (*Engl. Rev.*, 1915, p. 207).

A trick cyclist steering his way through irregular rows of bottles is a clumsy fumbler compared with a naval Boy Scout playing at "The Silver Bullet" or "The Way to Berlin" with mines. A naval Boy Scout treasures mines as other Boy Scouts collect birds' eggs or postage stamps. When two naval Boys Scouts meet they invariably swap mines. (*Daily Mail*, 1915).

bump, an air disturbance causing an aeroplane to bump :

Many pilots who have flown continuously along well-defined routes or over limited areas can tell you exactly where the principal air pockets are, as well as the general direction and normal velocity of the prevalent winds. There is, for example, a very famous "bump" near one of the well-known aerodromes not far from London — a "bump" which is, to all intents and purposes, permanent. It is caused by a big sewage farm, over which you generally have to fly in order to land on the aerodrome. (*Daily Mail*, 17 Febr., 1919).

bunch, close up in a bunch :

This enfilade fire from the Fosse is most unpleasant . . . Steady there, on the left, don't bunch, whatever you do ! (Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*, p. 374).

bunk, see quotation :

When all their preparations are complete Sisters and nurses adjourn to the "Bunk" (as their own particular sanctum is called) and make tea. (*Blighties*, by one of those V. A. D.'s, p. 7).

bunting, bunting tosser, bunty, a signal man in the Royal Navy :

Perhaps you have seen him. As a distinctive mark he wears a pair of crossed flags on his right arm, accompanied, in some cases, by a star or stars. On his left arm he may have an anchor or two and some stripes.

But the "crossed flags" is the thing. This designates him as a "Signalman, Royal Navy."

"Signalman," however, is only one of his many sobriquets. His admirers term him "The Eyes of the Fleet" and describe him as belonging to the "Intellectual Department." His intimates on board know him as "Bunting," "Bunting Tossler," or "Flag-wagger." (*Daily Mail*, 15 Aug., 1918).

But it is around "Bunty," the Yeoman of Signals, that the deepest interest centres. All through the dog-watches he may be seen sitting amid endless convolutions of bunting, stitching away for dear life. He is making a red and white pennant, many yards long, and there is always an enthusiastic audience gathered round the door of his little caboose.

For Bunty is making the paying-off pennant, and on the day he hoists it we shall pack up our wool mats and get ready to go home. (*Daily Mail*, 14 March, 1919).

bundook, a rifle, from Arabic *bunduk*: originally the common Hobson-Jobson term for a musket or matchlock. According to Yule and Burnell, the history of the word is very curious. *Bunduk*, plural *banādik*, was a name applied by the Arabs to filberts (as some allege) because they came from Venice (*Banadik*, cp. German *Venedig*). The name was transferred to the nut-like pellets shot from cross-bows, and thence the cross-bows or arblasts were called *bunduk*, elleptically used for *Kaces-al-bunduk*. From cross-bows the name was transferred again to fire-arms, as in the parallel case of *arquebus*:

I had words with a sentry at the frontier, but I put it across him with his own bundook. (Sapper, *Men, Women & Guns*, p. 129).

bun-strangler, or **bun-scrambler**, a soldier's derisive name for a total abstainer belonging to the Royal Army Temperance Association:

Teetotalers are described as "bun-stranglers," or "pop-wallahs" (K. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 80).

Burberry, a kind of greatcoat, for which see the following advertisement:

BURBERRY'S WINTER KIT

including The Burberry, with or without Detachable Fleece lining; Uniforms in Tenace Whipcord or Serge; British Warm, Tielocken Belted Coats, and every detail of Equipment.

Cp. also the following quotations:

Captain Jones showed me the officers' dug-out, where a figure was sleeping, wrapped in a burberry. (*Engl. Rev.*, 1915, II, p. 76).

We had a smart spare saddle.... a special burberry, and a gorgeous canary-yellow woollen waistcoat (*Ibid.*, p. 73).

Burglar, a Soldiers' nick name for a Bulgarian:

Part of the British troops in the Balkans are now in the first line face to face with their enemy. So far, however, they have hardly even caught sight of him, for along this eastern wing of the arc which the Allied line makes the "Burglar" (as the men call him, often with an alliterative epithet) is at the moment an easygoing and unobtrusive opponent (*Times*, 29 Nov., 1915).

bus, airman's word for aeroplane: also another word for tank:

"Oh, don't—don't" said Mr. Jones. "I suppose I am a cow—nervous about some things. But I always feel so safe in the old bus."

"The old 'bus?" queried Mollie.

"I mean the aeroplane, you know," said Mr. Jones. "Not a real 'bus—not a motor-'bus. Motor-'buses are such beastly dangerous things, you know. I hate them." (*Sketch*, Jan., 1915, p. 40).

Save for a hut or two, a sentry and two silent "buses" undergoing some operations at the hands of the Tank engineer, the M. O. and bloodless surgeon of all Sick Tanks, the place is deserted. (*Daily Mail*, 11 June, 1918).

business as usual, the famous phrase of the first days of the Great War:

They [the Germans] think that you will be ready to kiss, make up—and do "business as usual" with them (*Canada in Khaki*, II, p. 23).

Butterfly Corps, the Flying Corps:

Because the author had so strong a wish to expose the misdoings of a certain organism in the B. E. F., poor Felix, once landed in France, declines from a human hero to a peg upon which to hang denunciations of the inefficiency of the "Butterfly Corps". (*Punch*, 1 Oct., 1919, p. 300).

butter line, a queue of people with butter coupons waiting outside a dairy-shop:

Every line was like the rest. The absence of policemen is particularly noteworthy, since they had to be present in the early days—a year ago—when the butter lines came into being. . . . The Government has taught the people a lesson. They will wait hour after hour, docile and obedient henceforth; if necessary until they drop—make no mistake of that.

There are potato lines in Great Britain to-day. But the difference between these and the lines of the East End of Berlin as Mr. Curtin saw them is the difference between Great Britain and Germany at war. (*Times*, 15 March, 1917).

butlerette, a female butler:

The "butlerette" is the latest innovation in the household staff. A wealthy South African lady was the first to introduce her to take the place of the solemn "James" of yore. (*Sunday Pictorial*, 1 April, 1917).

buttons, see quotations from *The Daily Mail*, 22 Oct., 1915:

Army biscuits are of three kinds—ordinary, brown and crackly, and buttons. The ordinary are the least appetising; they are of a whitish brown hue, with no particular taste. They are, however, very much better than nothing, and with jam or a slice of bully beef quite good. The brown and crackly have a taste of porridge and brown sugar; they are very nice indeed, and pleasant to eat by themselves. The buttons have not much flavour but are fascinating little biscuits, small and fat, about the size round of a two-shilling piece. They are not often issued, but when they are the custom is to stuff one's pockets with them and dip into them throughout the day.

buzz, signal by means of the *buzzer*, q. v.

buzzard dance, see quotation from *The Daily Telegraph*, 31 Aug., 1918:
MEETING A "CIRCUS."

"Two other fighters, myself, and one French bomber found ourselves separated and bound home together, only I kept losing altitude, and tried to fix my gun, but it would not fix, and I only had about 100 shots left in the remaining gun. About eight miles from the line and in a fair A.A. fire I was trying to get the jammed shell out of my gun when all was quiet. I knew that meant enemy aeroplanes about, and I looked up to see twelve enemy aeroplane fighters, a circus lot, circling my companions quite a way above me, and one coming for me. My engine was missing badly, and it had just gone dead a moment before, but I went to meet the E.A. just like I meant it, and fired just to break the strain and he suddenly pitched, and drove straight for the ground, and kept on going rather evenly. I guess I got his engine. Just then my engine came alive, and I started up to join the 'buzzard dance,' as the odd one was sitting high, evidently the leader, and watching for someone to slaughter.

buzzer, an electric instrument for signalling used in place of the telephone, also a signaller using this instrument:

After an unsuccessful application for employment as a "buzzer," or signaller, Dunshié made trial of the regimental transport (Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*, p. 200).

I hear they Gairmans send signals wi' their kirkknocks, remarks Private M'Meeking, who, as one of the Battalion signallers — or "buzzers," as the vernacular has it, in imitation of the buzzing of the Morse instrument — regards himself as a sort of Junior Staff Officer. (*Ibid.*, p. 70).

bye, a shot that is "over":

If his place was going to play long-stop for all the byes that passed the Pylons, it was distinctly unhealthy (F. O. O., *With the Guns*, p. 129).

F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.

Beowulf.

Beowulf. An introduction to the study of the poem, with a discussion of the stories of Offa and Finn. By R. W. CHAMBERS. Cambridge University Press, 1921. 30 s.

Chambers' book is a work deserving the greatest respect. Every trouble has been taken by its author to become acquainted with the whole literature on the subject. Having from long and patient study formed an independent judgment on the various issues connected with *Beowulf*, he was able both

to provide a wide historical survey of former researches and to attempt on certain points a nearer approach to a solution. He has clearness of expression, great ingenuity in adducing arguments in support of his views, real skill in marshalling the facts and considerable suggestive power. This I wanted to state with particular emphasis at the outset because, as the following pages will show, I cannot, on certain very essential points, concur with Chambers' views, being moreover of opinion that his false conclusions are determined by fundamental errors in a method which is not his alone.

The book is divided into four main parts, the first (pp. 1-128) constituting the study proper of *Béowulf*, the second (pp. 129-244) containing reprints and English translations of documents pertaining to the history of the poem, the third (pp. 245-290) dealing with *The Fight at Finnsburg*, the fourth (pp. 291-382) being an appendix with a more detailed discussion of some special points. Then follows a full bibliography of 31 pages and an index. The illustrations, eight in all, are excellent, the get-up and the print of the book all that can be desired.

The main part of the study consists of the analysis of the events forming the substance of the poem: *Béowulf's* fight with Grendel, that with Grendel's mother and that with the fire-dragon. What I chiefly object to in Chambers' method here followed, is its total disregard of philological criticism. This would at least have been comprehensible a number of years ago, but justifiable it is on no account. More than thirty years back philological criticism was misused by romantic mythologists in lending to the stories interpretations of their own and for which the text gave no warrant. Chambers now once more reduces to absurdity the long exploded mythological constructions of Müllenhoff and others¹⁾ and also controverts the critical methods of Müllenhoff and Ten Brink. It is an error, however, on his part to assume that he has thus disposed of philological criticism itself, for *Béowulf* is a literary production with a history about which it is imperative to acquire a clear notion previous to any attempt at comparing contents and subject-matter with remote collateral sources. I now propose to point out how the neglect of this general principle, which of course equally applies to other texts, proves particularly disastrous in the case of *Béowulf*.

The poem relates that *Béowulf* first fought with Grendel at Heorot and thereupon with the monster's mother in the haunt at the bottom of the mere. Now, the question has been debated whether these two fights were from the first two connected acts of one story, or separate variants chronologically

¹⁾ This calls for a reference to my discussion of well over 20 years ago of Müllenhoff's theory, *Arkiv f. nord Fil.* 19. 28 ff. In this connection, I think, I am justified in protesting against the treatment of myself in the same breath with the romantic mythologists, as I find it on p. 47. It is true that in 1903 I spoke of a 'sage, welche die Schrecknisse der langen Winternacht... zum Ausdruck bringt.' To begin with, however, this designation was no mythological construction, but the characterisation of a particular, actually existing group of ghost stories of frequent occurrence in Scandinavian sources and having in common as a distinctive feature a ghost-demon appearing in the Yule night. In the second place this conception did not lie at the root of the philological research, it came after, as a final conclusion from results which were therefore quite independent of it. The main point, however, is that the essay of 1903 was merely a preliminary study to the book on *Béowulf*, which appeared 9 years later and in which entirely different theories are advanced. This book is known to Chambers, for he repeatedly quotes from it on minor points, but never with a single word does he mention the criticism of the poem contained therein. It will not do, however, to hold me responsible for opinions which he, and any one at all familiar with the subject, knows I gave up as long as 11 years ago.

related by literary composition. It is self-evident that, to obtain an answer to this question, it is not sufficient to bring in the folk-tale of the bear's son, which does indeed show numerous deviations, but where, nevertheless, the hero engages in two contests, one in an enchanted castle, one in a subterranean cave. This would have a certain significance, if the connection with that folk-tale were established in advance, which is not the case. There are folk-tales with one fight against giants or demons, there are also others with two. Consequently, by means of such a folk-tale, the chronological relation between the two Grendel fights might be alternately proved and disproved. Therefore the argumentation should be reversed. The relation between the two Grendel fights should first be ascertained from internal evidence; not till then is there room for the question whether the older form of the narrative, as revealed to us by criticism, is traceable in a folk-tale.

Now, there are not only folk-tales but also literary sources containing narratives similar to those of the Grendel fights, and in certain cases the similarity is such as to put the existence of some sort of relation practically beyond question. Here it is essential to determine with accuracy the nature of the relationship. Of the three Old Norse sources chiefly to be noted in this connection, the *Grettissaga*, the *Ormsþáttur Stórolfssonar* and the *Bǫðvarþáttur Bjarka*, we shall discuss the first two.

The *Grettissaga* contains two episodes related to the Grendel fights, viz. the Glámr episode (Grettir's contest with the demon Glámr) and the episode at Sandhaugar in Bárðardalr. The first episode mentions one fight, the second two. So the *Grettissaga* is far from leading to an immediate solution of the problem; to a superficial analysis it might even yield evidence in favour of either theory. Chambers appears to recognize the theoretical significance of both episodes, for he includes them in the second part of his book, but the Glámr episode plays no part in his argumentation, he exclusively bases himself upon the episode in Bárðardalr. And yet, the preliminary question that cannot be lightly dismissed, is here, what relation exists between the two episodes mutually and to the saga as a whole. To ignore it is to run the risk of pursuing an argument altogether in the air. These problems have not to my knowledge been dealt with by anyone but myself. I first discussed them in, and in connection with, my edition of the *Grettissaga* (1900). This discussion was ignored by Panzer in his work on *Béowulf*. In my book on *Béowulf*¹⁾ I subsequently pointed out the great errors resulting from Panzer's treating such critical questions as non-existent, and I there went into them anew and in further detail. But Chambers, imitating the example of Panzer, passes over this renewed discussion in silence. The facts about the two episodes are as follows. The Glámr episode, both in itself and as part of the saga, is by far the more important; it has a central position, it brings about the turn in the hero's fortunes. The Bárðardal episode in its entirety is an interpolation. In its subject-matter, the first part, describing the indoor fight, is a variant of the Glámr episode, the scene of which was laid elsewhere, but in the literary treatment which this variant underwent in being embodied into the saga, the writer, naturally enough, availed himself of the older Glámr episode. The same man added a sequel to the story, the fight in a cave behind a waterfall (the description of the place does not at all fit in with the setting). This continuation

¹⁾ Further to be indicated by Bw.

proves that the man was acquainted with a story based on *Béowulf* in the form in which it came down to us; there is a literary connection. In this piece occurs the ἀπαξ λεγόμενον *heptisax*, which can be directly traced back to the A.S. *hæftméc*e (*Béow.* l. 1457). That the piece was patched up is also apparent from the twofold rendering of the issue of the fight. As the *Bárðardal* men said — that is as tradition, in accordance with a common belief, would have it — the witch (for *Grettir* first fights with a woman then with a man) was overtaken by daylight, and turned into stone. So this is the old ending to the story. Thereupon the interpolator appeals to *Grettir* himself, who had been dead for over 200 years, to have him testify that the giantess had vanished into the crevice of a rock after he had hewn off her arm. Here the influence of *Béowulf* is evident. The disappearance into the crevice of the rock leads up to the second adventure and the hewing off of an arm likewise originates from *Béowulf*.

This criticism deprives the hypothesis that the *Grendel* fights form a connected narrative, of the support which, by a superficial examination, is apparently to be derived in its favour from the *Grettissaga*. One can of course blink this fact, but that is shutting out the only light that can shine here and simply means groping in the dark. Chambers confidently takes it for granted, not only that the two parts of the fight in *Bárðardalr* have belonged together from the beginning, but even that the story is an independent variation of *Béowulf*. In view of the close correspondence, however, he feels constrained to allow for some literary connection and accordingly proceeds to assume the existence of a literary tale for their common origin. As, however, according to Chambers, (and here I agree with him) the Anglo-Saxons brought the subject with them from the continent into England, that literary tale must have been in existence in the 5th century. From that source is supposed to originate i.e. the word *heptisax*, in the verses put into *Grettir*'s mouth by a writer of the 13th century and certainly not composed earlier than the 13th century. Such a hypothesis is obviously untenable.¹⁾ Chambers goes

¹⁾ The reasoning on p. 63 tending to prove the independence of the *Bárðardal* episode is altogether beside the mark. The Danes who accompany *Béowulf* to the entrance of *Grendel*'s abode, leave the spot, when they think that the hero has perished. According to Chambers this is a weakening of a motif in which, originally, the hero is treacherously deserted by his comrades. Chambers maintains that this feature is preserved in the *Grettissaga*. But the relative passage reads literally: "And the priest, who sat by the rope, saw that some fibres all gory came down (read: up?) along the rope. He then ran away, as he took it for granted that *Grettir* was now dead. He ran away from the rope and went home." The motive causing the priest to leave the spot is absolutely identical with that actuating the Danes in *Béowulf*. That *Grettir*, when subsequently meeting the priest, upbraids him for his desertion and that the priest acknowledges his fault, is quite another thing. This passage, from which nothing whatever is to be derived that Chambers can appeal to, gives him occasion to remark: "In other words we see that the further we track the *Béowulf* story back, the more it comes to resemble the folk-tale." The reader rubs his eyes with amazement.

It is also a marvel to me that Chambers should marvel (p. 64) why the Danes, on seeing the blood, do not stop to think and decide that it must be the demon's blood. It is understood, however, that they are not such heroes as *Béowulf*, and it is quite in keeping with the style of poetry thus to bring out by contrast the hero's great courage. Besides, as we have seen, they have this incapacity for quiet reflection in common with the priest in the *Grettissaga*.

The methodical error consisting in the dislocation of features from *Grettir*'s youth to patch up therewith the *Bárðardal* episode, without, indeed, advancing the question to any extent, has been discussed at great length in *Bw.* p. 167. Still Chambers also falls into this error (p. 65.)

on to say that a Scandinavian writer of the 13th century could not possibly be acquainted with a tradition based on *Béowulf*. To me it seems impracticable to settle such a point otherwise than empirically. When we consider how also in later periods traditional folk-tales, as e.g. the popular songs, were influenced by written books, it would seem advisable to observe some caution in using the word 'impossible'. Moreover, nothing is known concerning the spread of *Béowulf* in antiquity.

The Orms þáttir Stórolfssonar also contains two fights with demons. It presents less similarity to *Béowulf*: the hero fights both fiends in their den. Chambers, however, makes much of this tale, amongst other reasons because the habitation of the fiends is here called 'Sandeyjar', while in certain versions of the folk-tale whose contents are alleged to be represented here, a 'sandheap' is spoken of. The story would be localized on the Sandeyjar on the strength of this 'sand', just as in the *Grettissaga* the locality is Sandhaugar. The evidential value of Ormsþáttir, however, as fully demonstrated in Bw. p. 180 ff., is reduced to nothing by the circumstance that the þáttir freely draws upon the *Grettissaga* and even transcribes literally entire passages from it. And this *Sandeyjar* in particular is a borrowing from the *Grettissaga* (Bw. p. 186 ff), for in other texts the locality is never called *Sandeyjar* but, and even in old texts, *Dollsey*. *Sandeyjar* was copied upon *Sandhaugar*, and so mechanical was the copying, that a clerical error *Sauðhaugar* which occurs a few times in certain MSS. of the saga, was reproduced in the þáttir as *Sauðeyjar*. Thus it is possible even to tell which group of MSS. has been used by the þáttir. In another passage (p. 53) Chambers admits that the þáttir copies the *Grettissaga*, but in the same connection he contends that the þáttir yet presents individual features causing Ormr to be more similar to *Béowulf* than *Grettir*.¹⁾ The reader is disappointed to find this independence of the þáttir sustained by the single evidence of Orm's piety, shown in his appeal to God and St. Peter previous to the fight. *Béowulf* appeals neither to God nor to St. Peter. What agreement there is consists in the abstract word 'piety'. This piety, however, does not by any means belong to the folk-tale upon which the saga is said to be founded. It is therefore a literary feature. Since a secondary influence of one tradition upon another is not admitted, the relationship must arise again from a tradition anterior to the Anglo-Saxon migration to England. Consequently Orm's piety originates from the heathen days of the 5th century!

Given the purely negative answers obtained from both the folk-tales and the related traditional literature as the only result of our inquiry into the question whether the two Grendel stories are one continuous narrative, the only alternative left open is the one that should have formed the first step of the research, viz. the investigation of the evidential possibilities of the poem, or, in other words, the criticism of the poem itself. This necessity is the more patent, as serious errors have resulted from the uncritical use made of the lateral sources alone. Chambers will perhaps be loath to concede that criticism has been neglected by him. If I understand him rightly, his argument, as I piece it together from various disconnected passages, amounts to this: "There is no reason whatever to assume that the poem was not the work of the same hand. As long as the contrary has not been

¹⁾ Of course, the þáttir has independent features, in so far as it has its own subject-matter, which does indeed derive from the general type of fights with demons, but it is not closely connected with the Grendel-fights.

proved, we should even start from this. And there is no possibility to prove the contrary. Romantic criticism was based on preconceived opinion. Later efforts to discover in syntactic and idiomatic peculiarities traces of more hands than one are to be regarded as failures. Nor does the Christian veneer in the poem prove that it has been rewritten. Besides, even though simpler poetical forms of the narratives should have existed previously, they are not to be reconstructed, for poems as the Finnsburg fragment and the Hildebrandslied show that the earlier style was different, more concise than the later and that new redactions of poems are not made by interpolation, but by complete renovation to the utter effacement of the old text."

This reasoning is decidedly open to criticism. The first is this: Even if it were impossible for us to form any approximately adequate notion of the former contents of a poem, it does not follow that such a poem would have no history. The treatment of the poem as grown out of one conception, and the direct comparison of the contents, as they lie before us, with a remote tradition, would remain a very delicate task all the same. That is the lesson taught by the Bårdardal episode. Moreover, it is nothing but theory, without the slightest support from actual observation, that a poem cannot have been expanded by interpolation. Chambers, who so often levels at his opponents the charge of basing their statements on 'theory', is not seldom prone to the same error himself. The Edda songs contain numerous interpolations, the length of which can be exactly determined. By the elimination of these an older text is obtained. In the Nibelungenlied whole adventures occur which apparently came into being after the older parts had fixed into definitive form. To verify this, it is sufficient to compare two records of a poem handed down in more than one MS. If one record is longer than the other, either addition, or excision of material has taken place. It may also happen, of course, that a subject is recast in a later period, but even in that event whole verses or groups of verses are incorporated unaltered with the new redaction. (Compare the older parts of Nibelungenlied with the Þiðrekssaga, which paraphrases an older form, and note the literal agreements.) Whether Béowulf contains interpolations, is therefore a question of investigation, not of principle. Müllenhoff's failure to locate them correctly, can never be a reason to forgo the investigation altogether. Only this question then remains, viz. if there is any possibility of pointing out in this poem interpolations or revisions. This question Chambers answers with a positive 'no', which I consider should be 'yes', and for this opinion I have stated grounds in my book on Béowulf. It should not, however, be said *a priori* that the analysis of language and style is the only possible starting-point for such an investigation. What starting-points are practicable cannot at all be determined in advance, this is purely a matter for experiment. That the contents may provide an excellent clue, I shall now show in connection with the point under discussion, viz. the relation between Grendel 1 and Grendel 2¹⁾. Béowulf goes to Heorot *in order to fight Grendel*, whose deeds he has heard of. He awaits the monster in the hall and overcomes him. Grendel is wounded and flees. In the morning warriors ride to the spot where Grendel has plunged into the mere. They find the way by following the monster's bloody track; they ride back to

¹⁾ As in Bw., Grendel 1 and Grendel 2 here stand for the adventure with Grendel and that with Grendel's mother.

the hall and proclaim Béowulf's glory. The following night Béowulf sleeps elsewhere, but Danish heroes are sleeping in the hall. Grendel's mother appears and carries off one of the heroes. In the morning Béowulf finds the Danish king lamenting and learns that a fiend has come to the hall and has carried off a man. The king knows who has perpetrated the deed: two demons have often been seen together: a man and a woman. The man people are wont to name Grendel. The king also knows their haunt and describes the place. Béowulf comforts the king and promises to help him. He then goes to Grendel's abode.

It should be clear to anyone with eyes to see that this is not a properly connected narrative. Béowulf goes to Heorot to fight Grendel. Before the fight he repeatedly has occasion to mention the name of the demon. He fights and triumphs. One day later the king tells him, as if for the first time, that his people are harrassed so by a demon named Grendel! The men have found Grendel's abode by following his track (*lāðes lāstas*). The king describes the abode, as he would a place quite familiar to him.

If this narrative is to be identified either with the folk-tale of the bear's son, or with the Bárðardal episode, it must be admitted at any rate, that very strange events must have been inserted between the two acts. The ride to the *nicera mere*, the coming of Grendel's mother to the hall, the information given to Béowulf by Hróðgár, are just as many inexplicable and redundant features giving occasion to wonder how any one could ever fancy the idea of interrupting by their insertion the natural continuity of a properly connected narrative. Everything becomes perfectly clear, however, when the narrative is viewed as a combination of two variants, which are two parallel tales possessing in substance the same features, but in a slightly different sequence. I place them side by side:

Grendel 1. Béowulf hears about Grendel, goes to Heorot to fight him and awaits him in the hall. The demon appears and devours one man; then he attacks Béowulf. A struggle ensues, of such violence that the poet wonders that the hall does not fall together. Béowulf is victorious. The heroes ride to the *nicera mere*.

Grendel 2. Béowulf is on a chance visit at Heorot; he does not sleep in the hall. The demon enters by night and carries off a man. The hero is prepared to avenge this; he rides with attendants to the *nicera mere* and descends into it to do battle. (In the den he kills a man and a woman.)

It is seen on further comparison that the second variant is the original one. The first is derived from it under the influence of a tale which is known to us. This tale is the Glámr episode of the *Grettissaga*,¹⁾ which Chambers makes no use of, neither can make use of, because it contains only one fight. The subject is this: Grettir has heard of Glám's doings. He goes to Þórhallsstaðir (the place visited by the demon), and awaits the fiend during the night in the sleeping-room. Glámr appears and grips him, Grettir jumps up and struggles with the demon; all the benches are wrenched from their places and the walls of the room crack (Cp. the corresponding facts in *Grendel 1*). Grettir conquers the evil spirit.

Grendel 1 shares with the Glámr episode all the features upon which it differs from *Grendel 2*, but *Grendel 1* is not identical with the Glámr episode. The tale preserves reminiscences of its derivation from *Grendel 2*. In the first place the name of the demon. Then this fact, which Chambers vainly

¹⁾ In an older form, of course. A relationship is meant here, not a literary borrowing. The Glámr episode represents a type.

wonders at (p. 63), that Grendel on entering the hall devours a warrior, before attacking Béowulf. Grettir awaits Glámr alone. But the warrior who is eaten corresponds to Æschere, who in Grendel 2 is carried off by Grendel's mother. This figure is preserved in Grendel 1 and therefore it is told that the Géat heroes sleep with Béowulf in the hall. Lastly the ride to the *nicera mere*. In Grendel 2 this ride is indispensable, as the contest must take place in Grendel's haunt; in Grendel 1 it has become superfluous because the battle has already been fought. The ride has been preserved but it has become a pleasure-trip of curious people.

If Chambers did not believe this criticism to be correct, it was incumbent upon him to adduce counter-arguments. Unrefuted, it affords sufficient ground for rejecting *a limine* the comparison with the folk-tale of the bear's son. This does not imply that, in the opposite case, such a comparison would be advisable.

The Christian elements in Béowulf referred to by Chambers (p. 121ff), form indeed no suitable basis for a criticism of the poem, which, as Chambers rightly observes, is permeated with the spirit of Christianity. It is possible, on the other hand, once a distinction has been established between the older parts and the new, to test the criticism by the Christian elements. This I have done in Bw. and in doing this I found that the conception of Christianity is not everywhere consistent. The later parts are lengthier than the younger ones and only among those do we find some passages of religious fanaticism. This tallies with Chambers' contention that in England Christianity did not become fanatical in character until in the later Viking period, after the permanent settling of the heathen Scandinavians. At the same time this bears out our criticism. As a second test I wish to suggest the metrical differences pointed out in my 'Studiën over de Metriek van het Alliteratievers'. (Amsterdam 1916, p. 141 ff), which shows that the new parts of the poem constitute a substantial advance towards the technique found in later texts i.a. in Byrhtnoð. As regards the style, it is easily seen, even without a statistical inquiry, that the episodes at least differ materially from the main text. We must refrain, however, from enlarging upon this point.

In dealing with the traditional episode of the dragon fight Chambers lapses into error through the same uncritical procedure which characterizes his treatment of the Grendel contests. The traditional text says that Béowulf, when fighting the dragon, was king of the Géats, which statement Chambers accepts for authentic fact. It is true that the introduction to the poem also mentions a king Béowulf, but this is a Danish king (Scylding). Many critics have taken it for granted that this king is the hero in the original tale of the dragon fight. Upon this view some have based mythical theories. But such a mythical theory is not of necessity the only ground for thinking of the Scylding Béowulf in connection with the dragon fight. There are other grounds and quite valid ones, viz: 1. The opening lines of the poem relate that the poet has heard of the achievements of Scyldingas. One is led to expect that he will go on and narrate them. What follows, however, is a genealogy of Scyldingas and then the narrative of the deeds of a Géat. This inconsistency would be explained, if it might be assumed that the introduction of the poem is the old introduction to the dragon fight tale, which the Scylding Béowulf, mentioned in the introduction, played an active part. 2. In the Danish traditional tale of the king occupying the same place in the genealogy as Béowulf I in the A. S. poem, viz. between Skjöldr and

Halfdan, ¹⁾ a dragon fight is narrated presenting numerous points of agreement with that of Béowulf. ²⁾ 3. The poem says (l. 2334) that the land laid waste by the dragon is an island ³⁾, which does apply to Sjælland, but not to Gautland. 4. The poem says (l. 3005) that Béowulf was ruler of the Scyldingas, a passage, which the hand that made him into king of the Géats, omitted to rectify. This passage has provoked already many wonderful interpretations and tentative emendations, yet it is perfectly simple. Chambers is silent upon it. What the poem says concerning the hero's rule in Gautland, is, moreover, chrono-

¹⁾ With Saxo this is Frotho I, not an original name here. The old order is Skjöld (the eponym) — Halfdan (the first historic name). Between the two has been inserted the name of a king connected with the dragon fight and whom the A. S. tradition names as Béowulf. In the Danish tradition the adventure with the dragon is referred to Fróði, a king, who got this place in the genealogy through causes on which I cannot dwell here.

²⁾ Chambers' treatment of this point is not devoid of ingenuity, nor is it altogether free from a suspicion of pettifoggery. The whole of his argument hinges on the fact that in the A. S. poem the dragon is not said to be fought by the Scylding, but by the Géat Béowulf. This, of course, is a fact. He contends (i.a. p. 93) that the adverse critics argue in a circle: By means of the dragon fight, which Béowulf has in common with Frotho, they prove that Béowulf was king of the Danes and not of the Geats, and they prove at the same time that the dragon fights in Béowulf and in Saxo, being told of the same man, are identical, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

This reasoning, however, admits of the following objection. The dragon fights of Béowulf and that of Frótho are assumed to be the same, not *because* Béowulf is identical with Frotho, but primarily in virtue of their similarity in detail. It is incomprehensible how a scholar who puts Ormr Stórfósson on a level with Béowulf *because* he is pious (v. above), can simply set down as worthless the important series of parallels between those two dragon fights pointed out by Sievers (cp. also Bw. p. 134), where they make against his theory. It is quite easy, of course, to view each trait singly and then to declare them possible in any dragon fight. The essential part here is the combination of traits and the development of the narrative, and these are to be found in no other dragon fight handed down to us. Chambers may say in imitation of Olrik (Danmarks Heltedigtning I, 311) that there are two invariable types of dragon fights, one with a happy, one with an unhappy ending for the hero, and as an instance of the second type, he may cite also in imitation of Olrik, Þór's fight, at the end of the world, with the world serpent, but again this distinction of dragon fights into two fixed types is not based on observation, but on theory, Chambers' pet aversion. It is just in the case of Þórr that experience teaches the contrary, for in the Hymiskviða and in several skald poems, this fight belongs to type 1; Þórr triumphs and departs safe and sound. Consequently these two types are not invariable. The same is seen in the dragon fight of Frotho and Béowulf: in the older form, viz. with Saxo, the hero vanquishes; in Béowulf he dies. The explanation of the hero's death in the latter case is that the dragon fight is here made to conclude a life rich in great achievements (v. Bw. p. 116).

So the identification of the two dragon fights is primarily based on the rather close contact existing between them on various points. Nor is it indifferent, of course, to whom these fights are related. Considering then that the hero of one traditional poem is named Béowulf, while the same poem mentions another Béowulf who in the genealogy occupies the same place as Frotho, seeing moreover that there are also a number of grounds — enumerated above — for the assumption that this other Béowulf is the real dragon slayer, it must be admitted that the dragon fight lends support to the identification of the personages and that the identity of the personages affords ground for the identification of the two fights.

³⁾ Chambers says (p. 94) that it is 'probable' that *éalond* does not mean 'island' and that the dragon does not live in the '*éalond*'. This 'probable' remains unexplained. That an island was meant, appears from l. 2334, where it says that the dragon had ravaged the whole *éalond útan*, viz. all around it, i.e. of course, the outer border with all that it encompasses. There is no evidence showing that the dragon does not dwell in the island. The narrative differs from Saxo's in this respect that no mention is made here of an island lying opposite the coast and inhabited only by the dragon (V. Bw. p. 112. 135 f.).

logically impossible, whereas his rule among the Danes is quite compatible with chronological data. (In either case the internal chronology of the poem is meant, for history is out of the question here). Béowulf is a full-grown hero, when he visits Hrōdgár at Heorot. After his return he serves Hygelác; after Hygelác's death he is guardian to Heardré until the latter's coming of age; he then serves Heardré until the latter's death in war; thereafter Béowulf ascends the throne and still reigns for 50 years. It is surely not too much to say that the prince must have been at least from 85 to 90 years old when he fought the dragon. The matter stands quite differently, when Béowulf I is the hero of the dragon fight. In the introduction it is told of him that he was bountiful at an early age. His father died, he became king and had a long reign (l. 54). This *lange þrage* corresponds with the 50 years of line 2733. The hero may then have fought the dragon when about 65 years of age.¹⁾

The fact that the poem mentions two Béowulfs is disposed of by Chambers as follows. Béowulf I, according to him, does not exist. When this name occurs it stands for Béow. This Béow is a corn-god connected with Scéaf and out of place in the Scyldings genealogy. The fact that he does bear the name Béowulf in the poem is accounted for with the remark (p. 367): "It is true that in ll. 18, 53 'Beowulf' is written, where we should have expected 'Beowa'". (It should be noted that those few places are the only instances of the man's name; he has no other throughout the poem.) Béowulf II, however, is in reality named Béowulf, which means 'bee-wolf', metaphorically designating the bear. (Both etymologies are perfectly well-known, it is the process of association and dissociation that is characteristic of the method pursued.) Béow and Béowulf are strictly separated, and at the same time, where Béowulf I occurs, the first name is substituted for the second in defiance of the text. In order to make the separation complete, the form *Biuwulf*, which is found only once in *Liber Vitae*, is urged very strongly. The *iū* in this spelling of the name, says Chambers, cannot possibly have any connection with the *éo* of Béow, therefore this form of the name proves conclusively that Béowulf I and Béowulf II are in no way associated.

I do not know if this argument will appear quite convincing to every unprejudiced reader. I believe with Chambers that the name Béow is that of a corngod and means 'barley' (Bw. p. 147); Karle Krohn furnished convincing arguments to that effect. That 'Béowulf' *might* mean 'bee-wolf' is not likely to be disputed by any one, but there is no suggestion whatever that the word *must necessarily* convey that meaning. The predilection for this interpretation is induced by a partiality to the folk-tale of the bear's son. In further illustration of this theory it is twice suggested (p. 57. 368) that Béowulf exhibits a bear's nature in his manner of fighting: he attacks his enemy 'like a bear' viz. by wrestling with him.²⁾ This absolute dissociation of the two names is apparently inconsistent with the supposition that they both occur in the same poem. In this way one is compelled to assume the

¹⁾ Fifteen years is not too young to be king and commander of the army. The sagas contain a number of examples. Harald hárfagri became king and governed at the age of 10.

²⁾ Béowulf wrestles with his adversary only in the first fight; in the second, more purely representative of the Grendel type, he uses a sword. The wrestling is a feature of the Glámr type; Grettir also wrestles with his enemy, but in the end he takes a sword. An early explanation given in Béowulf connects the wrestling with the familiar feature that demons cannot be injured with weapons. This may be an original trait of the type.

following development. 'Béow' and 'Béowulf' are very similar, so similar that the second name seems a continuation of the first. Béow is the name of a divinity otherwise only met with in genealogies, and nowhere in literature, but originally it occurred in this poem. Béowulf is a name of a hero found nowhere in literature, but it occurs in this poem. The names have thus come to coincide in this text, moreover the former is assimilated to the latter, and then two Béowulfs crop up in consequence.

This is a string of coincidences impossible of acceptance without proof positive that such was the actual development. A much more natural theory, however, is that the contact of Béow and Béowulf in the epic is not accidental, but that the names are related, and that by derivation, viz. Béowulf < Béow. These two names may be used in designation of the same person, as is the case for instance, in Saxo, where Þórr, while on a journey, is named Thorkillus (Bw. p. 148), or, to take a less remote example, in the Edda, where the divinity corresponding to Béow is not called *Bygg*, but *Byggvir*, which is a derivation from *bygg* (but 'barley' is *bygg*.)¹⁾

Chambers goes rather too far in putting his veto on this theory on the ground of this *iu* in the name of a friar in Liber Vitae. There are various possibilities here. In the first place it is by no means certain that the monk in Liber Vitae had the same name as the slayer of Grendel²⁾. Secondly *iu* may be a misspelling for *io* or *eu*, both frequent diphthongs in Liber Vitae. A third possibility is that the form with *iu* is right and after all connected with Béow. Chambers himself assumes that the word was originally an *u*-stem, some cases may then have had *iu* in the first syllable. The O.N. *bygg*, so important in judging the name 'Béow', is a strong case in point, for this form (*bygg*) originated from **biuwu*, not from **beuwu*.³⁾

The chapter on the historical elements gives a very good survey of the progress and the results of the research. Yet, I cannot always agree with the author in this chapter any more than in the first. Considerations of space, however, forbid a detailed discussion. A few points may be mentioned. In my opinion Béowulf and presumably also his father Eggþéow should be altogether excluded from the historic persons. The whole genealogy of the Wægmundingas thus becomes rather questionable. Béowulf's unimportant part in the Swedish wars is no more than a secondary one (Bw. p. 40. 46). Chambers draws a parallel between the support lent by Béowulf to Eadgils and the assistance, which, according to the Skjoldungasaga, Hrólf Kraki sent to Aðils against Ali enn Upplenzki in the person of Bjarki. This parallel is rather strained. Bjarki is not even mentioned separately in the description of that expedition; Hrólf sends his berserkers to the number of twelve. The communication only serves to motive a punitive expedition to Upsala, the original motive of which was quite different. Accordingly we see that even the sending of the berserkers is not an old feature.

On pp. 27-29 Chambers tries to find a historic person in Unferð. But

¹⁾ In Anglo-Saxon it is also in an epic story where the god is thought of as human, that the lengthening of the name Béow occurs.

²⁾ I wonder if it is really methodical to dissociate so readily Béowulf I and Béowulf II, two names occurring in the same poem as those of royal personages living practically at the same time, and on the other hand to associate so absolutely Béowulf and Biuuulf, a name different in spelling and found once as that of a monk living in an entirely other time.

³⁾ Chambers quotes (p. 367) Kock, *Umlaut u. Brechung*, p. 315, but incorrectly. What is argued in this passage and illustrated with examples is on the contrary that Scandinavian has double forms; the common form *bygg* has an old *iu*, and the dialectic *begg* has *eu*.

there is no correlative of this figure in other sources and what the poem says of him is merely poetical fiction. There is little ground for his identification with the heroes in Hrólfr's hall who throw bones at arriving guests. It appears from the development of the figure in *Béowulf* that Unferð's part originally only consists in lending *Béowulf* the sword with which the demons are defeated in their abode. His 'malevolence', which Chambers regards as the dominant characteristic of this figure, is therefore very questionable. — As for Heorot hall, I believe with Chambers that Lejre is the locality to connect it with. But the name of the hall must be an invention of an A. S. poet. The author does not touch this question. — Chambers entirely follows Olrik's division of the Scandinavian sources into Icelandic and Danish (v. p. 24.) Still Olrik's division, though often treated as a result, is no more than a very subjective hypothesis, which provokes a good deal of criticism. — On p. 23 the speech of the old warrior in Ingeld's hall is compared with the corresponding passage in Saxo, whose lyrical prolixity is defined as characteristic of the Scandinavian poetical style in contrast with the Anglo-Saxon. The contrast is, in this manner, represented quite erroneously. As a rule O.N. poetry is much terser in expression than the Anglo-Saxon. But Saxo's composition is not typical of the Old Norse poetical style, whereas the passage in *Béowulf* here adduced occupies a very special place. It occurs in an episode and the *Béowulf* episodes stand out in contrast to the main text through a brevity of expression otherwise foreign to *Béowulf*.

For the Headbeard fights I refer to a separate paper on the subject which I hope to publish elsewhere.

On the fight at Finnsburg I must be short. The author here shows the same erudition and discernment and the same faculty for combination as in his treatment of *Béowulf*. He undoubtedly contributes materially to a right insight into these very difficult fragments. Still, I believe that also on this subject the last word has not yet been said.

The main tendency of the argument is to disculpate Finn. It is true that he took part in the fight against Hnæf and he shares therefore in the guilt of his death, but he did not treacherously fall upon him. This conclusion largely results from an absolute dissociation of *Éotenas* and *Frysán* (*Frésán*) in the episode. Finn rules over the Frisians, but he also has *Éotenas* under him. Finnsburg lies outside the territory proper of Frisia. Hnæf is Finn's guest there; in the night the *Éotenas* break their faith and fall upon Hnæf; Finn becomes involved in the events against his will. Since Finn is not guilty of treason, it is possible for the adverse party to enter into an agreement with him. This is done by Hengest. He stays with Finn and goes into his service. Sometimes, however, the idea of revenge enters his mind and it dominates altogether, when *Húnlafing* (1143), by the gift of a sword, makes him his dependant. Thereupon an onslaught is made resulting in the death of Finn.

But also in this interpretation of events great difficulties subsist of which I will mention a few. The Finnsburg fragment says that the fighting had been in progress for five days before any of Hnæf's men had fallen. We see from the episode that Finn was present at this fight. It seems rather improbable that Finn would have allowed the fight to continue for five consecutive days without making the least attempt to interfere, if during the night his guests had been treacherously attacked against his will by a troop of his men. This seems the more improbable as these men did not

constitute the main body of his army, for he was king of the Frisians and had only Éotenas among his troops. Even though some of the aggressors had fallen, this could hardly have been a reason for him to let it all go on, since by the aggression upon his guests, if made against his will, his retainers were acting in open defiance of his orders. From 1068*b*, 'þá hte se fær begeat', repeatedly quoted by Chambers, he concludes that Finn and his men were taken by surprise, that the fight came over them like a sudden calamity. But the true import of those words in that connection nobody has yet been able to explain. In 1068*a* 'Finnes eaferum' is not grammatically connected with the following, neither is there any ling to be found in the preceding lines. It will not answer therefore to put some construction or other upon 1068*b* and draw from it inferences as to the state of things at the beginning of the fight.

It seems to me a weightier objection even that the strict distinction of Éotenas and Frýsan, however true historically, finds no support in the poem, but rather is at variance with it. Each name is used for the other to meet alliterative requirements. This is most evident perhaps in 1086 ff. In virtue of the agreement Hengest and his men have a separate room assigned to them, so as to share the power over the hall¹⁾ equally with the Éotenas, or in other words they are granted as much authority as Finn's men, and moreover Finn shall give as many presents to Hengest's men as to the Frisians (*Frésena cynn*). Here it is as clear as can be that by *Frésena cynn* exactly the same is meant as by *Éotena bearn*. A little further it says again: if any of the *Frýsan* should allude to recent events, this would be punished very severely. If the poem made a clear distinction between *Frýsan* and *Éotenas*, mention would necessarily have been made here of the *Éotenas*, for coming from these breakers of their faith, any allusion to the fight would naturally have given more offence than from the comrades who had only been drawn into the struggle in spite of themselves. In l. 1125 the *wigend* return home, nor is there any distinction made between *Éotenas* and Frisians. They go to Frisia together (*Frýsland geséon*).²⁾ But in l. 1138 ff. Hengest anew meditates revenge on the *Éotena bearn*.

Little ground is found in the text for the view that Hengest becomes Finn's dependant and wavers between a sense of loyalty to his new lord and a desire for revenge, until Húnláfig ends his hesitation by binding

¹⁾ It is not to be ascertained with perfect clearness from the expression whether two halls are meant, or one, which is shared. At any rate there is a locality where the Danes alone are masters. Ettmüller's reading 'healfne' (1087), if correct, would resolve the difficulty. The Danes have a hall to themselves, but the authority is divided.

²⁾ If *Frysland* is here to be replaced by *Frysan*, as I suggested, on other grounds besides those hereafter mentioned, in *Zeitschr. f. d. Alt.* 47, 138, *Frysan* again should be taken to indicate the whole of Hengest's troop. — The question bears on the point discussed by Chambers, whether Finnsburg lies within the Frisian borders. Should this be so, then on this sole ground '*Frysland*' in 1127 cannot be correct. Of course it is not necessary that Finnsburg should be Finn's capital, but it should at least lie within his territory, and so far as we can find out this is only Frisia. Chambers also does not assume that Finn holds supremacy over Jutland, which would then be the country of the *Éotenas*. He only supposes that Finnsburg lies outside *Frysland*, but he does not say where. Another noteworthy fact is that Hnæf fell in *Fréswæle*. This is not surely 'the battlefield where also Frisians fell' but 'the battlefield in the land of the Frisians'. The name is here opposed to *Hnæf Scyldinga*; the passage may be taken to mean that Hnæf fell far from his land (that of the Scyldingas) in a foreign land (that of the Frisians). It is interesting to note, what was also seen by others, that according to other sources Hnæf does not belong to the Scyldingas. The passage seems to show that the poet is rather careless in using the names of peoples, which may account for his treating *Frysan* and *Éotenas* as synonyms.

him to his own service. I, at least, can only read the events as follows. In the beginning Hengest stays with Finn, because it is winter, so that he cannot travel. This is told at length in ll. 1128-1133. This is the only reason why he does not depart at once. Accordingly, he does not enter Finn's service, but stays as a guest, and has power to enforce conditions (1085 ff.). But, of course, the ruler on the spot is not Hengest, but Finn, the lord of the land. As it *might* now be said with a semblance of justice that he followed the murderer of his lord, measures are taken to ensure that this *cannot* be said: no allusion shall be made on penalty of death. When spring comes, Hengest longs to be away (1136-38). Yet he stays on, though he might go; he is planning revenge. He only considers how he can take this revenge in such a way as not to break his faith. Meanwhile, some comrades, Gúðláf and Osláf, depart on a journey, presumably with the object of fetching reinforcements. They return before the attack on Finn (1149). With Hengest, however, the resolve matures through the gift of a sword by Húnláfling. This gift, however, does not imply that Hengest becomes Húnláfling's serving man.¹⁾ Its significance appears from the line that follows: *þæs wæron mid Eotenum ecge cūde* (1146). So it was a sword which had played a part in the late battle, and as such the gift was rem iniscent of past events, and acts as an exhortation, like the weapon which had slain a friend or had been taken from a friend by the enemy (2048). Hengest now overcomes his last scruples. Finn is attacked and slain.

By these and other considerations I am confirmed in the belief that the older interpretation according to which Hnæf and his men were treacherously fallen upon by Finn, deserves fuller credit than the one clearing him of his guilt. From the mere circumstance that an agreement is reached, it cannot be concluded that Finn is innocent. There are of course many examples of people refusing to make peace with a false enemy. Chambers quotes several cases, but they do not constitute a rule. Even mortal foes may in emergencies be compelled to make a temporary peace. How many instances of this are not found in the sagas! That Hengest really acted from necessity is clearly seen from l. 1103: *þá him swá gepearfod wæs*.

On the whole I think Chambers' book interesting and stimulative, be it that it mostly stimulates to contradiction. It is also very instructive, but any reader not versed in the subject nor familiar with the research, should be careful to preserve his independence.

Amsterdam.

R. C. BOER.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. On Tuesday, April 16, Mr. Oswald Doughty, M. A., B. Litt., gave a lecture on *Thomas Hardy as a Leader of Revolt*, before the Amsterdam branch of the English Association.

On Thursday, April 18, Mr. Doughty lectured to the Flushing branch on *Tennyson and the Victorian Tradition*.

¹⁾ *Donne him Húnláfling hildeléoman on bearm dyde* (l. 1143-4). Chambers speaks of "the warrior who put the sword into Hengest's bosom" (p. 252), from which he draws further conclusions. But '*on bearm dyde*' is no to be understood literally; v. l. 2404 and other places.

Members of the English Association may join the *Engelsche Bibliotheek* at Amsterdam at an annual subscription of f 4.— (non-members f 6.—). Those wishing to do so should apply to their branch secretary. Books are sent carriage paid on application to Messrs. Swets & Zeitlinger, 471 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, and must be returned in the same way.

Members wanting addresses of English boarding-houses or of families taking paying guests, may apply to Miss F. J. Quanjer, 24 Weissenbruchstraat, The Hague. Special requirements should be stated, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed with each enquiry.

A Vacation Course for Foreign Students will be held in Cambridge from July 30 till August 17. General Subject: *Contemporary England: its Language, Literature and Institutions*. For particulars apply to the Rev. Dr. Cranage, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.

The University of Oxford is holding a summer meeting from July 27 to August 16. The main subjects of study will be: *Universities, Mediaeval and Modern*, and *The Social and Economic Problems of English Country Life*. For particulars apply to the Rev. F. E. Hutchinson, M.A., University Extension Delegation, Examination Schools, Oxford.

B.-Examination 1922. We give the following extract from the report of the Committee of Examiners (Staatscourant 25 April 1923, No. 80, Bijvoegsel.):

De commissie vindt slechts aanleiding tot het maken van enkele opmerkingen.

De ingezonden lijsten van schrijvers en tijdvakken der letterkunde, die de kandidaten in het bijzonder hadden bestudeerd, bleken vaak niet met de vereischte zorg te zijn samengesteld; er waren er onder die zelfs zeer slordig waren opgemaakt en geschreven. Waar bij voorbeeld een aantal gelezen balladen werd opgegeven, was de keus soms zeer onoordeelkundig: onbelangrijke waren neergeschreven, belangrijke over het hoofd gezien.

De inhoud van sommige opstellen mocht inderdaad „kinderachtig” worden genoemd. Er bleek duidelijk gebrek aan oefening in het maken van een letterkundig opstel. Bij het mondeling onderzoek bleek vaak, dat de bekendheid van de kandidaten met de politieke geschiedenis en maatschappelijke toestanden van het tijdperk, dat bijzonder bestudeerd heette, veel te wenschen overliet en dat zij belangrijke handboeken of andere werken niet hadden ingekeken, soms zelfs niet bij naam kenden. Kandidaten b.v. die in de gelegenheid waren geweest de *Cambridge History of Literature* te gebruiken, hadden dit werk nooit ingezien.

Nogmaals meent de commissie den raad, reeds vroeger aan toekomstige kandidaten gegeven, te moeten herhalen: „leert over het gelezene een eigen oordeel te krijgen, geleid door werken als: W. H. Hudson, *An Introduction to the Study of Literature*, zonder echter de studie van standaardwerken over de letterkunde te verwaarloosen.”

The report does not make cheerful reading. Nothing but complaints; and the list of marks is of a piece with it. How to account for this state of things?

Are we to assume with the German Committee that the unsatisfactory results are due to the attraction supposed to be exercised on the good

candidates by the Universities? We can hardly think so. For one thing, nearly two years' experience goes to show that the new academical system is open to serious criticism. On the other hand, all these complaints, with their proposed remedies, are to be found in the reports back to 1916 at least, as any one who will take the trouble to look up the back volumes of *English Studies* and *The Student's Monthly* can see. Lists of books read drawn up carelessly and inaccurately; lack of practice in essay writing¹⁾; ignorance of social and political history; and the recommendation to study a collection of University Extension lectures in order to form "een eigen (*sic*) oordeel" — all these points have been levelled over the Minister's head at candidates over and over again. And yet the results are worse than ever before.

We do not pretend to be able to solve the problem, but venture to make a suggestion. It is exceptional for B-candidates to read for the examination unaided. The majority attend University lectures, often supplemented by lessons of private tutors. The first essential of a course of literary study is that the *teacher* should know how to guide the reading of the candidate in his charge. He who undertakes to prepare a student for the B-examination, be he professor, lecturer or private tutor, will naturally see to it that his pupil's list of books is drawn up with proper care; that a judicious selection is made, whether of ballads or other literary work; that the candidate has had sufficient practice in essay writing, and does know some history. And though he may not always be able to prevent a pupil whom he considers unfit from entering for the examination, it will be impossible even for such a pupil never to have *looked into* the Cambridge History of English Literature, e.g., if the teacher has done his duty.

We suggest that the old method of putting the cart before the horse be abandoned; that the Committee, instead of apostrophising candidates in a report presented to the Minister for Education, should draw up a *detailed programme of requirements* for both M.O. examinations, so that those in charge of students may know what to teach them; and that those who now venture to undertake this task should consider whether they can truly perform the work that is required from them.

The responsibility does not in the first place lie with the candidates, many of whom are only taking the examination as an avenue to employment, and most of whom are quite willing to train under expert guidance if they are only told exactly what to do. It lies primarily with the teachers, whoever they are; and with those among them first of all who, as members of the board of examiners, teach, examine, and criticize. — Z.

Modern English in the German University. At the Berlin extension meeting of October last a remark was made by one of the lecturers that will interest our readers, now that in Holland we are trying to organize a genuine study of modern languages in our universities. We quote the report in the *Zs. f. frz. u. engl. unterricht*, 22, I, p. 26: "Professor Spies (Greifswald) schloss seine fesselnden ausführungen mit dem hinweis dass die universitäten die pflicht hätten, sich nicht nur mit textkritik und interpretation alt- und mittellenglischer schriftsteller zu befassen, sondern vor allem die weiterentwicklung der modernen sprache zum gegenstand ihrer forschungen machen

¹⁾ Candidates for the A-certificate in French are required to write an essay; why not for English?

müssten, damit universität und schule einander in ihrem arbeitsgebiet näher kämen."

We all know that theory and practice do not always agree, and we have no intention of holding up the example of German Universities as a mirror to our own. But the theory here adduced seems to us worthy of serious consideration. If only it led to action!

Translation.

1. "You'll never get me to do such a thing again", he said to the blacksmith, when, after having been away for some time, he had returned and with others of his acquaintance was talking to him on Saturday evening at the club, which met in the village inn. 2. His words referred to a proposal to take part in a bet on the occasion of some racing in the neighbourhood. 3. Evidently the members took a peculiar interest in open-air sports. 4 "As you know", he went on, "I was out of employment in the May of this year, and tramped the whole country looking for work, but was unsuccessful. 5. At last I happened to meet an old fellow-villager, a gardener like myself. 6. He informed me that he was changing his situation, and when I told him how bad things were with me, he advised me to try for his old place. 7. According to him it was worth the trouble, for it was a situation for life, and he would not have given it up if he had not found something still better. 8. Moreover, he promised to say a good word for me, being convinced that I was a respectable man.

9. He gave me the address, and I at once wrote to the clergyman who had the vacancy. 10. Soon I received notice to apply on a certain day, and full of hope that I might be successful I went to the rectory. 11. I was shown into the study, where, in a state of nervousness, I was kept waiting a short time. 12. The man who was probably to be my employer entered.

13. After a few preliminary questions had been put to me, I told his reverence whom I had last served, and ended by handing him my 'character'. 14. When he had taken it out of the envelope and had begun to read it, it seemed as if his face clouded over. 15. I felt less at my ease every minute; a strange foreboding of something dreadful took possession of me.

16. "Is this your letter of recommendation?" he asked, with emphasis on the 'this'.

17. "Yes sir," I said hesitatingly, not knowing exactly what was the matter.

18. "I fear," he continued, "that what I have here in my hand will do you little good." 19. And then he read, with painful slowness, an invitation to join with others in betting on a horse that would most probably win.

20. I was dumbfounded, struck all of a heap. 21. What an unpardonable blunder I had committed. 22. The awful truth now dawned upon me: I had given him the wrong envelope!

23. "It seems I have made a mistake," I stammered.

24. "Undoubtedly," said the clergyman. 25. "Such a thing is not a recommendation, but a condemnation. 26. And he gave me a sharp reprimand.

27. As so much depended on it I wished to make a desperate attempt

to excuse myself all the same and said: "The letter I should have given you, I have left at home. 28. May I still bring it to you?"

29. "No, thank you," was his cold answer, "I will spare you the trouble," and, opening the door, he showed me out.

30. "So, for the future, you need not try to persuade me to do what so many people condemn."

Observations. 1. *You shall never induce me to do it again.* The speaker wishes to represent the future event simply as such, not as determined by his own present will. Hence *shall* is unsuitable. — *Smith* is the general term: copper-smith, blacksmith, lock-smith, gun-smith. The smith, a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands (Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith*). — *He spoke him. Speak* in the sense of "address", "talk to" is always followed by *to*. When he has finished, will you say that a lady would like to *speak to him* for a moment? (Stephen McKenna, *Sheila Intervenes*, Chapter XIV). Without a preposition the meaning is 'to hail and hold communication with a ship' [praaïen]: Before the 'Red Cross' could be *spoken*, my dear husband will be hanged. (*Windsor Magazine*, Aug. 1908, p. 354). — *Assembled* is correct, though *met* seems better.

2. *Wager-Bet.* *Bet* is the colloquial word, but in the sporting columns [sportrubriek] of the dailies *wager* is found too. "Who else would be so swagger, round here?" retorted Orlando. "*Bet* you a bob I'm right." But Julie did not *wager*. (W. C. Newte, *A Young Lady*, Chapter XIV.).

3. *Clearly.* — *Open-air entertainments.* When the latter invited her to a supper at her house, she could not refuse.... It proved a jovial *entertainment* — almost an orgie (Shaw, *Love Among the Artists*, Chapter VIII.). Even then it did not at first dawn on me that the whole *entertainment* had been arranged for the single purpose of enabling Madame Humbert to interview me (i. e. a dinner-party) (*Pearson's Mag.*, Aug. 1914, p. 140.). We speak of an "entertainment at Court", "places of entertainment", theatres, music-halls, etc. — He was not of robust frame and so had no pleasure in *out-door sports* (Mandell Creighton, quoted from Günther, *Synonyms*, p. 477).

4. *He continued.* — *In May of this year.* Omission of the definite article is not permissible here. *Out of work, out of place; out of situation* is given by Muret. *Without situation.* The indefinite article should have been used after *without*: without *a* hat; no rose without *a* thorn, and so always if the noun is clearly a class-noun. Note that we may say *without doubt*. (C. O. D.). For an explanation, compare Kruisinga, *Handbook*, § 1248. To *tramp* the country must be on foot. — *To get a job; To seek a situation; To look for work.* Mr. Smith was out of regular work, and had been so for a year, though he was now and then employed for a day to help other gardeners who had more to do than they could easily get done. On other days he would be out for hours looking for work (A. S. Fenn, *Little Neighbours*, Chapter II.).

5. *I ran into a former fellow-villager* = *liep tegen het lijf.* *Ran across* (= *fell in with*) is better. —

6. *He communicated to me that.* We *communicate* facts, news, a discovery etc. to a person; we *inform* a person of a fact or that something has taken place. We cannot use a *that*-clause after 'communicate'. — *Was to change his situation* would suggest arrangement. The definite (or progressive) form is often used for a near future. *Was going to another place* is ambiguous. *Change of place* is a gallicism. — *Badly off.* The Oxford Dictionary observes: *Off* has the force of 'circumstanced' — 'conditioned', especially as regards

command of the means of life. We are so *badly off* for strong arms (Kane, *Arct. Exp.*, II. IV. 50.). They are very *badly off*, poor people. (Grant Allen, *Philistia*, III, 161.). — *In a bad way* refers to condition, as: he has recovered a little, but is still *in a very bad way*. By eleven o'clock we were utterly exhausted, and were generally speaking, *in a very bad way*. (Rider Haggard, *Solomon's Mines*). Things are in a bad way (C. O. D.). The cinema is prosperous, while municipal music, according to Mr. Dan. Godfrey, who should know, is *in a very bad way* (*Times Weekly Edition*, May 14, 1914). *To try and get his job*. The copulative construction seems to be the rule in colloquial diction, literary English preferring the infinitive with *to*. (Poutsma, *Hendiadys in English*; *Neophilologus*, II, p. 216).

7. *It was worth while*. — *It was a permanency* is correct. Is it for a permanency? (Richard Marsh, *Death Whistle*, Chapter II.). — *Something better still*. When placed at the end the word *better* cannot escape stress. —

8. *Decent-Respectable-Fashionable*. *Decent* implies moral fitness, *fashionable* applies to exteriors (clothes e.g.); *respectable* may be applied to those who are of fair social standing. No *decent* speaker would use this expression. *Respectable* (genteel) poverty = *fatsoenlijke* (*vergulde*) *armoede*. The family is too *respectable* to take boarders. (J. D. Beresford, *A World of Women*.). *Disrepute*, as practised by foreigners, is a tawdry and contemptible thing in *respectable* though immoral British eyes. (W. J. Locke, *Idols*, Chapter XXII).

9. *Minister* could hardly be said in ordinary style of a clergyman belonging to the Anglican church, although the word is used in the Book of Common Prayer. — *All at once* — *at once*. The first word has a totally different meaning (suddenly).

10. *Fixed day*. We met at a fixed day (hour) (Krüger, *Syntax*, § 459). *Specified*: Certain *specified* goods have been warehoused for the party in whose favour the warrant has been issued (Cropper, *Bookkeeping*, p. 140.). He (i. e. Shelley) was a gentleman that seldom took money about him, and we received numerous little billets, written sometimes on the leaf of a book, to pay the bearer the sum he *specified* (Dowden, *P. B. Shelley*, p. 366.). *Definite*: When we lodged the order with you for a *definite* period you, of course, took the chance of a rise or fall of market, but seeing that you are unable to make us a better quotation the order must stand off. (Business-letter). — *That I was to apply*. Not report! The boy reported himself to the headmaster. — *I repaired to the vicarage*.

11. *Ushered into the study*. He opened the door and ushered us into the eating-room (Stanley Weyman, *House of the Wolf*). The visitor was accordingly ushered to the drawing-room (Humphry Ward, *Daphne*, p. 51.). Within the same six months a great financial schemer, and the son of a great nobleman, were *ushered* behind the bars with almost as little ceremony as are required for the trial of a wife-beater (*Scribner's Magazine*, Jan. 1909, p. 98.). — *I had to wait a short time*.

12. *My might-be future employer*. English usage is not in favour of long pre-adjuncts. Probably *prospective employer* is an impossible combination. Not less singular was Horton's selection of a *probable* murderess, however efficient, as housekeeper. (E. F. Benson, *And the Dead Spake*.) *Would-be employer*. After eyeing his *would-be* customers the man named a price (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1906, p. 231). A long parley ensued between the father and his *would-be* son-in-law (*Ibid.*, Dec. 1894, p. 685). His fiancée, his *would-be* wife (*Royal Magazine*, April 1899, p. 548). Each *would-be* dozer. And you will keep the secret of my *would-be* marriage from Clym for the present

(Hardy, *Return of the Native*, I. 175). The *would-be* solicitor (= aspirant). Most thoroughly getting into the *would-be* operator's way (the operator is a qualified doctor) (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1902, p. 765). *Prospective*: The first interview is always an anxious time for the *prospective* clerk (*Strand Mag.*, 1913, p. 325). Asking his *prospective* brother-in-law . . . (*Windsor Mag.* Jan. 1910, p. 327). All the *prospective* profits of this sporting tour had vanished into thin air (*Pearson's Mag.*, Sept. 1912, p. 344).

13. *A few preceding questions* is impossible. *Preliminary* questions are introductory questions, previous to the main discourse. He passed a *preliminary* examination at the age of 17. (*Times History of the War*, p. 214). This leads us into a *preliminary* inquiry (Buckle, *History of Civilization*, I. p. 19.) *Preliminary* remarks, *preliminary* expenses. The word is also used as a noun: A long list of measures, put in force as *preliminaries* to an extensive campaign against the criminals (*Times Weekly Edition*, Dec. 24. 1920). — *The Rev. N.* is not the correct form of address. The *Rev.* (short for *Reverend*) is used before the (initials of the) Christian name followed by the surname; as, *The Rev. T. S. Jones*. If the initials are not known we may write *The Rev. Mr. Jones* (or *The Rev. — Jones*), but not *The Rev. Jones*. — *Testimonial*. We speak of a servant's *character*; in the clerical and professional world *testimonial* is the correct term.

14. *Envelope!* *Envelop* is the verb. — *His face darkened* is correct. Do you menace me? replied the brother, his countenance *darkening* (Radcliffe, *Italian*, XII). His displeasure seemed to increase, his brow *darkened* (W. Scott, *Redgauntlet*, Ch. XVII). His face *darkened* with some powerful emotion (Hawthorne, *Scarlet Letter*. III.). — "We shan't want any tea," said George. Harris' *face fell* at this (Jerome, *Three Men in a Boat*) = Du. keek op zijn neus. Her face *clouded over*. She hesitated. She became more than grave (A. E. W. Mason, *The Villa Rose*. Chapter II).

15. *Premonition - Foreboding - Presentiment*. The first two are applied to something evil or undesirable. The last term does not necessarily convey this idea. A secret abiding fear, a *premonition* of evil or disaster weighed upon him (*Harmsworth Mag.*, July 1899. p. 501.). I had a *premonition* that something dreadful was going to happen. (*Ibid.*, Aug. 1900. p. 45.) A kind of *premonition* of coming sorrow. (*Strand Mag.*, April 1894. p. 398.). A punishment that his *forebodings* told him would be terrible (Cooper, *The Prairie*, Ch. XXXII). With a sick *foreboding* opened the door (Anstey, *Vice Versa*, p. 83). Regard the probable course of the future with dismay and the liveliest *foreboding* (Eden Phillpotts, *The Human Boy Again*, p. 177.). Magic and all that is ascribed to it, is a deep *presentiment* of the powers of science (Emerson, quoted in the *Century Dictionary*.).

16. He laid an emphasis on the definite article. (Robert Hichens, *The Façade*, IV).

17. Yes, said Cedric, rather *hesitatingly* and — and earls, don't you know (Burnett, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* p. 17.). — *What had practically happened* conveys a different idea. Rosalind was *practically* alone in the world (= as good as; to all intents and purposes) (*Strand Mag.*, July 1911. p. 66.). Eventually, the head executive agent [in Florence], nominally reelected from time to time, but *practically* permanent, became in the person of Cosmo de Medici, the founder of an inherited leadership (H. Spencer, *Prim. of Sociol.* § 488.).

18. *What I have got in hand here*. *Have in hand* means 'have under control',

19. *To back a horse* may mean 1) to bet on a horse, 2) to mount a horse, 3) to cause a horse to move backward.

20. *I stood aghast*.

21. *Impardonable* is less common than *unpardonable*; it is marked obsolete in N. E. D.

23. *I said stammeringly* is correct. Compare: "Thought I had missed you to-night", she *laughed* (= said laughingly). (*Hutchinson's Mag.* Oct. 1922. p. 445.). "Poor thing", *quavered* the old lady, "what a fate." (Jessie Pope, *Patsie's Christmas*). *Stammer* — *Stutter* — *Falter*. He who *falters* weakens or breaks more or less completely in utterance; the act is occasionally not habitual, and for reasons that are primarily moral, belong to the occasion and may be various. He who *stammers* has great difficulty in uttering anything, the act may be occasional or habitual; the cause is confusion, shyness, timidity, or actual fear; the result is broken and inarticulate sounds that seem to stick in the mouth, and sometimes complete suppression of voice. He who *stutters* [Du. *stotteren* or *hakkelen*] makes sounds that are not what he desires to make; the act is almost always habitual... the result is a quick repetition of some one sound that is initial in a word that the person desires to utter, as c-c-c-catch. (*Century Dictionary* i. v. *Stammer*). "I see that you are spirits", he said *falteringly* (Rider Haggard, *King Solomon's Mines*, p. 105.). "I don't understand" she *faltered* (*Windsor Magazine*, 1905. p. 473.). "I've seen it coming, uncle", he *stammered* (Mrs. De la Pasture, *Grey Knight*, p. 126.). "I know those I can trust", he had answered, *stuttering* rather, as was his way when moved. (Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, *The Lodger* p. 40.). "What, no champagne?" *stuttered* Uncle Bentley (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1902. p. 530.).

26. *He gave me a good lecture (a good talking-to)*. A good *talking-to* is the household word.

27. *Thank you*. This would imply that the clergyman complied with the applicant's request. When declining we should say *No, thank you* or *Thank you, no*. However in the following sentences the rule seems violated: "I'll give you one". "*Thank you, aunt*", said Dora faintly. "But don't please" (*David Copperfield*, Ch. XLVIII). "Will you accept a little loan?" "*Thank you, you are very good, but I can manage*" (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Aug. 1900. p. 60.). — *Coolly* — *Coldly*. The first word might mean 'koelbloedig'. He *coolly* tucked the pistols under his arm. "I shall have nothing to do with it," Mary said *coldly*. (Bennett, *Tales of Five Towns*, p. 7+.). *Save you the trouble* is correct: I might have saved him all this trouble (Sweet, *Anglo-Saxon Primer*, Preface). Occasionally we find *save* in the sense of *spare* [= on t-zien]: "You haven't refused me", [as a husband] I pointed out. "If I haven't", she assured me, "it has been simply to *save* your feelings." (Oppenheim, *The Game of Liberty*. Ch. VII.).

Good translations were received from Sister A., Breda; Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Mr. J. H., Bergum; Mr. H. v. L., Twijzelerheide; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Miss T. v. M., 's-Hertogenbosch; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Sister Philomena, Oirschot; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Mr. A. Th. T., Utrecht; Miss J. v. d. V., Leeuwarden; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt; Miss M. W., Arnhem; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

Subscribers are kindly requested not to omit writing their names on all papers sent in for correction and to write on *both sides* of the paper.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before August 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Reinout Meerwoude was het kind uit een zoogenaamde *mésalliance*. 2. Zijn vader, ofschoon van een oud en geacht huis, kon zich niet tot die machtige familiën rekenen, die den adel zoo geducht maakten; zijn moeder daarentegen was de dochter van een trotsch geslacht, dat zich als de gelijke van vorsten beschouwde en vorstelijke verbintenissen sloot. 3. Zij had den edelman ondanks het verzet harer verwanten gehuwd, en haar zoon was dus een bloedverwant dier eerste huizen, der Croys, Egmonds, Brederodes, die zich eerst met koelheid van den telg eener zoo ongewenschte vereeniging hadden afgekeerd. 4. Langzamerhand echter was er van hun kant een aanmerkelijke toenadering gekomen. 5. Meerwoude was rijk, zijn gelaat vertoonde de voorname schoonheid van zijn moeder; hij was iemand van wien men geen last en misschien menigen dienst kon verwachten. 6. Daarenboven, Brederode's zuster, Helena, was wel met een broeder van Granvelle getrouwd, en de eene *mésalliance* kon evengoed als de andere door de vingers gezien worden, te meer daar Meerwoude op een oud, voornaam wapen, al was het ook zonder graaflijke kroon, kon bogen. 7. Weldra noodigde Aerschot, het hoofd der Croys, hem uit, en Brederode noemde hem, althans onder vier oogen, zijn waarden bloedverwant. 8. Hun voorbeeld werd bijna algemeen gevolgd: Reinout werd in hun kringen opgenomen. 9. Zijn onverschilligheid voor deze hooge eer had iets pikants voor hen en prikkelde hun nieuwsgierigheid; hun behaagde de ongedwongen wijze waarop hij hun zwakheden belachelijk maakte. 10. Zij behandelden hem als hun gelijke, hoewel Reinout den afstand bleef voelen, welke tusschen hen bestond. 11. Mansfeld mocht nog zoo vertrouwelijk zijn arm nemen, of Brederode, door den wijn verhit „zijn dierbaren Reinout” met liefde en vertrouwelijkheid overstelpen, hij wist, dat zij, zoodra hij zich verwijderd had, met een medelijdenden blik de opmerking zouden maken, hoe jammer het toch was, dat zulk een charmante jongen geen aanzienlijke vader mocht bezitten. 12. Hij wist ook, dat, zoo hij zijn groote goederen zou komen te verliezen, dit den geslachtstrots bij zijn vrienden aanmerkelijk zou doen rijzen.

Points of Modern English Syntax.

26. “Poole”, replied the lawyer, “if you say that, if will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note, which seems to prove him to be still alive, I *shall consider* it my duty to break in that door.”

“Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!” cried the butler. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Explain the future tense. Handbk. 68.

27. I'm always right when I sort of feel — you know. Bennett, *The Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8.

Can a prepositional adjunct precede a verb? Handbk. 70f.

28. Are you for staying and seeing the lions feed, or *do we cut* back? Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 5.

What time is expressed by the present tense? Handbk. 93.

29. The young girl, opening the front door, had said: “Do you want to see father?” And instantly the words were out, George had realized that she might have said: “*Did* ¹⁾ you want to see father?” in the idiom of the shop-girl or clerk,

¹⁾ Italics in the original.

and that if she had said "did" he would have been gravely disappointed and hurt. But she had not! Of course she was incapable of such a location, and it was silly of him to have thought otherwise, even momentarily. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. I § 3.

A quotation by way of information.

30. He worked two full pipes long, and looked at the clock. Twelve! No good knocking off just yet! He *had* no liking for *bed* this many a long year, having from loyalty to memory and a drier sense of what became one in the Home Department, preserved his form against temptations of the flesh. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 16.

Is the preterite *had* regular? Handbk. 104, and compare 88.

Explain the absence of the article before *bed*. Handbk. 1292.

31. Those undying Greek masters of ours adhered to the belief that there *was* an absolute standard of right human action, however dimly it might be discerned. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 5/1, 1917.

Is the preterite due to concord, or is there a better reason? Handbk. 154 and 105.

32. Staffordshire rivers *have* remained virgin of keels to this day. Bennett, *Old Wives' Tale*, I, ch. I § 1.

What is the function of the perfect here? Handbk. 112.

What part of speech is *virgin*? Explain its use. Handbk. 1756.

33. He was not insensible to the piquancy of the pageant of life, but his mind was preoccupied with grave and heavy matters. He *had* left school that day. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, I, ch. I, § 2.

Is the pluperfect a past perfect or a past preterite here? Handbk. 115, 2.

34. I venture to predict that their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which *will* be found in the military history of our time. Sir John French, Dispatch in *Times Weekly Ed.* 4/12, 1914.

Could a present tense have been used in the subordinate clause? State your reason. Handbk. 89—92 and 140.

35. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you *will have brought* with you from my cabinet. Then you *will have played* your part, and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you *will have understood* that these arrangements are of capital importance. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Explain the function of these perfect futures. Handbk. 127.

36. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody *went* to bed at eight o'clock, and you *couldn't* get a *Referee* for love or money, and *had* to walk ten miles to get your baccy. Jerome, *Three Men in a Boat*, ch. I.

Explain the use of the preterites. Handbk. 153.

37. She had telegraphed a safe arrival, but she had not yet written to him nor decided in what tone she *should* write. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk. II, ch. 14.

Why is *should* used in the third person? Handbk. 156.

38. I should hardly think they *were* liked. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 6.

To what time does *were* refer? Handbk. 159.

39. All combined to affect Michael with the idea that his life had been lived. Compton Mackenzie, *Sinister Street*, p. 562.

What is unusual in this sentence, and why? Handbk. 169.

40. Give me the schools of the world and I would make a Millennium in half a century. Wells, *Joan and Peter*, ch. 2, § 3 p. 33.

What is the function of the imperative here? Handbk. 194.

41. He knew that no doctor, be he ever so cunning, could, with all his striving put the breath into that body again. Mrs. Gaskell, *Wives and Daughters*, Tauchnitz vol. III, p. 164.

Explain why there is no concord between *knew* and *be*. Handbk. 213.

42. Thus my Mother, whose further instructions I of course despised; the wayfarer always does despise instructions when assured that "he can't miss it." De Morgan, *Vance* XV.

What is the function of the emphatic form here? The answer is implied in the *etc.* of Handbk. 224b.

43. The Kpelle (a negro tribe in Liberia) stand in fear of demons. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 25/5, 1922.

What is the meaning of *stand* here? Handbk. 288.

44. George saw not the least vestige of the ruinous disorder which, in the society to which he was accustomed, usually accompanied a big afternoon tea. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8, § 1.

Explain *saw not* instead of *did not see*. Handbk. 335.

45. 'How comes he to have stayed?' he mused. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 25.

Why is *to do* not used here? Handbk. 337 ff.

46. "I had an old woman come to me this morning at my office," he said. "I asked her how it was they were always losing their pawn-tickets. I never lost mine." Bennett, *Clayhanger* III, ch. 15, § 2.

What is the function of *had*? Handbk. 359.

47. The goal was immensely far off. His haste was as absurd and as fine as that of a man who, starting to cross Europe on foot, must needs run in order to get out of Calais and be fairly on his way. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8, § 3.

What is the tense and the meaning of *must*? Handbk. 389b.

48. You should be back if you set out at once on receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is expressed by *should*? Handbk. 414.

49. She would have prolonged the journey indefinitely, and yet she intensely desired the jail, whatever terrors it might hold for her. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk II, ch. 15.

What is the meaning of *would*? Handbk. 442.

50. 'What! and will you shake them in for me?' she asked
'Will I!' said Troy. 'Why, of course I will. How blooming you are to-day!' Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, ch. 27.

In what circumstances is *will* used in the first person to express will in interrogative sentences? Handbk. 444.

51. She reclined, and charmingly left them to manufacture the evening for her. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8, 2.

The context is sufficient to show that she did not leave them. What construction is used here? Handbk. 488.

52. George was impressed by the scene, and he eagerly allowed it to impress him. Bennett, *ib. ib.*

Is *it* a real object? Handbk. 490.

53. Every pre-arranged assemblage of more than two persons beyond the family was a 'function' — a term implying both contempt and respect for ceremonial; and no function could be allowed to occur without an excuse for it. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk III, ch. 20 § 6.

Can the last sentence (after *and*) be analysed? Handbk. 501.

54. It would have been very easy to have found fault with it. Saintsbury in *Essays of the Engl. Assoc.* VI.

What is the function of the perfect infinitive? Handbk. 520.

55. George waited for Irene Wheeler to begin to talk. She did not begin to talk. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 6.

What part of the sentence is *for Irene Wheeler*? Handbk. 544.

56. Now look at it as I would, there was no excuse left for me, after the promise given. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*, ch. 63.

What part of the verb is *look*? Handbk. 552.

57. George felt himself to be within the sphere of unguessed and highly perturbing forces. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8 § 2.

When is *to feel* construed with an accusative and inf. *with to*? Handbk. 557.

58. A few months earlier Boldwood's forgetting his husbandry would have been as preposterous an idea as a sailor forgetting he was in a ship. Hardy, *Madding Crowd*, ch. 38.

Why is there a genitive *Boldwood's* and a common case *sailor*? Handbk. 612.

59. The doctrines are those of Aristotle, of Goethe, of Coleridge, indeed, as one can imagine Patmore's saying, 'of all sensible men.' *Times Lit. Suppl.* 26/5, 1921.

The genitive *Patmore's* is used here according to the rule of dilettante grammarians that the subject of a gerund (as the gerund is a noun) must be expressed by a genitive. Show that the rule is not only contrary to the facts of the real language, but also against the 'genius of the language', as is proved by this quotation.

60. By this time he was seriously convinced that there was no hope of him being among the selected six or ten. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 9 § 3.

What is the rule for the use of *him* here? Modify the statement in Handbk. 620 accordingly.

61. He did not feel the slightest tremor of nervousness. He remembered Hunter saying at the end of last term that it was rather ticklish work being captain of the House. Waugh, *Loom of Youth*, IV, ch. 1.

Show that the change into *Hunter's* (according to the rule referred to in 59) would be absurd, and why. Handbk. 620.

62. We have here a pretty good proof that a knowledge of the Greek and Latin is not sufficient to prevent men from writing bad English. Cobbett, *English Grammar*, 173 (Letter 16).

Can *men* be looked upon as a real object? Handbk. 625.

63. He would have preferred that Darius should never have felt gratitude, or, at any rate, that he should never have shown it. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, III ch. 14.

After *to prefer* we frequently find an accusative and infinitive. Can you suggest a reason why the author may have chosen the construction with a subordinate clause? Handbk. 679, and compare 520.

64. So Sophia, faced with the *shut* door of the bedroom, went down to the parlour by the shorter route. Bennett, *Old W. T.* I, ch. 2, 1.

The returned mistress was point by point resuming knowledge and control of that complicated machine—her household. *ib.* I, ch. 2 § 2.

Consider the use of the two participles. Handbk. 681*b* and 685.

65. She did not argue—she felt; and the disaster was that she did not feel rightly... Imagine *her trying* to influence Ingpen's housekeeping. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk III, ch. 20, 5.

What construction is used after *to imagine*? Handbk. 694.

Note to Points of MnE. Syntax no. 3. Mr. E. Inglis Arkell writes to say that he, too, considers 'Sleep well' un-English, but he adds that an imperative expressing a wish is not unknown in English: 'The same idea is expressed in the very common *Now (boys) ! Enjoy yourselves*. I've heard this hundreds of times from my parents, when, as a boy, I was going out for the day with my brothers. And the imperative can also express advice or invitation as frequently in advertisements (Buy direct from the manufacturer and save the middleman's profit. — Try Asmos salts at our expense).'' Mr. Arkell also points out that *hortation* (Sweet, *N.E.G.* § 308) may usefully sum up all the functions.

Reviews.

King Alfred's Books. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop G. F. BROWNE. D. D., D. C. L., L. L. D., F. S. A., formerly bishop of Stepney and of Bristol. — London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New-York: The Macmillan Co. 1920. — 30/— net.

The period of King Alfred is the classical period of O.E. literature. For at least two centuries great activity had prevailed in Mercia and Northumberland, especially in the monasteries. But apart from the Latin works of that striking solitary genius of St. Bede and a few others only the scantiest fragments of that early period have reached us in the original form. A good deal has come down to us, indeed, but it has all passed through the later West-Saxon civilization, and been remodelled after a West-Saxon fashion. That early period was put a violent end to mainly by Danish incursions, and on a present-day student it makes almost the impression of being a prehistoric period. The names of such writers as Caedmon and Cynewulf reach our ears with a legendary ring. The missionaries that were sent out by those monasteries appear in the full light of history only after they have arrived in Holland or Germany. And the humble-minded poet whom they left behind, and who in some Mercian monastery celebrated in his alliterating lines the famous deeds of Beowulf the popular hero, has remained entirely unknown.

When civilization revives after the destruction of that early poetical age, King Alfred makes a home for it in Wessex, but it is a more sober-minded civilization. A new literature arises, fully historical now, but self-conscious and practical and prosaic and mainly a literature of translation. Its manifesto was written by the King himself in his well-known preface to the *Pastoral Care*.

The principal literary monuments of his reign are covered by the title of Bishop Browne's book. They are:

- The Soliloquies of St. Augustine;
- The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great;
- The History of Orosius;
- The Pastoral Care of St. Gregory the Great;
- The Ecclesiastical History of St. Bede;
- The Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius.

In how far these translations are the King's own work, cannot be decided. The West-Saxon Chronicle is not mentioned, although the inscription of the Oxford jewel *Aelfred mec heht gewyrcean* has been applied to it by Earle

and Plummer with as much right as Bishop Browne puts it on the binding of his *King Alfred's Books*. Still it is really true that these books show the spirit and taste of King Alfred and his court more directly than that historical record of events.

In all respects this taste and spirit is not much different from the general atmosphere of the Middle Ages. All the authors mentioned stand enshrined in Dante's *Commedia*. (esp. *Paradiso* X. 118 ss.). St. Gregory's works were translated into Greek and Arabic, into Old French and even Old-Icelandic, and more than once into English. In 1874 H. J. Coleridge S. J. published an English version of the *Dialogues* made about 1608 by an anonymous author. And recently an excellent translation of the *Pastoral Care* appeared from the hand of Canon Bramley (Oxford 1908).

Boethius has played quite an illustrious part in English literature, as he was translated by Chaucer and by Queen Elizabeth. The master-poet renders the Metres in prose; the Queen, rather prosily in verse (p. 277). Bishop Browne mentions two other translations; one by "L. T." about 1610, re-edited by Dr. Stewart a few years ago; and a recent one by H. R. James (1897) which he uses freely and in which he finds the Metres rendered accurately into very pleasing English verse (p. 268). The Rt. Rev. Bishop does not make an attempt at a complete bibliography, although it would have been well worth while.

John Walton's metrical version of *Boethius* in 8-line stanzas and rime royal is mentioned with 19 MSS. in Carleton Brown's *Register* (n. 967); and among the early productions of the printing press we find the *Boke of Comfort* printed at Tavistock monastery in 1525 (*Cambr. Hist. Lit.* IV. 409.).

In Holland we have a translation (with music!) by J. Coornhert (Leiden 1585 and 1616), and in Belgium one was published by Arend de Keysere (Gent, 1485.), and another my bibliographical friend F. Bon. Kruitwagen tells me was made by Jac. Vilt at Bruges in 1462-66, but is only known in M.S. (Utrecht University n. 1335). The same authority informs me that Dutch translations of St. Gregory's *Dialogues* are known in 6 MSS. (Arnhem, Stadsbibliotheek; Brussels, n. 1805-2137; London Brit. Mus. Egerton 676; Düsseldorf Landesbibl. B 158; Straatsburg L. 176.) and of St. Augustine's *Soliloquies* (*Eenlike Sprake*) in 3 prints (Antwerp, Claes de Grave 1514; Antwerp, J. van Ghelen, for Barthol. and Amsterdam, Jacobszoon), and in 3 MSS. (The Hague, Royal Libr. A A 351; Cat. 1922, n. 421; Brussels 19552; Vienna, Fideikommiss. Bibl. 7942). No Dutch translations, however, are known of Orosius nor of St. Bede nor even of St. Gregory's *Cura Pastoralis*. But these works had a special significance for King Alfred. Orosius, because the tendency of his *History* written during the breaking-up of the Roman Empire, was particularly applicable to the turbulent conditions of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom; St. Bede, because he wrote the *History of the English race*; and the *Cura Pastoralis*, because one of the King's principal aims was the instruction and improvement of his Priests and Bishops for which St. Gregory's work contains so many valuable suggestions.

On all those writings the Right Reverend Bishop G. F. Browne has produced a splendid volume, entitled *King Alfred's Books*.

It is an instructive volume. The author is not a linguist nor a bibliographer. But scholars and students are only too apt, as a rule, to consider those Old English prose-works and translations as philological curiosities rather than as living productions of the human mind. Bishop Browne is well-versed in Latin ecclesiastical literature and he loves those large folio-editions, issued by the old Benedictines. At the same time he is an authority on the

early English Church history, on which he has written about a dozen works. So we may expect to get from him a good idea of the original works and still more of that which made those works appeal to the Anglo-Saxon mind. He traces the way in which the translation has been handled, he explains in how far and for what probable reasons the originals were modified, summarized or enlarged. This is a special characteristic of the book. It brings us into contact with the workings in the mind of King Alfred.

It is a charming book. Not in the beginning. It has lain upon my desk waiting for a review for two years. But I never got farther than the opening chapters. They were discouraging. The reason is perhaps that St. Augustine's Soliloquies do not contain many passages that appeal to the modern reader and editor. The reason is also that in those first chapters more than in the rest of the book the construction is a little loose; we get a collection of quotations and dissimilar materials, a sympathetic consideration of the Benedictine editors of St. Augustine followed up without transition by the caustic remarks of a sceptic like Gibbon. — But on December 5 last year I read in *The Times*: "Dr. George Forrest Browne, who was from 1897 till 1914, when he retired, Bishop of Bristol, having previously been for two years Bishop Suffragan of Stepney, entered his 90th year yesterday." This roused my interest again. And the new interest in the personality of the venerable author led to a fresh interest in his work. And I found the rest of his book not only full of information and intimate knowledge and insight of those ancient times, but also of an astonishing vitality which remains in contact with modern life. A peculiar charm is lent to the book by an occasional touch of sly humour and by its quaint references to recent events or conditions. I think I can best typify this by giving some details and quotations.

When Alfred speaks of a king's minister being dismissed by the king or driven out by popular clamour, the Author interjects: "How very near Alfred was to this present generation" (p. 27). — In more than one place a little apology for the position of the Church of England is interwoven (e.g. p. 200, 270). After comparing St. Gregory's original text with Alfred's modifications he adds: "It seems to some of us, whose business it has been to try to reach the modern mind in England, that our race of to-day is the child of the translator rather than of the original author." (p. 160). —

References to the time of writing during the Great War are to be found on p. 268 where he applies to it the Consolation of Philosophy; on p. 224, where he commemorates the conquest of Jerusalem; on p. 132, where he writes: "We may be permitted to wonder whether the pagan Danes had produced in some inner mind the sort of feeling which at the time of this present writing (November 19, 1918) the ordinary Englishman has towards the Germans, whose war prisoners shattered by months of cruelty are now tottering homewards without food or clothing." But the author does not reckon himself such an ordinary Englishman, for out of gratitude for a presentation copy from Professor Brandl of Berlin he writes: "If by any strange chance this volume should come into his hands, the writer would indeed be thankful to be assured that bitterness of feeling is being replaced by the kindly sympathy of union of interest in the delightful remains of the literature of ancestors direct and collateral a thousand years ago." (p. XXIII.).

The old Germanic tale of Weland the unfortunate smith is treated with all the loving care of one who is familiar with local traditions (p. 320 ss.).

Appealing to the imagination is the author's curious etymology of the O.E. word *mealms̥tan*, for which Sweet knows only the prosaic meaning of

soft stone or *chalky earth* as *dear Aldhelm stone* (p. 118)! How he loves the Old English short words is shown on p. XVIII ss. where he reprints on three pages his own *Life of King Alfred* of which as he says: all the words are monosyllables, or are pronounced as monosyllables, as "weighed", "watched." — But when on p. 59 he uses Professor Earle's translation of the *Dialogues* and comes across the expression *a spacious house*, he appends the exhilarating footnote: "*Sum rum hus* in the Anglo-Saxon, which sounds American."!!

The best little anecdote is on p. 214 about the site of Lindisfarne, known to fame for its abbey, its miniatures and its Northumbrian Gospels. "When the Bishops of the Anglican Communion" the author relates, "visited Lindisfarne at the time of the Lambeth Conference of 1908, the day chosen for the visit was naturally the day on which "low water" was in the middle of the day, so that the visitors could get to Lindisfarne and back in the day. By some curious miscalculation, it was high water, not low water, in the middle of the day chosen, and the body of a thousand pilgrims, men and women, had to cross in carts and carriages of all kinds about two hundred having to "plodge", the local term for wading across up to the waist."

These and similar stories and remarks do not abruptly obtrude themselves but are in perfect keeping with the good-natured spirit and the homely but dignified style of the book. They keep the reader's interest, once roused, awake to the very end. And so I consider this a successful attempt (in the words of the Introduction) to put the manner and the matter of those old translations before the present generation of English-speaking folk to whom the history and the personality of King Alfred, so far as they know it, has a romantic appeal.

As far as I can see this work has only two bad qualities.

The first is the absence of an Index. The author is aware of it. He excuses himself on p. XXIII. "It has seemed sufficient to print at the beginning a fairly full Table of Contents. A minute Index would have run to an inordinate length, and a large part of it would never have been used." This may be true, but the result is that his work may be a charming reading book, but that it is useless as a book of reference.

The second drawback is its high price. The get-up is magnificent. And I should like to recommend it to all students of Old English literature. But I am afraid that a price of 30 shillings will be a serious obstacle.

Heerlen, February 4. 1923.

FR. A. POMPEN.

Pearl. An English Poem of the XIVth Century: edited with a modern English rendering, together with Boccaccio's *Olympia*, by SIR ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, Litt. D., F. B. A. Chatto & Windus: London, MCMXXI. — lii + 285 pp. kl. 8°. Preis: 7/6. (Auch unter dem titel: The Medieval Library under the General Editorship of Sir Israel Gollancz).

Das schöne gedicht von der Perle, zuerst durch Morris i. j. 1864 veröffentlicht, ist schon mehrfach herausgegeben worden. Bereits 1869 erschien eine zweite revidierte auflage dieser erstausgabe, 1891 eine neue von Gollancz, 1906 eine dritte von Osgood in der "Belles Lettres Series". Gollancz hat nun seine frühere arbeit gründlich revidiert und mit berücksichtigung der zahlreichen arbeiten, die inzwischen über das gedicht erschienen sind, den

vielfach entstellten und dunklen text mit glück gebessert und erklärt, wenn auch eine reihe von stellen mir noch nicht definitiv geheilt oder aufgeheilt zu sein scheinen. Dem urtext gegenüber steht eine metrische, aber reimlose übersetzung, die ausser den anmerkungen und dem ausführlichen glossar das verständnis der schönen, aber nicht gerade leichten dichtung auch dem laien ermöglicht.

Die Einleitung behandelt klar und mit genügender ausführlichkeit alle fragen, die sich an das merkwürdige gedicht knüpfen. Gollancz setzt es um 1370 an und hält es, trotz der allegorischen einkleidung, nicht für eine allegorie, sondern für ein wirkliches erlebnis: die in die form einer traumvision gekleidete klage eines vaters um sein verstorbenes töchterchen. Eine parallele dazu, nicht etwa die quelle, ist Boccaccios als anhang — ebenfalls mit metrischer übersetzung versehene — gedruckte ekloge "Olympias", ungefähr aus dem jahre 1361. Als quellen kommen nur das Neue Testament und der afr. Rosenroman in betracht.

Beim studium des reizend ausgestatteten büchleins (es enthält eine nachbildung von Holman Hunts schönem gemälde, ferner die vier bilder der hs. und zwei faksimiles) sind mir eine anzahl stellen aufgestossen, bei denen ich vom herausgeber abweiche. Über einige derselben hätte ergewiss selbst anders geurteilt, resp. eine andere fassung gewählt, wenn ihm meine besprechung von Osgoods ausgabe in Herrigs Archiv 123,241ff. bekannt gewesen wäre, die er leider übersehen hat. Ich muss sie daher im folgenden öfter zitieren.

V. 190 hatte ich *semly* statt *seme* vorgeschlagen. — V. 200 *ene* = *yzen* war auch schon von mir eingesetzt. — V. 210. *Her lere leke al hyr umbegon* war von mir in *her here like (p)al* etc. verbessert worden, d.h. "ihre haare umgeben sie wie ein mantel". Da aber das historische präsens hier etwas auffallend wäre, möchte ich jetzt noch ergänzen *hyr umbe (was) gon*. Dies scheint mir immer noch besser als G.s Cockney-alliteration *her (h)ere (h)eke*. — V. 358. *And þy lurez of lyztly leme*. G. liest *þat alle* für *and* und fasst *leme* als 'glance, glide', was jedoch von ae. *lēomian* schwerlich abzuleiten ist. In dem gen. artikel hatte ich vorgeschlagen entweder *leue* 'geliebte' hinter *of* einzuschieben, oder *doel of lurez* zu schreiben (nach *doel of lurez* v. 339). Aber *leme* passt immer noch nicht, weshalb ich nunmehr glaube, dass *fleme* 'vertreiben' dafür zu lesen ist. Zwei alliterationen genügen ja für einen kurzvers! — V. 328. Dass *wyl* hier 'bis' bedeute, hatte ich auch damals schon bemerkt. — V. 382 l. *markez* st. *marerez*? — V. 599 ist wohl *is* vor *more* einzuschieben. — V. 616 *Am not worþy so gret lere* gibt keinen sinn, weshalb G. *here* = ne. *hire* 'lohn' schreibt. Das wäre aber eine kentische form, die schlecht in den nordwesten passt. Vielleicht bot das original a *hire so dere*? An aisl. *eyrir* ist schwerlich anzuknüpfen. — V. 656. Auch ich hatte schon *wyth* in getrennt. — V. 672. *At inoscente is saf and ryzte*. Ich schlug damals *as* für *at* vor, was mir auch jetzt noch die einfachste besserung scheint. G. liest: *at inoscence* 'in innocence'. — V. 674. Ob *two men* 'two kinds' bedeuten kann? Der vers bleibt mir dunkel. Ist vielleicht *þat* für *two* zu lesen? — V. 703. *alegge þe ryzt* übersetzt G. 'renounce thy right', was es trotz seiner auseinandersetzung in den anmerkungen schwerlich heissen kann. Ich halte die erklärang des Oxf. Dict. und Osgoods für richtig. Mindestens wäre doch sonst *þe* in *þi* zu ändern gewesen! Der dichter will offenbar sagen, dass man sich vor Gottes gericht auf den eben zitierten spruch berufen sollte, wonach keiner gerechtfertigt werden könne, sondern bloss gnade erwarten dürfe. — V. 709. Auch hier hatte ich schon ergänzung von *so* vorgeschlagen. Vielleicht ist auch noch refl. *him* vor *rede* zu ergänzen? — V. 730 l. *perre (of) pres*, vgl. *perle of prys* V. 746. — V. 752. *Ofcarped*

hatte ich gleichfalls schon vermutet, sodann *pese kynde propertyz* für *pe kynde pese propertyz* vorgeschlagen. — V. 755 *quat kyn of triys Berez pe perle* scheint auch mir keinen sinn zu geben, auch kann *triys* schwerlich = ne. *truce* sein; *offys*, wie Osgood liest, oder *of priys*, wie Morris vorschlug, scheint das richtige zu sein. Wenn die hs. wirklich *of triys* (*t'ys*) bietet, ist dies eben einer von den vielen schreibfehlern derselben. — V. 761. *worlde wete* 'wet world' ist seltsam. Sollte etwa *sete* 'sitz' für *wete* zu schreiben sein? Vgl. *kine-sete* bei Orm. — V. 848. Es ist einfach *oper* zu streichen um den vers normal zu machen. — V. 860. Man lese *all* statt *ful*. — V. 884. *fenge* st. *fonge* — V. 911. Ich fasste damals *blose* als aisl. *blási* 'bläser', wass auch sinn gibt und die alliteration rettet. — V. 1058. l. *foysonous* st. *foysoun*? — V. 1072. l. *her compas* statt *per c.* — V. 1130. erg. *me vor went*.

Zu den Anmerkungen bemerke ich folgendes: S. 120. *gromlyoun* aus afr. *gremillon* zu frz. *grémil* ist von Behrens ansprechend aus ahd. *grioz* 'gries' und *mil* 'hirse' erklärt, vgl. Meyer-Lübke nr. 3876. — Zu v. 245. *aglyzte* beruht wohl auf vermischung von *gly* mit *lihte* 'leuchten'. — S. 141. zu V. 462. *myste* zeigt durch "umgekehrte schreibung" den französischen übergang von *st* zu *ht*, der ja durch ein grammatikerzeugnis bewiesen ist. Natürlich haben die Engländer immer *myhte* mit *χ* gesprochen, die schreibung ist nur ein augenreim! — S. 162., zu V. 990. *búrnishet* würde dem rhythmus völlig genügen. — S. 167. Zu V. 1041. *Me. whate* 'omen' beruht auf ae. *hwatu*, nicht *hwæt*, und entspricht dem aisl. *hvot* 'anreizung'. Ich glaube aber nicht, dass *byrþ-whatez* hier 'birth omens, fortunes of birth' bedeutet, sondern ziehe vor, mit Tuttle, Mod. Lang. Rev. XV, 299, *whatez* in *hatez* 'heisst, befiehlt' zu bessern. — S. 169. Zu V. 1086. *freuch* kann mit nhd. *froh* nicht verwandt sein, denn dies hat ja nie ein *-h* gehabt! — Warum soll *to* in V. 1181 nicht das gewöhnliche *to* mit inf. sein?

Zum Glossar. Könnte *bene* 'gracious, bright' vielleicht zu nhd. *bohlen*, nl. *boenen*, mhd. *büenen*, 'glänzend machen', ae. *bōnian* gehören? Dann wäre für schott. *bein* eine grundform **bēne* aus **bōni* anzusetzen, vgl. air. *bán* 'weiss'. — Was soll afrz. *bloustre* unter *blot*? — *blunt* gehört schwerlich zu aisl. *blunda*, eher zu westf. *bluatē* 'altes, stumpfes messer'. — *brunt* hat wohl nichts mit aisl. *bruna* zu tun. — *byg* und norw. *bugge* sind auch schwerlich verwandt, eher könnte man an nnd. *bigge* 'schwein' denken, wenn dies etwa 'grosses tier' bedeutet. — Unter *comly* l. *CE. cymlic* (zu nhd. *kaum*). — Bei *dare* waren schwed. *dasa* und ne. *daze* fernzuhalten. — *dylle* beruht nicht auf ae. *dol*, sondern, wie auch ne. *dull*, auf einer form **dylle*. — *flazt* setzt eine form **flēaht* im ae. voraus. — Wie sollte wohl *flyze* ae. *flēan* sein können? Ich stelle es zu ae. *flīegan*, *flēgan* 'erschrecken' (aus **flaugjan*). — Wie erklärt sich *forþ* für *ford*? — *gayn* 'gegen' beruht nicht auf ae. *gegn*. — *geste* 'guest' und *gete* 'get' sind ebenfalls nordisch. — *gyue* kann wegen des anlauts nicht englisch sein. — *zet* beruht auf ae. *zēt*. — *zete*: ae. *gēatan* stammt von aisl. *íða*. — Unter *hende* l. aisl. *hendr*. — *kyste* kommt wegen des anlauts nicht von ae. *cyst*. — Unter *lady* l. ae. *hlāfdige*. — Unter *lyne* l. lat. *linea*. — *lysten* beruht doch auf ae. *hlysnan*. — Unter *lyttel* l. ae. *lytel*. — Die beiden *no* wären besser getrennt worden. — Kann *onslyde* 'sway' bedeuten? — In *pobbel* steckt neben ae. *papol*, wohl noch ne. *cobble*. — *prese* ist in V. 730 kein adjektiv, vgl. oben. — *rauþe* beruht nicht auf aisl. *hrygð*, sondern ist eine bildung von *raue* aus ae. *hrēowan* mit dem suffix *-th* nach analogie ähnlicher ableitungen. — *rave* 'wander' entspricht isl. *rāfa* das aus alter zeit nicht belegt ist. — *resse* = ae. *ræs* war von *raas* = aisl. *rās* zu trennen! — In *ruful* steckt doch das ae. subst. (nicht adj.) *hrēow*. — Unter *serlype* l. ae. *-hlīepig* (zu *hlēapan*). —

slake beruht auf ae. *slacian*, nicht *sleacian*. — Ob *spar* 'strike out, fling forward' zu afrz. *esparer* gehört, scheint mir doch sehr zweifelhaft. — *stale* 'step' beruht auf ae. *stalu*. — *stalk* geht auf ae. *stealcian* zurück. — *steppe* entspricht ae. *steppa*. — (*sytole*)-*stryng* ist ae. *streng*, nicht **strenge*. — Ob *strophe-men* wirklich 'talbewohner' bedeutet? Das wort hat doch sonst immer *a* als wurzelvokal. Das Oxf. Dict. führt ein zweifelhaftes *strothe* 'marsh, wood', ae. *strōd*, auf, das wohl eher in betracht kommt. — *syť* gehört zu aisl. *syta*, das subst. lautet *sūt*. — *totz* im reim auf *pōs*, *clōs*, *gōtz*, *porpōs*, *rōs* steht offenbar für *tās* = *takes* und hat mit ae. *tēon* nichts zu tun. — Zu *trone*: *trīna* ist altschwed., was soll das danebenstehende *trān*? — Kann *tryze* von ae. *trīewan* kommen? Es ist einfach ne. *try*, vgl. das Oxf. Dict. (7). — *tyzt*, 'come', kommt von ae. *tyhtan*. — *tyzte* 'described' möchte ich eher mit dem Oxf. Dict. von ae. *stihtan* ableiten und durch satzphonetik erklären: in fällen wie *is*, *was*, *has stiht(ed)* konnte der anlaut schwinden, vgl. erscheinungen wie *adder* aus *nadder*, nl. *aak* 'nachen' aus *naak*, u. ä. Wir hätten es also auch hier mit dem berühmten 'beweglichen s-' zu tun. — Das adverb *wheper* ae. *hwæðre* hätte von der konjunktion ae. *hwæðer*, *hweðer* getrennt werden sollen. — Bei *wont* braucht man kaum vom part. prt. *wunod* auszugehen, es genügt auf die verbindung mit folgenden *to* hinzuweisen. — Unter *wro* wäre besser auf dän. schwed. *vrå* verwiesen. — *wyȝ* 'man' entspricht ae. *wiga*, nicht *wīga* (aber *wīgand*). — *wyȝte* setze ich mit Zupitza = ae. *wiht*. — Für *wyth-nay* ist vielleicht *wyth-say* zu lesen? — Ob *yot* zu ae. *gietan* gehört? ¹⁾

Kiel.

F. HOLTHAUSEN.

A Dutch Source for Robinson Crusoe: The Narrative of the El-Ho "Sjouke Gabbes", being an episode from the Description of the Mighty Kingdom of Krinke Kesmes by Hendrik Smeeks, 1708. Translated and Compared with Robinson Crusoe by LUCIUS L. HUBBARD. Michigan, 1921.

"To the People of Holland this book is respectfully inscribed in the hope that it may help award to one of their countrymen the meed that is justly his".

In view of the fact that this important book is the work of a foreign scholar it is pleasing to learn that the impulse to Mr. Hubbard's research was given by a Dutchman, Dr. W. H. Staverman, who in his dissertation: *Robinson Crusoe in Nederland* (Groningen 1907) first called attention to the story that, according to Mr. Hubbard, must have been Defoe's source for a good many of the most important and original occurrences in Crusoe's solitary life. It is the story of a Dutch cabin-boy, forming part of a book published in Holland in 1708 and bearing the title of: "Beschrijvinge van het magtig Koninkrijk Krinke Kesmes. Zijnde een groot en veele kleindere Eilanden daaraan horende; Makende tezamen een gedeelte van het onbekende Zuidland, Gelegen onder den Tropicus Capricornus. Ontdekt door den Heer

¹⁾ In meine anzeige von Weekleys *Dictionary* (Nr. 1, S. 33 ff. dieses bandes) haben sich einige druckfehler eingeschlichen, die ich zu berichtigen bitte. S. 34, z. 23 v. u. 1. *tāuschen* st. *tauschen*. — S. 35, z. 26 v. u. 1. *boltel* st. *bottel*. — S. 36, z. 3 v. o. streiche *nicht* hinter *kann*. — Ebd. z. 13 l. *wiesel*. — ebd. z. 24 *growwell* gehört vielmehr zu ahd. *grioz*, vgl. Meyer-Lübke, *Roman. Etym. Wört.* nr. 3876. — ebd. z. 26 l. *afränk.* st. *afr.* — ebd. z. 2 v. u. 1. *lithi* st. *litði*. — S. 37, z. 10 v. u. 1. *prydu* st. *pryd*. — S. 38, z. 18 l. *schuake*. — ebd. z. 27 l. *στατήρ*. — ebd. z. 8 v. u. 1. *truwian*. HOLTHAUSEN.

Juan de Posos, En uit deszelfs Schriften tesamen gestelt Door H. Smeeks. (Te Amsterdam, Bij Nicolaas ten Hoorn, Boekverkooper, over 't oude Heerenlogement, 1708). "There can be no reasonable doubt — says Mr. Hubbard — that Defoe knew this book, and perhaps little, that he had it by him when he wrote parts of his Robinson. The narrative was in part reprinted by Hoogewerff (*Onze Eeuw*, IX, 9, Sept. 1909, p. 399) and the whole of it in a free German translation by Max Lehnert in 1920. Of the author little seems to be known, except that he was a surgeon and lived at Zwolle and died in 1721. The episode of the cabin-boy is incorporated in the book between pages 125 and 192. De Posos, during his stay in Taloujaël, meets a Dutchman called the Elho or Freeman, and by him is given a written account of the Elho's arrival in Krinke Kesmes as a cabinboy, on a desolate part of the island, and of his years of solitary existence in the wilderness. A very brief outline of the story will suffice to reveal its close resemblance to Robinson's adventures. Separated from his shipmates, Sjouke passes several days in the forest but finds edible fruit in abundance and at length a stream which he follows down to a basin near the coast, where he provides himself with fish, and builds at the foot of the hill a temporary shelter of boughs. On a sanddune, *near which he notices footprints* (my italics, v. M.), he finds a stake and a note from his comrades directing him to his sea-chest and other things left buried by them at two separate places in the sand, for his use. (Compare the tools, etc. that Crusoe found in the wreck.) The food from his finds helps to sustain him, and, provided with tools and weapons from the same sources, he begins a life of activity, builds a hut, makes a ladder, explores the country, shoots, keeps a journal and is otherwise busily employed. By and by a wreck is cast ashore and it provides him with further food and supplies and with a companion in the shape of a large dog. With a piety due to his early training, he cheerfully accommodates himself to his lot, and gives repeated expression to his contentment. Later, he is thrice visited by natives; on the last two occasions kills many of them, and even cuts off the head of one. He is finally captured, however, and adopted by the tribe, and later rescued by the civilised inhabitants of Krinke Kesmes, in whose midst he was found by De Posos.

Any reader familiar with Robinson's adventures will at once be struck by their similitude to Sjouke's. But not only is there a close resemblance between the general trend of the two stories: also in details the likeness is surprising. To give a few instances out of many: to the stake that directed Sjouke to his chest was also nailed a tin plate which bore the name of his ship and that of his "schipper". "Op de Duin komende, zag ik een opgeregte staak, daar een tinnen plaat aan was gespijkerd, daar de naam van de schipper en het schip op stond, daar ik meede gekomen was. Dit ontstelden mij weder op 't nieuw, en egter was mij deese staak of paal en bord, als half geselschapsagtig; ik was een Jongen, en kusten de staak verscheiden maal met betraande oogen." (*Historie van den Elho*, pp. 134-135). When Robinson for the first time finds food and supplies he also discovers "cases of Bottles belonging to our *skipper*." This is the only instance where Robinson uses the word *skipper*, elsewhere *captain* being the usual word. The second visitation of the natives corresponds in time with the coming of Friday, who, it must be said in praise of Defoe, is an invention of genius on the part of the imitator. It seems advisable, however, to say here that Mr. Hubbard's study is research work proper and is not concerned — he expressly states so on page XLVI of his Introduction — with a comparison of literary merit, but only with the question whether Defoe knew Smeeks's

work and borrowed from it. Should such a comparison be made there is no doubt but that Defoe would easily bear away the palm.

Very convincing, too, is the resemblance between Sjouke's hut and Robinson's habitation, if only on account of the ladder and the stakes planted round either. Quite as conspicuous is Defoe's method of modification or contradiction, of which a curious instance is afforded by what Mr. Hubbard calls the bird-incident. Defoe — he says — here again is true to his adopted method. He states the facts set forth in the Dutch text, quite in agreement with the general setting down to the last two, which he quite as significantly denies, much in effect as if he had added: "unlike the bird described in Krinke Kesmes." From these instances and other parallels noted in the comparison of the two texts, which constitutes the body of Mr. Hubbard's book, "it will be apparent" — thus the author on the last page of the Introduction — "that Defoe was indebted to the Dutch author, not only for more of his material than he was to Woodes Rogers and Selkirk, but also that in Smeeks's episode, whatever its limitations, we have the earlier conception of the so-called Robinson motif, told in a natural, simple, and sympathetic way, which retains our interest from beginning to end, and in places even awakens our emotions."

To have a clear conception of what Mr. Hubbard has done for our knowledge of Defoe and incidentally for the honour of an 18th century compatriot, it will be necessary to know the exact stage at which the research in question had arrived when he took it up. Dr. Staverman, of whom mention has already been made, and who first announced the real significance of Smeeks's story, does not attribute to it the importance it is supposed to possess by Mr. H. He thinks that it resembles Robinson Crusoe in many points, quotes a contemporary opinion (*Boekzaal* 1708, pp. 274—291) that it is not lacking in entertainment, points to the fact that in a certain sense it might be called a sequel to the *Histoire des Sévarambes* (one of Gulliver's sources), but finally concludes that, though there is much similarity between the stories, Defoe need not have known Smeeks's book: the details follow too directly from the circumstances. In this connection we give Mr. Hubbard's opinion that it would not at all be impossible that both authors drew from a common source which is still to be discovered, unless it be Grimmels-hausen's *Simplicissimus*.

In 1909 Dr. G. J. Hoogewerff published a critical comparison of the texts of Krinke Kesmes and Robinson, and claims that Defoe used the earlier text. Differing from Staverman he thinks highly of Smeeks's story and calls it far and away the best and most attractive part of the book. A year later, S. P. L. Naber confirms Hoogewerff's conclusions and thinks that the author must have been a ship's surgeon before he settled at Zwolle, his sea terms being so correct. This is not impossible, but as long as we have no more data of Smeeks's life, it merely remains a supposition not even strongly founded. Had Swift been at sea for any length of time? And are not his sailing terms almost faultless? Sure, he copied from other "voyages imaginaires" and even from a mariner's magazine, but may not Dr. Smeeks have done the same thing? The next Dutchman to write about the subject is Dr. Leon Polak, who generally agrees with the conclusions of the foregoing writers and who adds a few coincidences between Smeeks and Defoe hitherto overlooked.

The well-known "Quellenforscher" of Defoe, Hermann Ullrich, seems to have overlooked the importance of the Dutch story. He lists the German editions of Krinke Kesmes (*Der Holländische Robinson Crusoe*, etc., Leipzig

1721, is the earliest) under: "Nachahmungen des Originals", states that they are translation(s) or rather recast(s) "of a work that appeared before Defoe's", and then gives the Dutch title of the original edition. No further comment seems to have been made by Ullrich on the subject, not even in his latest article on the study of Defoe in *Zeitschrift für franz. und engl. Unterricht*, 19ter Band, 1stes Heft, 1920.¹⁾

At this stage Mr. Hubbard stepped in and, to our opinion, very convincingly proved that Defoe knew the story of the El-Ho and borrowed a few incidents from it unaltered or changed by that ingenious device of which Defoe was such a master and of which he gave many a striking proof, for instance in his *Journal of the Plague*.²⁾ That he did not borrow more and rejected passages of a rather indecent character in the Dutchman's story is silently ignored, nor does Mr. Hubbard tell us how Defoe got hold of the story and whether he was able to read it in Dutch. However, as he does not lay claim to having exhausted his subject, we may not reproach him for things he did not promise. On the contrary, we have to be thankful for his valuable contribution to the Robinson literature, and to express a hope that he or other, mayhap Dutch, experts will continue the task of exploring Defoe's sources.

W. V. MAANEN.

The Novel of To-day.

Der Englische Roman der Neuesten Zeit von WALTER F. SCHIRMER. Kultur und Sprache, I Band. Carl Winter. Heidelberg 1923. f 1.—

In this book the writer attempts the impossible. He tries to locate the reader in the maze of present-day English fiction, to look for paths, and find out if they lead anywhere, or are mere culs-de-sac, to fix landmarks, and point out salient features, in short, to map Chaos. One might as well endeavour to write a guide-book for a city that is still in course of construction, or to discourse on the *leit-motifs* in an opera of which the first act has just been finished.

Let this not be taken to mean that I consider any critical work on the literature of to-day premature. This view, held by many scholars, and defended by Arnold Schröer in the preface to his *Grundzüge und Haupttypen der englischen Literaturgeschichte* is certainly not mine. I fail to see why men who have made the study of the literary past their life-work should not be entitled to illumine their fellow-men on the literary present. Granting that they are not in possession of such circumstantial evidence as may be afforded by biographical documents, correspondence etc., I believe that what material there is, will lead them to more valuable estimations and sounder conclusions than the average reader or newspaper reviewer. If it be not for a contemporary critic to say the last word on the literature of his time, there is no reason why he should not say the first.

However, the endeavour to fix a contemporary's place in literature in relation to the past is one thing, to fix it with respect to the future is another. There can be no harm in trying to find out what past influences are at work in the

¹⁾ In this article Ullrich broaches the question of the priority of the Dutch or the French translations of Robinson Crusoe. He also sets the task of a: "Spezialarbeit über sämtliche Romane Defoe's," on which a French student is employed at present.

²⁾ Compare my review of Dr. Nicholson's Book on the *Journal* in *English Studies*, Vol. III. No. 1. Febr. 1921.

writings of Mr. H. G. Wells, or to judge them by the standards that have come to be universally applied to the novels of his great predecessors, nor is such an endeavour a task of insurmountable difficulty to any one versed in the methods of historical criticism. But to try and establish the place of Mr. H. G. Wells among his fellow-writers of this day, and even to venture on predictions as to what the next generation will say about him, seems an aim both difficult of attainment and by no means harmless to pursue. To include him in a group appears an impossibility, for the Wells of *Kipps* is quite another man than the Wells of *The War in the Air*, and both are different from the writer of *Joan and Peter*. And what holds good for this most versatile of present novelists, applies as well, though in a less degree, to others. I doubt if the author's statement that Compton Mackenzie does not seem to have reached the expected zenith, and already shows traces of senility, dryness and stagnation, would have been allowed to stand unaltered, if he could have read *The Seven Ages of Woman* (1923). He certainly would not find Prof. Arthur Ward in agreement with him. — A statement on Hugh Walpole's art like the following: "Da aber dieser Kampf der Generationen und sozialen Schichtungen von Butler, Galsworthy u.a. in schärfer, bitterer und mehr aufwühlender Formulierung vorweg genommen war, gerade wie seine Kunst der Darstellung nur eine geschmackvolle Anwendung der Conradschen und Galsworthyschen Kunst ist, so ist Hugh Walpoles Bedeutung für den englischen Roman nicht überragend", is a dangerous one to make, and does not seem to have taken into account that author's latest novel *The Cathedral*. Mr. G. K. Chesterton would be highly astonished and loudly indignant to find himself pigeonholed with James Joyce, on account of the 'comic synthesis' which, according to Herr Schirmer, both strive after.¹⁾

The division of present-day fiction into two groups, the great novel (Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Conrad) and the novel of the younger school is one of which the finality may well be questioned. Are the 'big four' actually in closer connection with realism, that strong literary current in the last decades of the nineteenth century, than their juniors? That the four have already passed their zenith is a gratuitous assertion, seeing that not one of them has given up writing, and anything may yet be expected from them. That certain sections of the weekly press ignore their names more or less is a fact of little significance; this silence may, fortunately for us, be broken any day. Stronger arguments than these to uphold the above-mentioned distinction I have not been able to find in Herr Schirmer's book and cannot, I believe be given. The distinction is, indeed, a purely arbitrary one. Unless one is prepared to maintain that Hugh Walpole is nothing but a slavish imitator of Galsworthy (p. 67), the similarity between *The Forsyte Saga* and *The Duchess of Wrexhe* binds these two authors much more closely together than the year of birth connects Galsworthy with Bennett and Wells. In both these novels the history of the last years of the Victorian age is reflected in the fortunes of a large family, upper middle class in *The Forsyte Saga*, patrician in *The Duchess of Wrexhe*. In both the symbolic significance of Mafeking night as the knocking of a younger — and noisier and coarser — generation at the door is insisted upon.

Every critic who tries to create order in the literary chaos of his time is exposed to danger, but particularly the critic of this time, which is more

¹⁾ It be far from me to criticise the writer's German, but in a footnote I cannot help expressing my dislike of such adjectives as *Conradsch*, *Galsworthysch*, *laterna-magica-haft*, and similar hybrids. And the spelling *Misz* upsets me every time I see it.

chaotic than any period in history that we know of, and which reflects its confusion in its literature.

However, Herr Schirmer's book is one which will appeal strongly to every one who takes an interest in the novel of to-day, if only for the honesty of the attempt, and likewise for the author's amazingly comprehensive knowledge of the subject. Though the day of the three-volume novel is past, the novel-market has never before been so flooded with products, good, bad, and indifferent, and the writer of a study on modern fiction has to read them all, on account of the historical importance they *may* have. Herr Schirmer has not shrunk from this far from agreeable task, and the result is a book which could hardly have been more exhaustively documented. Material furnished by waggonloads of fiction, which represents months of hard work, and would have inspired more easily self-satisfied critics to write long magazine-articles, is here modestly and casually hidden between parentheses. Taking into account the difficulties of access to this department of literature in a foreign country, especially in the author's, the reader realizes that a sincere tribute to Schirmer's energy is the least that can be expected of him ¹).

Before dealing with the contents in detail, I must first discuss one feature of the book which opens up the question of aesthetic criticism, but cannot be ignored.

Difficult as it is to find out what are the forces urging the novelist of to-day in this or that direction, it is still harder to get a clear notion of what modern criticism is driving at, what it attempts to do, what it does, and what it should do.

Mr. Middleton Murry in the first chapter of *Aspects of Literature* (Collins, London 1920) makes profound remarks on this subject and points out that the three recognized kinds of criticism, historical, philosophic and purely literary, are seldom found separate, but are almost invariably mingled in an inextricable confusion. The attitude of Herr Schirmer is mainly that of the philosophic critic, though occasionally his criticism is more purely literary. But it cannot be too emphatically stated that whatever road of approach to a work of literature the critic chooses, this road should not be encumbered by preconceived notions of his own as to what an author may or may not do. The literary critic should never impose on an author any restrictions whatsoever. Unfortunately, Herr Schirmer does impose a restriction on novelists: he forbids them to teach. This is a strange order to issue in a country which has produced Fielding and Richardson, Thackeray and George Eliot, where the novel has been didactic from its beginnings. It would be a strange order anywhere. It is an old war-cry, which like all cries served its purpose and then, like all things of fashion, passed into insignificance. A new cry to the effect that the author *must* teach, is equally meaningless. No less eminent a writer than George Meredith once said in a letter to a French friend that every novel should, in a sense, be a viaticum to the reader, and that it is the novelist's duty towards society "de paver le chemin aux successeurs". Surely, no critic has ever thought of allowing his judgment on Meredith's works to be influenced either favourably or unfavourably by this statement?

The author is just free to do as he likes. He is even free to mean to do as he likes. His motives are as unassailable as his actions. It does not matter in the least that Bennett has written some of his books to make money

¹) Probably the present political condition of Germany, which involves difficulties in book-producing, is answerable for a rather large number of misprints.

(p. 18) or that Wells writes to reform mankind. Is Cowper's *The Task* worse poem for having been written at the request of Lady Austen? Does it lessen the merits of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* that Browning laid himself out to please the little Macready? Is the passage about the burning bus which Shaw makes the dying painter speak in *The Doctor's Dilemma* any less beautiful because it is meant to serve as propaganda for cremation? And here we touch the kernel of the matter. As long as a thing of literature is beautiful, it does not concern the critic what made the author write it; at least it is not his business to approve or disapprove. It seems to be frequently overlooked by critics that literature differs from the other arts in the greater quantity of thought that goes to its making. A dull-witted man may be a great composer or a great painter, he will never be a great writer. Literature is born of artistic feeling plus a considerable amount of thinking. What the subject of these thoughts is, does not concern the critic. What concerns him is, whether they are so expressed as to enhance the aesthetic enjoyment which the work, as a whole, affords, whether they strengthen the aesthetic impression which it leaves behind, in other words, whether thought has been transfigured by emotion into something beautiful. — I must confine myself to generalities, and refrain from giving examples. But I believe that when a critic does not recognize these fundamental truths his judgment will become warped by his aesthetic dogma. Like any dogma, it will lead him to prejudice and exaggeration, occasionally to laughable extremes and even to insinuation. The following quotations from Herr Schirmer's book will serve as illustrations.

Of Wells it is said on p. 5 that as early as 1904 he confessed in *The Food of the Gods* that he wished to write for his time, not for eternity. As if the wish to write for eternity ever made a work of literature immortal! As if Shakespeare did not wish to write for his time! That the charge of insinuation was not lightly made will be seen from: 'Schliesslich hat der Leser unwillkürlich den Verdacht, auch wo blosse Beschreibung vorliegt sei eine Angriffsabsicht, eine Didaxis des Autors verborgen.' (p. 11). The following sentence on Galsworthy gives evidence of the same sentiment for which only the obsession of the critic's mind by a hobby can be brought forward in excuse: 'Er schrieb Romane, um die Plattform der Romane, Dramen, um die Kanzel der Bühne zu haben, er hätte weder das eine geschrieben noch das andere, wenn eine andere Form eine geeignetere Tribüne geboten hätte.' (p. 18). The "teaching", as every reader of Galsworthy will admit, is kept so much in the background by the writer, that its effect on men of different opinions about morals, religion, marriage, politics and similar teachable subjects is never the same, but is always modified by their own views on these matters. Socialists and country squires may — and have been known to — believe themselves put in the right by the author in the same novel or play. No stronger proof of the objectivity in his presentment can be given.

The order of merit in which the four 'great' novelists appear, is dictated by the above-mentioned dogma. Wells stands at the bottom, being most outspoken in his ethical purpose; then comes Galsworthy, whose efforts at impartiality raise him just a little above the level of Wells; Bennett's good-natured irony and moderate indifference about ethics secures him the second best place; and Conrad's work, which is "durchaus das eines Künstlers und nichts ausserdem," stands at the top. This author's definitions of art found in many of his prefaces, and agreeing so well as they do with Herr Schirmer's ideas, have strongly impressed the latter, as appears from the quotations with which pp. 26—28 are lavishly besprinkled. The

theory, far more than the practice of the four novelists has determined the critic's opinion of them. In fact, it is their theory that mainly occupies the first thirty pages of the book. The artistic merits of their practice come in for all too brief notice. On these the writer makes a few surprising statements. I should like to know how many of Conrad's admirers — and he has many, and among the most discerning readers — would like to endorse the German critic's opinion that Conrad is a *raconteur par excellence*. Galsworthy is rated far lower by Herr Schirmer than by M. Chevrillon, of whose book on Shakespeare, Kipling and Galsworthy an English translation has just been published. The best remarks on Galsworthy's art to be found in the present work have been borrowed from M. Chevrillon's study. I am referring to those on Galsworthy's method of exposing the inner life of his personages not to a steady and uninterrupted light of analysis, but to short, vivid and strong flashes, thrown on their apparently least significant words, gestures and deeds. This method has been traced by Chevrillon, to whom warm approbation was accorded by Mr. Edmund Gosse in *The Sunday Times* of April 15th. André Chevrillon, says Mr. Gosse, has at last given Galsworthy his due. Without wishing to force the personal note, I cannot refrain from observing that a gem like *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* should have been specially mentioned by Herr Schirmer. Such an achievement of perfect workmanship, delicate portraiture and exquisite tonal effects as the first interlude in *The Forsyte Saga*, is too rarely met with in literature to be ignored.

After discussing the novelists of the older generation, the writer deals in the second part of his book with the forces which he sees at work in the novels of their successors. The first of these forces is called revolution. This tendency is noticeable in Rose Macaulay, John Masefield, J. K. Jerome, J. D. Beresford and Gilbert Cannan. (The name of Thomas Burke, the powerful painter of East-London life, should not have been omitted from this group). They have in common a horror of the present social system, which they believe to be so thoroughly decayed that only the strongest measures can save the world from annihilation. The second tendency that comes under discussion is called expansion, widening that is, of the mental horizon, the search for adventure and the cult of the super-normal. This current has been largely fed by war-experiences. Exponents of the 'neo-romantic' fiction are G. K. Chesterton, Brett Young and Miss Romer Wilson. Mysticism, with its correlatives such as occultism and psycho-analysis, also favoured in their development by war- and post-war conditions, is characteristic of some of Conan Doyle's works and of novels by Clemence Dane and Walter de la Mare. Lastly psychology and its off-shoots are considered, also with regard to their insistence on matters of sex, which reaches a culmination-point in the novels of D. H. Lawrence.

The chapter on 'Die Neue Form' reviews the structure of the new novel. In no country, says the writer, is the form of the novel so little regarded as in England. The fact that Hugh Walpole has published an anthology from his novels is mentioned in proof of this statement. The habit of the author to put himself between his work and the reader, so prevalent in the nineteenth century, is still noticeable in Temple Thurston and Hugh Walpole. The diction of the new novel reminds one of the method which painters call stippling. Unity of style there is not. A return to the solid structure of the realistic novel is the only quality which the latest efforts in fiction have in common.

In the appendix the works of most of the younger novelists are enumerated and briefly characterized. The brevity implies that the writer's views are

often given without support. Sometimes he is very skilful in compressing his views into the space of a few lines, as when he says of Compton Mackenzie, whose importance I believe to be underrated, *not* by Her Schirmer alone: 'Wir sehen den Bericht, nicht das Berichtete, wir sitzen nicht neben seinen Figuren, sondern neben dem Autor, wir sind Zuschauer wie er und sitzen wie er im Sperrstuhlsitz und blicken auf die Bühne'. The definition of James Joyce's art as expressionistic strikes me as being very happy.

One cannot but be thankful to the writer, though his reach is further than his grasp, for drawing attention to a corner of the literary market which professional visitors all too frequently overlook. It is no merit in a literary scholar to be unacquainted with the works of Arnold Bennett. And it is far better for any twentieth-century reader to know Bennett without knowing Smollett than to know Smollett without knowing Bennett.

J. KOOISTRA.

The Evolution of the Dragon. By G. ELLIOT SMITH, M. A. M. D., F. R. S. — Illustrated. — Manchester University Press 1919. — 10/6 net.

'It is mainly in the younger sciences, such as archæology, that serious workers still tend to draw sweeping conclusions from inadequate material.' These words used by Professor P. N. Ure in his stimulating little book *The Greek Renaissance*, came to my mind when studying Dr. Elliot Smith's theories on the origin of incense-burning in places of worship, of pouring out libations to gods, of symbols like the swastika, etc. The author is a surgeon, professor of anatomy in the University of Manchester. Formerly i.e. before the war, he was on the staff of a college for surgeons in Egypt with the inevitable result that this ancient and renowned land of wonders looms large in his speculations.

In archæology there are two points of view which are often pronounced (by uncompromising advocates of either) to be irreconcilable. We may base our theories on the fundamental assumption that all over the world similar inventions will be made, similar beliefs will originate, similar practices will arise, amidst similar surroundings and under similar conditions. The assumption appears plausible enough. A child makes many discoveries which were made long ago by other children, e.g. the fact that you can throw a stone at a cat. In myth and legend we meet with certain ubiquitous themes, such as the story of father and son engaging in mortal combat, themes which need by no means have spread from one centre, but, as van Gennep well points out, may be independent growths, testifying only to a similarity in social structure or conjugal relations.¹⁾ As regards handicrafts again, one wonders whether Ancient Japan can have owed a great debt to the Western world, or vice versa; otherwise, how to account for all the seeming perverseness on either side? Lafcadio Hearn assures us that the work of the Japanese is done in ways the opposite of Western ways. 'Tools are of surprising shapes, and are handled after surprising methods: the blacksmith squats at his anvil, wielding a hammer such as no Western smith could use without long practice; the carpenter pulls instead of pushing, his extraordinary plane and saw.'²⁾ According to Owen Wister, Kentucky and

¹⁾ Vide 'La Formation des Légendes', (Flammarion). Chapitre IV: Le Combat du Père et du Fils.

²⁾ *Japan, On Attempt at Interpretation*. Macmillan, 1904, page 11.

Tennessee mountaineers have Vendettas of Blood descending from father to son. It was once the prevailing fashion of revenge. But surely, when America was colonized England had long outgrown the practice. Must it then have been introduced by some Corsican outlaw?

Certain it is, however, that a line must be drawn somewhere. When Dr. J. C. Lawson tells us, on page 321 of his intensely interesting and well-written book 'Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion: A Study in Survivals' (Cambridge U. P. 1910), how Greek peasants practice divination by observing the shoulder-blade of a sheep, and we remember how Giraldus Cambrensis mentions the same superstition as peculiar to certain Flemish colonies in mediaeval Wales (Chapt. XI of Book I of the *Itinerary*), we feel convinced that the practice can have originated only once and must have spread afterwards. Such a conviction, however, is not at all identical with the extreme position taken up by Dr. Elliot Smith. It seems hard to believe that primitive man, hidebound by custom though he doubtless was, should not have recognised good implements, whether of war or of peace, when he saw them. Surely it cannot have been necessary for the inventor of the bow, the blowpipe or the boomerang to tax all his powers of eloquence in order to persuade his tribesmen to adopt those terrible weapons and be masters of all they surveyed. One object-lesson would have sufficed, even for his enemies. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* is as old as the human race. Why have symbols like the swastika met with swift and universal adoption? Dr. Elliot Smith, though he speaks much of contact and spreading, and often hints at mercantile intercourse, does not supply the obvious answer: Because they were *medicine* and conferred *power*. In the Acts of the Apostles (XIX, 13) we are told that (after St. Paul's successes in curing diseases) "certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." Such a text speaks volumes. But when Dr. Elliot Smith writes (page 73)... "*almost every modern scholar who has discussed the matters at issue has assumed that the fashionable doctrine of the independent development of human beliefs and practices was a safe basis upon which to construct his theories. At best it is an unproved and reckless speculation. I am convinced it is utterly false...*" we may say that he doth protest far too much. Sneer as he may at Frazer's *naïve speculations* (page 144 and elsewhere), Dr. Smith is often nothing if not naïve himself, whereas the material on which he bases his theories will not for a moment compare in quantity and quality with the mass of evidence which Frazer, that conscientious and indefatigable scholar, is in the habit of compiling and ordering before theorizing at all. — Many people will think it naïve to say: "One of the earliest pictures of an Egyptian king represents him using the hoe to inaugurate the making of an irrigation-canal. This was the typical act of benevolence on the part of a wise ruler. *It is not unlikely that the earliest organisation of a community under a definite leader may have been due to the need for some systematized control of irrigation...*" (page 29; my italics)... "Osiris was the prototype of all the gods; his ritual was the basis of all religious ceremonial..." Architecture derives from Egypt. Creation-legends trace their ultimate source to Egypt. Early Chinese conceptions of the soul and its functions are essentially identical with the Egyptian. The superstition of the 'evil eye' originated in Egypt. Dragons, centaurs, wyverns, satyrs, jabberwocks, they were all let loose from Egypt. Dr. Elliot Smith, who, of course, derives Thor's belt from Egypt, likewise his hammer —

which 'ought' to be an axe¹⁾, — would be quite capable of 'proving' that Thor's goats are identical with the dragons of Medea's chariot, and grew out of the mud and silt of the Nile... He would be capable of identifying Jan van Schaffelaar, the Utrecht commander who, in 1482, jumped down from Barneveld Tower in order to save the lives of his subordinates, with King Ixion, whose story is 'merely a Greek variant of the Egyptian myth in which Re despatched Horus as a winged disk to slay his enemies...'. 'Though distorted all the incidents reveal their original inspiration in the Egyptian story...' (page 128). 'The hieroglyphic sign for the Egyptian word *mes*, "to give birth", consists of the skins of three dogs (or jackals, or foxes). The three-headed dog Cerberus that guarded the portal of Hades may possibly be a distorted survival of this ancient symbolism of the three-fold dog-skin as the act of emergence from the portal of birth.'

Puns, even admittedly 'feeble' ones, confusions and distortions, play a formidable part in Dr. Elliot Smith's speculations. It is Max Müller's 'disease of language', which we fondly believed to be dead and buried,²⁾ over again, a new *avatar*. His theory of the origin of the swastika will be found to have not a leg to stand upon, when we reflect that the oldest specimens of the symbol were found in Transsylvania and that they belong to a time when Troy was not yet (3000 years before Christ). Allowing for all sorts of climatic and geological changes, we cannot choose but recognise that argonauts and octopuses must have been as scarce in those parts then as they are now.³⁾

The book has been termed fascinating, and the subject certainly is. Its style has little to recommend itself. There are several faulty sentences in it, besides plenty of vague and slipshod reasonings. It has no index, and I venture to think some Manchester undergraduate might have been found to get one up. But the work is not without its value. It correlates many facts in a new and illuminating way. And at places — e.g. in the matter of the *coucree-shell* as a symbol — the writer appears to have indeed 'struck oil'.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Brief Mentions.

Historische neuenglische Laut- und Formenlehre. Von PROF. Dr. EILERT EKWALL. Sammlung Götschen no. 735. Vereinigung Wissenschaftlicher Verleger. 1922. Dutch price f. 0.60.

This is a reprint of the first edition of Prof. Ekwall's book which appeared some eight years ago. No changes of any importance have been made. We need only recommend the book, therefore, to the younger generation who may be unaware of the existence of this excellent epitome — K.

The Adelphi. Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. Vol. I, No. 1. June 1923. British Periodicals Ltd., 12 Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E. C. 4. Subscription 12/6 per annum.

¹⁾ Why not a boomerang?

²⁾ There have been those who connected Christianity with Vedism by means of the simple equation: Agni Deus = Agnus Dei.

³⁾ Vide Jörg Lechler, *Vom Hakenkreuz*. Leipzig 1921.

A new literary magazine under the leadership of the former editor of the *Athenæum*. The first number consists of short stories, articles and notes, and its contributors include Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and several others. The introductory article shows the editor very much in earnest about his new venture, and the magazine certainly gives an impression of sufficient backbone. Though on an unequal level of merit, it is amply worth getting and perusing. — Z.

English Synonyms explained and illustrated. By J. H. A. GÜNTHER. 4th ed. Wolters, 1922. pp. VII + 575. f 5.90.

It seems almost superfluous to draw attention to the splendid collection of synonyms made by Mr. Günther. Words having a similar but not an identical meaning often prove veritable pitfalls for the unwary student. Though a work of this kind can never attain to absolute completeness — the field of study is practically endless — the discussion of 658 groups of synonyms illustrated by quotations drawn from good modern authors should be found very illuminating. The full index at the end makes the book a useful work of reference. On referring to our notes we found some which somehow do not seem to fit in with the definitions given by Mr. Günther.

No. 303: The broad shoulders and the deep bosom which the riding-coat *hid* without concealing (*Strand Magazine*, Febr. 1922 p. 114). He *hid* his face behind his beer-mug to conceal his emotion (*Ibidem*, April 1894. 436.). — No. 428. The difference is very slight. We may speak of a *bucket-dredger* or *pail dredger*. The general word is *pail* (in the house), not *bucket*. — No. 430. We think there is a difference of degree. Ishmael was no longer *pale* but *pallid* (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1909). p. 585: Hall Caine's *White Prophet*. He was *pale*, almost *pallid* under his usual tanned complexion (Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, *The Lodger*, p. 43.). — P. J. H. O. S.

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POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

Beowulf and the Fight at Finnsburg. Edited, with introduction, bibliography, notes, glossary, and appendices, by FR. KLAEGER. 7½ × 5¼, clxii. + 412 pp. Harrap. 15s. n.

William Hemminge's Elegy on Randolph's Finger: Containing the Well-Known Lines, "On the Time-Poets", now first published with an Introduction and Notes. By G. C. MOORE SMITH. 8 × 5¼, 35 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

Love Poems of John Donne: With Some Account of His Life taken from the writings in 1639 of Izaak Walton. 10½ × 7¼, xxiii. + 91 pp. Nonesuch Press. 10s. 6d. n.

Poems. By EMILY BRONTË. 9 × 6, 93 pp. Selwyn Blount. 12s. 6d. n.

Comprising the poems published in 1846 and 1850.

The Poems of Alice Meynell. Complete Edition. 7¾ × 5¼, x. + 144 pp. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne. 6s. n.

The Last Poems of Alice Meynell. 7¾ × 5¼, 54 pp. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne. 3s. 6d. n.

The Chapbook. No. 34. Febr. 1923. Includes: *Ham and Eggs* by LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Id. No. 35. March 1923. *Poems* by various authors.

Id. No. 36. April 1923. *New American Poems*.

Id. No. 37. May 1923. *Poetry*, etc. etc.

Collected Poems. By W. H. DAVIES. Second Series. 7¾ × 5¼, 157 pp. Jonathan Cape. 6s. n.

Thus Her Tale. A Poem. By WALTER DE LA MARE. 8¾ × 7, 8 pp. Edinburgh: Porpoise Press. 1s. n.

Rue. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. 7¾ × 5¾, ix. + 95 pp. Jonathan Cape. 4s. 6d. n.

First published in 1899.

King Cole: and other Poems. By JOHN MASEFIELD. 7½ × 5, 93 pp. Heinemann. 1923. 6s. n.

ROBERT GREENE: *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage*; *The Second Part of Conny-Catching*. GABRIEL HARVEY: *Fovre Letters and Certain Sonnets*. Lane. 3s. net each.

ROBERT GREENE. M. A. *The Thirde and Last Part of Conny-catching*, with the new devised Knavish Art of Foole-taking, the like Cosenages and Villenies never before discovered. A Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-catcher and a Shee Conny-catcher. 82 pp. John Lane Quartos, edited by G. B. HARRISON. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. J. Lane. 1923. 3s. n.

HENRIE CHETTLE. *Kind-Hartes' Dreame*, 1592. WILLIAM KEMP. *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600. 33 pp. (The Bodley Head Quartos, edited by G. B. HARRISON.) $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. J. Lane. 3s. n.

The Castle of Otranto. By HORACE WALPOLE. With Sir Walter Scott's introduction and preface by CAROLINE SPURGEON. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, lxiv. + 159 pp. Chatto and Windus. 5s. n.

Pride and Prejudice. xxii. + 429 pp. *Lady Susan and the Watsons*. 147 pp. By JANE AUSTEN. (Adelphi Edition.) $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. Martin Secker. 5s. n. each.

Volumes I. and VII. of a new edition of the works of Jane Austen, in seven volumes. Mr. Frank Swinnerton contributes an introduction.

Ivanhoe. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. With Critical Appreciations, Old and New. Edited by G. K. CHESTERTON, HOLBROOK JACKSON, and R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (The Readers' Classics.) $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, iv. + 460 pp. Bath: Cedric Chivers. 5s. n.

We have already commented on this new series of reprints. It is based on the conception that a better appreciation of classics will be encouraged by collecting a consensus of criticism by writers of various periods and countries. It substitutes this for the apparatus of introduction and commentary which is the usual accompaniment of reprints. Some of the appreciations (which precede the original) are specially written by present-day writers. Other criticisms, reviews, comments, &c., are extracted from various sources. The original appreciations contained in the present book are by Hilaire Belloc, Sir Henry Craik, A. J. Grant, Wilfred Ward, J. Ernest Charles, Gaston Deschamps, René Doumic, Emile Legouis, and R. Brimley Johnson. [T.]

Jurgen. A comedy of justice. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. With an introduction by HUGH WALPOLE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xv. + 325 pp. John Lane. 7s. 6d. n.

First published in 1921 and now issued without its illustrations.

The Seven Ages of Woman. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 278 pp. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. n.

The Riddle: and Other Stories. By WALTER DE LA MARE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 303 pp. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.

Men Like Gods. By H. G. WELLS. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, viii. + 304 pp. Cassell. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

The Ladybird. By D. H. LAWRENCE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 255 pp. Martin Secker. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, excluding Shakespeare. Selected plays by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley. Edited from the original quartos and folios, with Notes, Biographies, and Bibliographies, by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, vi. + 879 pp. Harrap. 15s. n.

First published in 1911 by Cassell at 10s. 6d. net.

The Works of Shakespeare. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. *Much Ado About Nothing*. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$, 173 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 6s. n.

The Players' Shakespeare. Printed from the First Folio of 1623. With Introductions by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER, and illustrations. *Macbeth*, illustrated by CH. RICKETTS. *The Merchant of Venice*, ill. by TH. LOWINSKY. Limited edition. £ 4. 4s. a volume. London, Ernest Benn, Ltd. 1923.

Every Man in His Humour. By BEN JONSON. Edited by R. S. KNOX. (Methuen's English Classics.) $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, vii. + 138 pp. Methuen. 2s.

The Beggar's Opera and Polly. By JOHN GAY. Together with the *Airs* of the Music from the Original Editions of 1728 and 1729. $10 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Chapman and Dodd. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

Proserpine and Midas. Two unpublished Mythological Dramas. By MARY SHELLEY. Edited, with Introduction, by A. KOSZUL. $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$, xxxi. + 89 pp. Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. A Light Comedy in Four Acts. By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 96 pp. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. n.

Arthur: A Tragedy. By LAURENCE BINYON. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 127 pp. Heinemann. 6s. n.

The Secret Agent: A Drama in Three Acts. By JOSEPH CONRAD. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 185 pp. Werner Laurie. 1923. 63s. n.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

Westeuropäische Letterkunde. Door DR. G. KALFF. Eerste deel, 15de—16de eeuw. Wolters. 1923. f 8.90. [A review will appear.]

Studies in the Development of the Fool in the Elizabethan Drama. By OLIVE MARY BUSBY. $10 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 87 pp. Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

Krzysztof Marlowe. By W. TARNAWSKI. Warsaw: Publishing Institute "Biblioteka Polska".

The Foundations of Shakespeare's Text. By PROFESSOR ALFRED W. POLLARD, C.B. (The Annual Shakespeare Lecture, 1923.) $10 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 18 pp. For the British Academy. Milford. 1s. n.

In Commemoration of the First Folio Tercentenary. A Resetting of the Preliminary Matter of the First Folio, with a Catalogue of Shakespeariana Exhibited in the Hall of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. With an introduction by SIR ISRAEL GOLLANCZ. $10\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$, 55 pp. Milford. 1923. 5s. n.

Shakespeare First Folio Tercentenary, 1623-1923: Southwark Commemoration Exhibition Catalogue, and Catalogue of the Harvard-Shakespeare Memorial Donation. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 36 pp. Southwark: Public Libraries and Museums Committee. 1923.

The Prefatory Pages of the First Folio. With a comment by SIR SIDNEY LEE. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, xix. pp. London Shakespeare League. 6d. 1923.

Guide to the Mss. and Printed Books Exhibited in Celebration of the Tercentenary of the First Folio Shakespeare. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$, 77 pp. British Museum. 1923. 1s.

Catalogue of the Exhibition of Shakespeariana held at the Cardiff Public Library in Commemoration of the First Folio Tercentenary (1623-1923), May-September, 1923. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 52 pp. Cardiff: Educational Publishing Company. 1923.

On the Site of the Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare: Lying to the North of Maiden-lane, Bankside, Southwark. By GEORGE HUBBARD. $11\frac{1}{4} \times 9$, 47 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

Shakespeare and the Universities: and Other Studies in Elizabethan Drama. By FREDERICK S. BOAS. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$, vii. + 272 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 12s. 6d. n.

The Literary History of Hamlet. Vol. I. The Early Tradition. By KEMP MALONE. 9×6 , xii. + 268 pp. Heidelberg: Carl Winter.

Shakespeare. By R. M. ALLEN. Allen and Unwin, 1923. 10/6 net.

Shakespeare: The Man and His Stage. By E. A. G. LAMBORN and G. B. HARRISON. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 128 pp. Milford. 1923. 2s. 6d. n.

Shakespeare and Spain. By H. THOMAS. Taylorian Lecture. Clarendon Press, 1922. pp. 32. 2/- net.

Shakespeare in Poland. By JOSEPHINE CALINA (Mrs. Allardyce Nicoll). $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$, 76 pp. For the Shakespeare Association. Milford. 6s. n.

Le Goût Public et le Théâtre Élisabéthain jusqu' à la mort de Shakespeare. Par C. J. SISSON. Dijon: Imprimerie Darantière.

Samuel Pepys. By PERCY LUBBOCK. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 284 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.

Mr. Percy Lubbock's study of Samuel Pepys was first published in 1909 at 3s. 6d.

English Diaries. A review of English diaries from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, with an introduction on diary writing by ARTHUR PONSONBY, M. P. 9×6 , x. + 447 pp. Methuen. 1923. 21s. n.

Alexander Pope. A Bibliography. By REGINALD HARVEY GRIFFITH, in the University of Texas. Volume I., Part I. Pope's own writings, 1709-1734. 9×6 , xxxv. + 297 pp. Austin: Texas University.

This is Volume I., Part I., of the bibliography of Pope which the author is compiling. It presents a list of Pope's own compositions for the years 1709-34. The subsequent portion of Volume I. will continue this list, while Volume II. will be a record of books about Pope. [T.]

Gulliver's Travels. A Critical Study. By WILLIAM A. EDDY. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 216 pp. Princeton: University Press; London: Milford.

The author's work falls into three parts. In the first he notes the various narrative forms of the "Philosophic Voyage", discussing the most important of Swift's forerunners and noting his sources. The second part is a detailed study of each of Gulliver's voyages. The third part examines the influence of "Gulliver's Travels" on subsequent literature. Bibliographies are added. [T.]

William Wordsworth: His Doctrine and Art in their Historical Relations. By ARTHUR BEATTY. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 284 pp. Madison: Wisconsin University. \$ 2.

Le Centenaire de Shelley. Par PAUL DE REUL. Extrait du *Flambeau*, Janv. 1923. Bruxelles.

The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama. With Special Reference to the Influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron. By F. W. M. DRAPER. Constable. 15s. net.

Women Writers of the Nineteenth Century. By MARJORY A. BALD. 8×6 , viii. + 288 pp. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. n.

Pickle and Pickwick. By W. W. HUSE JR. Reprinted from Washington University Studies, Vol. X, Humanistic Series, No. 1, pp. 143-154, 1922.

Tennyson. Aspects of his life, character, and poetry. By HAROLD NICOLSON. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ ix. + 308 pp. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.

Tennyson: A Modern Portrait. By HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6$, x. + 309 pp Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d. n.

The London of Thackeray: Being some account of the Haunts of Thackeray's Characters. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. 9×6 , 263 pp. Grant Richards. 1923. 15s. n.

Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets. Lectures by LAFCADIO HEARN. Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN ERSKINE. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, ix. + 432 pp. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. n.

Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds. Collected and edited by HORATIO F. BROWN. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, xii. + 280 pp. Murray. 12s. n.

An Autobiography by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Publ. 1883, now for the first time reprinted. The World's Classics, no. 239. Oxf. Univ. Press. 2/- net.

A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of George Meredith. MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$, xxxii. + 324 pp. For the Bibliographical Society. Edinburgh: Dunedin Press. 1923.

The Letters of George Meredith and Alice Meynell, with annotations thereto. 1896-1907. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, 104 pp. Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d. n. 1923.

A Mid-Victorian Pepys. The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman. Annotated and edited by S. M. ELLIS. 9×6 , xi. + 316 pp. Cecil Palmer. 25s. n.

Francis Thompson: Poet and Mystic. By JOHN THOMPSON. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 159 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 5s. n.

Third edition; first published 1912.

Edgar A. Poe. A Psychopathic Study. By JOHN W. ROBERTSON. Putnam. 17/6 net.

Lord Morley's Criticism of English Poetry and Prose. A dissertation presented to the Faculty of Princeton University in candidacy for the Degree of Philosophy. By JAMES DOW MCCALLUM. 9×6 , 62 pp. Princeton: University Press. London: Milford. 4s. 6d. n.

Letters of James Gibbons Huneker. Collected and edited by JOSEPHINE HUNEKER. 9×6 , xvi. + 324 pp. Werner Laurie. 21s. n.

The Old Drama and the New. An Essay in Revaluation. By WILLIAM ARCHER. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, viii. + 396 pp. Heineman. 10s. 6d. n.

The Art of Thomas Hardy. By LIONEL JOHNSON. To which is added a Chapter on the Poetry by J. E. BARTON and a Bibliography by JOHN LANE, together with a new Portrait by VERNON HILL and the Etched Portrait by WILLIAM STRANG. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xiii + 357 pp. J. Lane. 1923. 8s. 6d. n.

The late Mr. Lionel Johnson's "The Art of Thomas Hardy" was originally published in 1894. To the present edition is added a study of his poetry by Mr. J. E. Barton, Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School, and a new bibliography by Mr. John Lane. The bibliography is one of first editions only, with dates, notes, traditions, sources, and the places where the poems and stories were written. In addition to the etching of Mr Hardy by the late Mr. William Strang the present edition also contains a new portrait by Mr. Vernon Hill. [T.]

Joseph Conrad: An Appreciation. By ERNEST BENDZ. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 117 pp. Gothenburg: N. J. Gumpert.

Principles of English Prosody. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. Part I. The Elements. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, 156 pp. Martin Secker. 1923. 5s. n.

On the Margin. Notes and Essays by ALDOUS HUXLEY. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$, vi. + 229 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1923. 6s. n.

Some Impressions of my Elders. By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 286 pp. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. n.

Laughter from a Cloud. By WALTER RALEIGH. With a Foreword by HILARY RALEIGH. $9 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, xii. + 233 pp. Constable. 1923. 21s. n.

Things That Have Interested Me. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Second Series.) $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 278 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

Der Englische Roman der Neuesten Zeit. Von W. F. Schirmer. Kultur und Sprache I. Heidelberg. Winter, 1923. f 1.- [See Review.]

The Literary Renaissance in America. By C. E. BECHHOFFER. Heinemann, 1923. 6/- net.

Nature in American Literature. By N. FOERSTER. Macmillan, 8/- net.

The Alliance of Latin and English Studies. By J. W. MACKAIL. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 19 pp. Murray. 1923. 1s. n.

LINGUISTICS, HISTORY.

Anglo-Norman Language and Literature. By JOHAN VISING. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 111 pp. Milford. 1923. 2s. 6d. n.

An attempt by the Professor of Romance Languages, Göteborg University, to present Anglo-Norman as an independent subject rather than as a branch of English or French. Chapters on the language and literature, versification, and manuscripts, with a classified list of work.

English Idioms. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. (S. P. E. Tract, No. XII.) 63 pp., $9 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 3s. 6d. n.

English Influence on the French Vocabulary. II. By PAUL BARBIER. S. P. E. Trait XIII. Clarendon Press, 1923. 2/6 net. [A review will appear.]

Engelsch Handwoordenboek door Dr. F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY. Eerste deel, Engelsch-Nederlandsch. 810 pp. Van Goor Zonen, 1923. f 4.50. [A review will appear.]

The Study of English Speech by New Methods of Phonetic Investigation. By E. W. SCRIPTURE. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 31 pp. For the British Academy: Milford, 3s. 6d. n.

Growth and Structure of the English Language. By O. JESPERSEN. 4th ed. revised Leipzig, Teubner. 1923. f 0.95.

Good Speech. An Introduction to English Phonetics. By W. RIPMAN. Dent, 1922. 3/6.

Defects of Speech. Their nature and their cure. By IDA C. WARD. Dent, 1923. 2/6.

A Guide to the Anglo-Saxon and Foreign Teutonic Antiquities, in the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, xii. + 179 pp. British Museum. 2s. 6d. n.

A History of Everyday Things in England. Done in two parts, of which this is the first. 1066-1499. Written and illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNEL. Fourth impression, revised. 9×6 , xiv. + 204 pp. Batsford. 8s. 6d. n.

Fourth impression of this popular work, with various minor additions. See Review E. S. II, 123.

London: its origins and early development. By WILLIAM PAGE. Constable, 1923. 14/- net.

City Government of Winchester: From Records of the XIV. and XV. Centuries By J. S. FURLEY. 9×6 , 196 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1923. 14s. n.

The Prelude to the Reformation. A Study of English Church Life from the Age of Wycliffe to the Breach with Rome. By R. S. ARROWSMITH. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xii. + 226 pp. S. P. C. K. 8s. n.

PERIODICALS.

Neophilologus. VIII, 3. Includes: W. Heldt, A chronological and critical review of the appreciation and condemnation of the comic dramatists of the Restoration and Orange periods, III. — Otto B. Schlutter, Oe. *Pillsäpe* 'soap for removing hair.' — Id., Is there any evidence for Oe. *Wearginzel* 'butcher-bird.'

De Drie Talen. Jan.-Febr. 1923. L. P. H. Eykman, De plaats van het voorzetsel.

De Nieuwe Gids. March 1923. Includes: W. Kloos, Frederick Victor Branford (together with F. V. Branford, *Novissima Verba*, in memory of Francis Thompson).

De Gids. May 1923 J. Huijts, Waarom treuzelt Hamlet? June 1923. J. de Gruyter, Een geslacht dat voorbijging (on Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*).

Nieuwe Taalgids. 17, 2. (March 1923). Includes: Ph. J. Simons, Bij een gepleisterd raf (How to study grammar and how not to study it. Strongly recommended to our readers, without difference of age or rank.)

Engl. Studien. 57, 1. (1923) Swaen, Contributions to O.E. Lexicography (Twenty notes on O.E. words, written 'before the last instalment of the Supplement to Bosworth-Toller ad appeared.') — Koch, Chaucers Belesenheit in den römischen klassikern. — Liljegren, Our M.E. versions of the legend of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. — Sorg, Zur Geschichte der englischen kurzschrift. — Reviews. Notes and News.

Beiblatt zur Anglia. 34, 1-3 (Jan., Febr. and March 1923). Reviews, including longer ones by Keller on Förster, Die Beowulf-Handschrift. — Jost on Northcote Toller, Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, Supplement. — Holthausen on a couple of editions of M.E. texts. — Ekwall on Flasdieck, Forschungen zur frühzeit der neuenglischen schriftprache. — Liljegren on *Stern*, *Swift*, *Swiftly*, and their Synonyms (p. 39-59) — Jappus on Sommer, Vergleichende Syntax der schulsprachen (a book that we should like to reach all serious students of English grammar in our country). — Flasdieck on Holmqvist, History of the English Present Inflections. — Fischer on Essays and studies by Members of the English Association Vol. VI, and other books. — Fehr on Chadwick, Social Life in the days of Piers Plowman. — Original articles: Flasdieck,

Studien zur me. grammatik. — Fehr, Zur etymologie von ne. *Doe*. — Id., Augustins Lehrsatz über die Willensfreiheit bei Aelfric. — Holthausen, Zu altenglischen dichtungen. — Id., Zum alliterierenden Morte Arthure.

Germ. Rom. Monatschrift X, 11/12 (Nov.-Dec. 1922). Includes: Exner, Der katalog I der platten 1-2000 des phonogrammarchivs der Akademie der Wissenschaften — H. Richter, Shelley als dramatiker. — Notes. Reviews. — Id. XI, 1/2 (Jan.-Febr. 1923). Includes: R. Petsch, Ein englischer kritiker des dramas der gegenwart. — K. Brunner, Amerikanische Lyrik der gegenwart. — Reviews.

Zs. f. franz. und engl. Unterricht, 21, 4 (1922). Includes: Arnold, Miltons *Lycidas* deutsch. — Arns, Siegfried Sassoon. — Heinrich, Carlyle und Waldemar Bonsels. — Sanftleben, Bedenken gegen reine textausgaben. — Jantzen, Der 18 Allgemeine Deutsche Neuphilologentag zu Nürnberg. — Oczipka, Kurse zur Englandkunde an der universität Breslau. — Reviews. — Id. 22, 1 (1923). Includes Arns, H. G. Wells. — Klöpzig, Wie lässt sich die grammatik im neusprachlichen unterrichte auf der oberstufe historisch und psychologisch vertiefen? (On the value of language-teaching as a training for higher study) — Engel, Tagore und die schule. — Landsberg, Englischer fortbildungslehrgang in Berlin (see Notes and News in this number). — Reviews. — (It is interesting and significant that there is not a single original article on French in this number. Of the review-pages three only are concerned with French.)

Neuere Sprachen. XXX, 9/10 (Nov.-Dec. 1922). Includes: Moosman, Shakespeares *Macbeth* in Prima. — Kuttner, Zur französischen Negation. — Notes. Reviews. — Id. Jan.-März 1923. Band 31, 1. Klinghart, Sprechmelodie und Sprechtakt. — Fehr, Psychologische typen in der literaturgeschichte. — W. Fischer, Über einige beziehungen der literaturgeschichte der Vereinigten Staaten zur amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte. — Notes. Reviews.

Modern Language Notes. XXXVIII, 2. Febr. 1923. Includes: R. S. Crane and J. H. Warner, Goldsmith and Voltaire's *Essai sur les Moeurs*. — W. P. Mustard, Shakespeare's 'Broom-Groves'. — S. B. Hustvedt, *L'Allegro* 45-48. — A. Thaler, Churchyard and Marlowe. — C. Brown, William Herebert and Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale*. — W. C. Curry, "Fortuna Maior". — R. E. Parker, A Northern fragment of the *Life of St. George*. Id. 3, March 1923. E. M. Albright, 'Ad Imprimendum Solum' once more. — O. F. Emerson, "Monk" Lewis and the *Tales of Terror*. — W. E. Peck, on the origin of the Shelley Society. — Id. 4, April 1923. G. Chinard, Jefferson and Ossian. — W. E. Alderman, The style of Shaftesbury. — S. J. Rypins, The Old English *Epistola Alexandri ad Aristotelem*. — E. Partridge, Inter-relationship in Blake's songs. — Id. 5, May 1923. O. F. Emerson, Notes on Old English. E. S. Allen, Chesterfield's objection to laughter.

Philological Quarterly. II, 1. Jan. 1923. Includes: A. S. Cook, Theodore of Tarsus and Gislénus of Athens. [Hellenic influence in seventh-century England] — G. R. Potter, Mr. Pickwick's theory of Tittlebats. — H. Craig, Terentius Christianus and the Stonyhurst Pageants. — Id. 2, April 1923. O. F. Emerson, Some notes on Chaucer and some conjectures. — W. Graham, Robert Southey as Tory reviewer. — H. D. Gray, Beaumont and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. — W. Sherwood Fox, Lucian in the grave-scene of *Hamlet*. — J. S. Reid, Imitation by Ben Jonson of a passage in Cicero. — B. V. Crawford, The Dance of the Kings.

Modern Language Review. XVIII, 2. April 1923. Includes: L. H. Allen, Plagiarism, sources, and influences in Shelley's *Alastor*. — A. H. Krappe, The legend of Amicus and Amelius. — A. C. Dunstan, The German influence on Coleridge. II.

Revue germanique. XIV, 2. Avril-Juin 1923. Denis Saurat, La conception nouvelle de Milton (with bibliography 1917-1921). — J. Derocquigny, Notes lexicologiques. — P. Janelle, Les versions anglaises de la Bible. — R. Lalou, De Thomas de Quincey à Baudelaire. — F. C. Danchin, C. Cestre, Le roman Anglais et Américain (revue annuelle).

Revue de Littérature Comparée. III, 2. Avril-Juin 1923. N. Addamiano, Quelques sources italiennes de la *Deffence* de Joachim du Bellay. — Ph. Van Tieghem, La *Prière universelle* de Pope et le déisme français au XVIII^e siècle. — E. Levi-Malvano, Les éditions toscanes de l'*Encyclopédie*. — L. Méry, *Atala* et la Bible. — A. Monglond, Le rôle littéraire d' un réfugié: Jérémie Bitaubé et la "prose poétique".

Le Flambeau. 31 Oct. 1922. Abel Le franc, Le secret de William Stanley, III.

Revue Hebdomadaire. 16 Déc. 1922. Guy de Pourtalès, N'y aurait-il plus d'affaire Shakespeare?

Revue de Paris. Edmond L' Hommedé, Le secret de Shakespeare.

Mercure de France. 15 Avril 1923. Gén. Cartier, Le mystère Bacon-Shakespeare — Un document nouveau (notes annexes).

W. P. Ker.

[B. 1855, d. 17th July, 1923, on the slopes of Monte Rosa. Educated at Glasgow Academy and University: Snell Exhibitioner, Balliol College and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 1883—89, Professor of English Literature in the University College of South Wales, Cardiff; 1889—1922, Quain Professor of English Language and Literature, University College, London; since 1918, Director of Scandinavian Studies, University College, London; since 1920, Professor of Poetry, Oxford.

Chief Publications: *Epic and Romance*, 1897; *The Dark Ages*, 1904; *Essays on Medieval Literature*, 1905; *Sturla the Historian*, 1906; *English Literature: Medieval* (undated); *The Art of Poetry* (seven lectures) 1923.].

"He knew that the best interpretation comes through poetry; and that 'consolatories writ with studied argument' in prose are a pretence and makeshift between two realities: the immediate shock of grief which has no words to express it, and the other real world of *Lycidas*, *Thyrsis*, or the epilogue to *Sohrab and Rustum*."

Thus did Ker on 10 June, 1922, make remembrance of Walter Raleigh by way of prologue to his lecture on Matthew Arnold.

And thus should we make remembrance of him. The day before he left for the mountains he spoke at University College, London, to his friends who were making a presentation to him: he was strong and well and happy and full of boyish glee at the holiday prospect and so he remained until the morning of the 17th July when amid the mountains with his god-daughters he passed from among us, having just said: "This is the most beautiful place in the world."

Ker was so many-sided that it is difficult to speak of him adequately in a few lines. He was a great scholar — except perhaps the Slavonic there were no European Literatures with which he was not familiar: he was a great teacher: he was a wise and lofty counsellor: he was a splendid companion.

His published work is small in bulk: it is all touched with the meticulous care that characterised him; it is human and appreciative. "The critic is apt to think himself superior to the objects of his vision and discourse, he is rashly induced to treat the procession of poets as if he had the management of it ail. He ought to be ashamed of himself and to offer sacrifices in deprecation of the Mighty Powers."¹) It was in that spirit he trained his students: there was nothing dogmatic or Olympic in his method: there was sympathy with the youngest student provided he was honest and sincere. "I am of the same opinion still" was the kind of rebuke he would administer to a student who persisted in repeating an error already pointed out.

Epic and Romance, in their many aspects, were his favourite topics. Elaborated in striking fashion in his book, they run through all the later works named above. "Whatever Epic may mean, it implies some weight and solidity; Romance means nothing, if it does not convey some notion of mystery and fantasy." "Epic literature is not common; it is brought to perfection by a slow process through many generations The labour and meditation of all the world has not discovered, for the purposes of narrative, any essential modification of the procedure of Homer."

¹) Lecture on Shelley, 20th November, 1920.

These are from the early chapters of *Epic and Romance*: it is worth while to follow these ideas through the later writings. *Romantic Fallacies*, delivered at Oxford, 27 May, 1921, is the latest exposition.

"'Romance' is a dangerous word, and it is time that certain technical misuses of the name 'romantic' should be discouraged". "Once the contrast of classical and romantic has been imposed on the mind, the reader of mediaeval verse thinks romantically, and sees his authors quaintly doing quaint things in old-fashioned rhyme. It would not be difficult to find two or three Provençal lyrics of the twelfth century perfect in rhythm and measure under the same rules of art as Gray or Wordsworth, complete and rounded also in their poetical argument."

"By making too much of the name 'romantic' the critics and historians have troubled the study of poetry in two ways. They have made it harder to seize what was airy and evanescent already, those strange flowers of poetry that seem to live almost without any ground or substance, especially in the ballads."

"Form" and the relation of form and substance was another topic of his writing and his teaching. When you have something really to say, the right words will come and with practice the form too — or words to this effect — was a favourite doctrine. Let his last volume be evidence by two extracts: "Poetry has not to be invented anew and is not to be trifled with." "The Art of Poetry is much more free than the other arts, in the sense that the right men do not need such steady training. Perhaps it is easier for the right men to work miracles, such as Burns did, in bringing the appearance of novelty and freshness out of old fashions. Also the essence of poetry is such that often much smaller things, comparatively, tell for success than in painting or music."

Ker had a wonderful sense in regard to the 'right men' and no little of the love his students bear him is due to an appreciation of that. He helped the 'right man' to realise himself and thereby achieved the greatest success of a teacher. His students are not all of a pattern. E. V. Lucas, Gilbert Chesterton, Gerald Gould, Allan Mawer, Caroline Spurgeon, Edith Morley and last but not least his successor in the Quain Chair, R. W. Chambers, are a few out of a great roll.

As a counsellor, whether in the Senate, Academic Council, Professorial Board or Faculty, Ker spoke seldom and then always with brevity. So brief was he, that he was often misunderstood. He was trenchant and spoke in matters that were dear to him with vigour and with a flash of earnestness in his eye. He was conservative and opposed to change but was always ready for development that would make for the promotion of learning. In the years after 1900 when the reconstruction of the University of London was proceeding he was a tower of strength and he often exhibited with skill the pettiness of the claims of one or other of the contending parties.

For a new enterprise that had been well considered he was ever ready, witness the zeal with which he threw himself into the foundation of the department of Scandinavian Studies. He had been teaching Icelandic to his students for years but that was not enough. There must be a full equipment for the teaching of the Scandinavian contribution to human learning. Inevitably he was chosen the first Director: almost his last words to me were — "I am anxious about Scandinavian Studies, they must be kept going."

As friend and colleague he was not an easy conversationalist in the ordinary sense of the word. Small talk was not his métier: but he was a good companion, full of humour and always maintaining the high standpoint.

"Mine has been a successful life", was one of his utterances in the last speech I heard him make: a life marked by piety and generosity, which by its own happiness made others happy and inspired them to greater ends.

"If we have laughed,
Lived and laboured in our craft,
We may pass with a resigned mind." ¹⁾

And so we do not mourn him but we miss him.

GREGORY FOSTER.

How It Strikes a Contemporary.

A Pageant with Comments.

I.

The following is an attempt to deal, in a conscientious and not too cursory manner, with a number of recent volumes of poetry which, thanks to a diversity of agencies, happen to find themselves on my writing-table. A glance at the appendix to my article, giving a complete list of the books and authors dealt with, will immediately reveal unwarranted omissions and unexpected inclusions, but as I devoutly propose to fill the gaps by and by, I shall defend myself here only by promising to be grateful for any indignant or reproving finger pointing such a gap out to me. And one intentional gap I will indicate myself. In this paper I am not at all concerned with John Masefield's latest narrative poems. I reserve a discussion of them and of modern narrative poetry in general to some future time.

II.

Alice Meynell.

It seems only reasonable that this gifted woman should, with her *Poems: Complete Edition*, take pride of place. For one thing she is as Victorian as Thomas Hardy or A. E. Housman; for another she is a lady, and the two veterans mentioned will never begrudge her this precedence; for a third the fifth book of *Georgian Poetry* (published last year) has been dedicated to her; for a fourth I never wrote about her poems yet, and the appearance of this collected edition provides a welcome inducement to do so now.

Critics, whether of literature, of any of the plastic arts, or of music, are apt to be a hard-headed tribe, much given to comparing products of the past with those of the present, contemptuous of sentimentalism and notes of exclamation, and sceptical of contemporary — and therefore merely temporary, — catchwords and rallying-cries. Keenly conscious of the fact that in the realms of poetry and art there are many mansions, preserves and hunting-grounds, and that, as there were heroes before Agamemnon, there were poets before Walter de la Mare, they will only warm up on seeing — as sometimes happens — a genuine artist neglected by an undiscerning public, or praises and honours showered upon manufacturers

¹⁾ From Walter Raleigh's version of an Old Irish lyric, quoted in Ker's *The Dark Ages* (p. 330) and in the prologue to the lecture on Matthew Arnold.

of shams and imitations. Now Mrs. Meynell's poetry — comparatively slender though her poetical output is — has never been in want of admirers, even of ardent admirers, and, thanks, too, to her critical labours, her influence in literary circles has for many years been as great as her standing has been high. Her first poems were hailed and unstintingly praised by no less a man than Ruskin, she was the friend of George Meredith's old age. But Ruskin, not always a reliable guide in the field of art, was even more fallible in the field of letters. Meredith on the other hand had more than an ordinary share of the vanity that few artists are without, and he might well call her 'his Portia' whom she entitled 'the Master.'

The fact that nearly all Alice Meynell's poetry is the outcome of ethical reactions rather than of the so-called aesthetic experience, and that she is pre-eminently a poet (or even *the* poet) of moral responsibility, might only mean that she is a good woman — as Ella Wheeler Wilcox doubtless was — and not that she is an artist. So I begin by quoting one of her oldest poems, occurring in her first book, *Preludes*, issued as early as 1875, and called 'The Young Neophyte'.

Who knows what days I answer for to-day?
 Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow
 This yet unfaded and a faded brow;
 Bending these knees and feeble knees, I pray.

Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way,
 Give one repose to pain I know not now,
 One check to joy that comes, I guess not how,
 I dedicate my fields when Spring is grey.

O rash! (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat.
 I fold to-day at altars far apart
 Hands trembling with what toils? In their retreat

I seal my love to-be, my folded art.
 I light the tapers at my head and feet,
 And lay the crucifix on this silent heart.

A personal experience is embodied here as everywhere in Alice Meynell's poems. Not for her the saddling, mounting and riding at will of an obedient, imaginative Pegasus. Not for her the deliberate choice of a more or less 'poetical' subject — 'Rivers', 'Birds', 'Captive Queens' and the like — at which many an author loves to try his hand, sometimes achieving a notable result enough, seldom achieving anything that makes a direct appeal to the heart. Like Matthew Arnold, she criticizes life, that is: her own life. Like Ibsen she sits in judgment on herself. There really are and have been certain poets who correspond to that mythical conception of 'the poet' which is so dear to sentimental and quasi-aesthetic natures: poets who are and remain irresponsible children, feeding their minds exclusively on roses and lilies and moonshine. Alice Meynell is not of them, and never was. But she was an adult at an age when most of us Northerners have not yet grown up, mentally, at all. She was an adult when, being still a young girl named Alice Thompson, she became a Roman Catholic, after much pondering and many searchings of heart, and saw her example followed by the rest of the family. Small wonder if the question what one ought to do was always present with her. Small wonder if she was always considering how her actions might affect her after life, and other lives too, for better or worse. And if this accounts for a faint but distinctly perceptible note of

priggishness in certain poems of hers, the fact that her raw material was always live stuff, at which she looked steadily, using her own eyes, likewise the fact that she had other interests to fill her life, so that she did not work her Muse to death, account for an entire absence of banality or, euphemistically speaking, of 'the obvious.'

The above-quoted sonnet, though fine, is not the poet's best.¹⁾ But as it is exceedingly characteristic I have ventured, for the sake of comparison and valuation, to quote in its immediate neighbourhood an equally characteristic sonnet by an entirely different woman-poet, the unduly neglected Mathilde Blind (1847—1896).

The Agnostic.

Not in the hour of peril, thronged with foes,
Panting to set their heel upon my head,
Or when alone from many wounds I bled
Unflinching beneath Fortune's random blows;
Nor when my shuddering hands were doomed to close
The unshrinking eyelids of the stony dead; —
Not then I missed my God, not then — but said:
"Let me not burden God with all men's woes!"

But when resurgent from the womb of night
Spring's Oriflamme of flowers waves from the Sod;
When peak on flashing Alpine peak is trod
By sunbeams on their missionary flight;
When heaven-kissed Earth laughs, garmented in light; —
That is the hour in which I miss my God.

Here, as befits, is more passion, with a tumultuous rush. But at the same time this sonnet is more closely knit. Its structure is more strongly outlined. It is simpler, more sensuous, and, strange to say, equally religious. What enables Alice Meynell's sonnet to hold its own beside it? Its author has been delving deep into her soul. She has brought hidden treasure to light and speaks of her find in a quiet mezzo-soprano.

Here follows another example.

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

(*'Christ in the Universe,'* first three stanzas.)

Again an unconventional conception. And again a quiet intensity, which makes the poem as effective as need be without any great pictorial power

¹⁾ Compare the two *folds* in lines 10 and 12. — The Sonnet entitled *Renouncement* is excellent.

having been displayed. As in the field of art as elsewhere the words *can* and *will* and *must* form a mystic trinity, one might with tolerable certainty affirm that Alice Meynell does not much trouble about being pictorial, because her talent does not lie that way. The metaphors which she uses to interpret to her readers her ethical responses and reactions, give a succession of glimpses, seldom a picture.

We build with strength the deep tower wall
That shall be shattered thus and thus.
And fair and great are court and hall,
But how fair — this is not for us,
We know the lack that lurks in all.

We know, we know how all too bright
The hues are that our painting wears,
And how the marble gleams too white; —
We speak in unknown tongues, the years
Interpret everything aright.

And crown with weeds our pride of towers,
And warm our marble through with sun,
And break our pavements through with flowers,
With an Amen when all is done,
Knowing these perfect things of ours.

(‘Builders of Ruins’, first three stanzas).

The same remark holds good of *The Shepherdess*, one of her best-known poems and really a jewel of its kind:

She walks — the lady of my delight —
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white:
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks — the lady of my delight —
A shepherdess of sheep.

One quiet touch is added to another. Music is achieved. But the picture remains vague; there is no intensity of vision, least of all in the fourth line of the third and last stanza, which is nevertheless the very passage where the mezzo-soprano reaches its highest note:

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks — the lady of my delight —
A shepherdess of sheep.

Elsewhere our author compares herself to a west wind moving across the world, ‘sweeping [her] harp of floods [her] own wild ways’. But there is nothing savouring of Shelley in this assertion, which, with perfect truth, refers to a certain fancifulness, or whimsicality, of thought:

Into the rescued world newcomer,
 The newly-dead stepped up, and cried,
 "O what is that, sweeter than summer
 Was to my heart before I died?
 Sir (to an angel), what is yonder
 More bright than the remembered skies,
 A lovelier sight, a softer splendour
 Than when the moon was wont to rise?
 Surely no sinner wears such seeming
 Even the Rescued World within?"

"O the success of His redeeming!
 O child, it is a rescued sin!"

(‘Beyond Knowledge’).

This poem, under the motto ‘Your sins . . . shall be white as snow’, will probably strike more than one as being in questionable taste, and such a thing is all the more remarkable, as Mrs. Meynell is really delicacy and refinement embodied. Indeed, the word *delicate* is one of her favourites, and is inseparable from any conception we would make of her whose figure moves by preference

‘where clear
 Through the *thin* trees the skies appear,
 In *delicate* spare soil and fen,
 And slender landscape and austere.’

(Closing lines of *The Lady Poverty*. My italics).

III.

Alice Meynell’s voice, though quiet, is authentic. She is one of those authors who belong to no school, preferring to create one of their own. In Emily Orr’s work her influence is distinctly visible; lines like

‘Thousands of words! and yet I cannot frame
 From out their hoarded gold one perfect line!
 A million thoughts leap forth and — for a sign —
 See the poor broken measures, meet for blame,’

— though by no means imitative — might have been written by Alice Meynell herself. In other words, they are the sincere expression of a personal experience, without any obvious striving after verbal prettiness. This level, however, is only irregularly reached and when reached seldom long kept. What follows is a fair specimen.

Europe at War.

If shipwrecked sailors in their madness sip
 A beaker of the salt flood’s flowing brine,
 The burning draught — far other than the vine —
 Will pour redoubled thirst upon each lip.

Thou the true Vine dost shed from every vein
 Life-giving streams for thirsty sinners’ need,
 And we ingrates can coldly watch Thee bleed
 And turn us to our deadly draught again.

More wild than frenzied seamen do we seize
 Upon the cup of staggering and woe.
 Salt tides of sorrow wash us to and fro,
 And yet we dip our vessels in such seas.

The word *sip* in the first line contradicts *draught* in the third, and *pour* in the fourth. An expression like *the salt flood's flowing brine* is as tautological as can be. The second half of the third line is a mere stopgap. The word *beaker* in the second is out of place, *scoop* being the proper and picturesque term that the occasion requires. And more holes might be pecked in a poem of which the sincerity, the moral earnestness is unmistakable. Emily Orr has not yet found her feet. Sometimes she remembers that she is Irish and feels in duty bound to say something about Erin, and to be, with very varying success, a Keltic singer for the nonce. In the following poem, which was no doubt inspired by the famous XVIIth century lyric 'Yet if his Majesty Our Sovereign Lord' (unearthed by the late Mr. A. H. Bullen), we find her at her best:

Cumbered with Much Serving.

Like some poor cottager who will not pause
For converse with a guest,
But who, in anxious pride, will sweep
And scour and will not rest
Until the wearied friend must rise to go,
And then the housewife clamours: "Nay, not so!
See! I have swept the hearth and made all fair
And in your honour did I thus prepare."
So, in Thy very presence, Lord, do we
Bustle and fume, and strive to honour Thee
In foolish ways which, sadly, Thou dost bear.
Our duties drive our Master from our breast,
And in preparing cheer we slight the Guest.

IV.

There is this resemblance between Father Henry Rope and Wilfred Rowland Childe that they both detest modern civilization. But while the former attacks it, the latter thinks ignoring the more poetical attitude.

The huge grey waste of smoky wharf and yard,
The barren bravery of mart and street,
Sad hurry of unresting anxious feet —
Imperious is the city, proud and hard.

The England that we knew, shall she go down,
The England of the thorp and country town,
Before the upstart and supplanteress?
Shall all traditions wither at her frown,
And all things fade she deigneth not to bless?

Yea, shall no human leisure overlive
The torment of her gain-inciting goad?
Shall never human gladness token give?
Nor careless children sing beside the road?

The mighty city reacheth out for miles,
Her hand is on the waters and the ways,
She gathers in the countrysides and smiles
To see them shrink and blench beneath her gaze.

Shall not some prophet rise up presently,
Confront her cruel eyes with fearless mien,
And in God's name lift up his voice and cry:
"I tell thee that thy doom is set, O Queen,
The writing goeth forth upon the wall,
Thy glory is at very point to fall?"

(*'The City of the Grail & Other Verses,'* p. 16).

It seems strange that such a man, bent upon being direct, a brusque preacher but one understood of the multitude,¹⁾ should often be so needlessly and wilfully archaic. What is the good of saying 'I know not what men shall her surquedry amate,' or of comforting oneself and others by anticipating an hour 'when covetise shall vail her pride and power?' In Childe's 'The Gothic Rose' such terms find fit settings, in the work of Father Rope, whose ideal is to be a single-hearted soldier in the Lord's service, they are out of place. Not even Cromwell's Ironsides talked in that fashion, let alone a modern Crusader.

But 'The Gothic Rose' — that is another matter. A worshipper of beauty, an advocate of form, like James Elroy Flecker, — but a Christian. A romantic mediaevalist, like William Morris, — but a Roman Catholic. Such is Wilfred Rowland Childe. He ought to have left 'Daphne' to the former, as he has Christianized the latter, even in his appeal to the working classes:

We had a loving Mother once, she pleased us with her shows,
A silver Lily in each hand and on her head a Rose,
And on her head a Rose, Jhesu, and on her head a Rose,
And in her hand a Crook, Mary, against the poor flock's foes.

But then rose up the cotton-lords, the iron-lords, the printing-lords,
But then rose up the merchants lords and they became our kings;
They cut our Mother's corn-fields down, they drove her dumb beasts out of town,
They trampled on her crystal crown and tore away her rings . . .

(*'Song of the Folk in Industrial Cities'*.)

As Jean Jacques Rousseau preached a return to Nature, using such eloquent terms as to make scoffing Voltaire express a wish to give up his erect attitude and crawl on all fours, so doth Childe preach a return to the Middle Ages, which accomplished all will be better than well and all vermin extinct; thereby sorely tempting a modern to abjure forever tea and cocoa and other abominable drinks, rice-pudding and curried stews and the like unspeakable viands, and henceforward to drink nothing but right guid-willie waughts of ale, and to dine exclusively on roast roebuck, poached — shot with an arbalist — in Sherwood Forest.

This is to say that Childe, conscientious and gifted artist though he is, overdoes the trick. Besides the work is too full of pretty words describing engagingly picturesque situations. He handles colours — scarlet, orange, green, vermilion — and romantic names — Marsabas, Laverack, Arminel — as a juggler plays with his balls. He has never striven with unpromising material. Was he afraid of having the hollow of his thigh put out of joint? Fear is an ill counsellor.

The following piece, save for a Yeatsian echo at the end, is fairly representative, and less overloaded with colour than most.

By hidden wolds, cloaked hamlets, secret shires,
By lily pool and daisied field I went;
Yet ever dreaded death for youth's sweet fires,
Yet ever feared that wonder should be spent.
From uplands ruffled by a soft strange breeze,
From grassy streets weighed down by cloudy dreams,
From lichen'd manors, houses buried in trees,
From fretted gables guarding stainless streams,

¹⁾ He also displays the qualities of a singer. 'Fluency' (p.9) 'sings itself.'

Came one great voice : 'Fear not to lose, O lover,
 The pleasant places that have known thy feet ;
 The marching storming years shall pass us over,
 But thou shalt find us ever kind and sweet :
 For our slow rivers, our clear waters wind
 Through the dim valleys of thy dreaming mind.'

(*'The Gothic Rose,'* p. 16.)

V.

The preceding authors are all Catholics, and Thomas Sharp evidently is not. But I put him here, as a train-bearer to Alice Meynell, because he has inscribed his volume of *Poems* to her, 'mistress of vision,' and to her husband, Wilfrid Meynell, 'master of souls.' I like the volume, and its contents make me like the man. Though he is no innovator, and his speech now and then bears a Wordsworthian accent, he is himself throughout. And he is never dull. His thought is very good, his feeling genuine, his imagery often striking.

Lights Out.

(1916.)

Few are the lamps that torch the night;
 Their faces wanting from the street
 We move home in the faint starlight
 Silent, and with uncertain feet.

Flicker our human lamps and die
 (The glowing hearts we loved of old)
 And we walk dumb 'neath a night sky
 Wherefrom the rays come far and cold.

Father of Lights, we lift the brow,
 Tread the blurred course Thy stars attend,
 And clutch a hope that lights quenched now
 Will beam a welcome at the end.

Being a Scotchman he has much humour too, and is not afraid of poking fun at himself. A very pleasant piece is about a dog without a pedigree, whose

'growl that makes the dustman shy
 Is good to hear, though I confess
 It sadly shows his snobbishness;
 And good at night the explosive bark
 That scatters all the powers of the dark . . . '

This same mongrel, Pat by name, who often accompanies his master on walks through the fields, when he goes silent, nose to ground, sees and scents wonders there which no naturalist ever dreams of. And once he

'Quietly sat a sermon through.
 (A Presbyterian sermon too!)
 Through the church doors he won his way
 And pattered up the aisle — to stay.
 Just as the text was given out
 My hand was touched by a cold snout
 And a warm tongue; my dog was then
 A pattern for all Christian men —
 Though many a curious head was turned
 Towards him he was unconcerned,

A true and humble worshipper;
 He through the sermon did not stir
 But, prostrate at his master's feet,
 Forgetting lure of field and street,
 He lay, too glad to doze or nod,
 Rapt in the presence of his god.'

('Pat', p. 94.)

It does seem unkind and thankless of Mr. Sharp to present to us this same dog Pat, on another occasion, in a very different light

As I walked through the ranked corn
 The sun in eastern cradle born
 I marked not. Worry dogged my mind
 Yelping before, snapping behind.
 Sighting o'erhead the cloudy fleece,
 I smoothed my wrinkled cloak of peace,
 Called worry straight to heel — the cur
 Slunk back, not daring now to stir

('The Walk', p. 4.)

Thomas Sharp's poems are a decided achievement. I wish I could say as much of the Rev. J. M. Cobbett's *Grass of Parnassus*, but I cannot. And Mr. Collingwood's adaptation of Chaucer's *Prioress's Tale* is not unskilfully done, and more than this rather meagre praise of a very slender booklet I am afraid he must not expect from me as yet.

VI.

Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman.

Two old men. The one, very old, and the other's senior by nineteen years, has written many books with which to challenge oblivion, whereas the younger man, as a literary artist, has only two slender volumes of poetry to his credit. Both are famous, Hardy chiefly for being the creator of Gabriel Oak and Michael Henchard, of Eustacia Vye and Tess, Housman for being 'the Shropshire Lad.' Both are pessimists, Hardy gently and tearfully so, Housman sullenly and defiantly. The latter's life is in a sense as retired as the former's. But Hardy's wide sympathies inspire personal devotion, Housman always keeps aloof. The mere fact that to his readers he is not *Alfred Edward* but simply *A. E.* speaks volumes.

There is no falling off either in the later verses included in 'Late Lyrics and Earlier' or in 'Last Poems', which gives no dates of composition. Are there any signs of either artist improving with age? We find in both some new stanzaic and metrical effects, but our estimates of them remain much the same as they were. The reader will be very thankful nevertheless.

The Strange House.

(Max Gate, A. D. 2000.)

"I hear the piano playing —
 Just as a ghost might play."
 "— O, but what are you saying?
 There's no piano to-day;
 Their old one was sold and broken;
 Years past it went amiss."
 "— I heard it, or shouldn't have spoken:
 A strange house, this!

"I catch some undertone here,
 From some one out of sight."
 "— Impossible; we are alone here,
 And shall be through the night."
 "— The parlour-door — what stirred it?"
 "— No one: no soul's in range."
 "— But, anyhow, I heard it,
 And it seems strange!

"Seek my own room I cannot —
 A figure is on the stair!"
 "— What figure? Nay, I scan not
 Any one lingering there.
 A bough outside is waving,
 And that's its shade by the moon."
 "— Well, all is strange! I am craving
 Strength to leave soon."

"— Ah, maybe you've some vision
 Of showings beyond our sphere;
 Some sight, sense, intuition
 Of what once happened here?
 The house is old; they've hinted
 It once held two love-thralls,
 And they may have imprinted
 Their dreams on its walls?

"They were — I think 't was told me —
 Queer in their works and ways;
 The teller would often hold me
 With weird tales of those days.
 Some folk cannot abide here,
 But we — we do not care
 Who loved, laughed, wept, or died here,
 Knew joy, or despair."

(*'Late Lyrics and Earlier'*, p. 40, 41.)

This is Thomas Hardy all over. He is haunted by ghosts, not so much by ghosts of the distant past — although these are by no means unfamiliar to him — as by those of the comparatively recent past, the past just preceding our grandparents' present. And when he projects his spirit into the future he remains haunted, by the ghosts of former friends (including his own literary conceptions), by the ghosts of strangers, even by his own. He loves ghosts, and besides, *his* ghosts have homely qualities which endear them. It is quite a natural thing for Hardy to sit and listen, silent and unobtrusive, to their conversation, — his ghosts do not mind being overheard or spied upon; they are naked and unashamed. He sometimes interviews them. And he never wearies of interpreting them to us.

Alfred Edward Housman, too, is haunted. He, however, is not haunted by ghosts, but by grim thoughts. Whether he hates them or loves them is impossible to decide. He has entertained them so long, he has for so many years felt their stern, tyrannic power, that to him these thoughts have become vague realities. Such are, for instance, the ever-repeated collisions of aspiring youth with a hostile world. Whereas Hardy enlists our sympathies and our interest for the *victims* of the many tragedies enacted on earth, Housman dwells on the tragic necessity of there being a conflict at all, and as a result his protagonists are shadowy and un-individuated, although there is a sombre grandeur that goes with his simplicity. There ought to be harmony on earth, and love and peace and constancy and faith. There

is nothing of the kind, therefore, oh young man, chap from the barn or the forge, from the mill or the fold, lad for the girls or lad for the liquor, — get disillusioned as quickly as possible¹⁾)

Her strong enchantments failing,
Her towers of fear in wreck,
Her limbecks dried of poisons
And the knife at her neck,

The Queen of air and darkness
Begins to shrill and cry,
"O young man, O my slayer,
To-morrow you shall die."

O Queen of air and darkness,
I think 'tis truth you say,
And I shall die to-morrow :
But you will die to-day.

(‘Last Poems’, III.)

Likewise, ye soldiers, in red or in khaki, lancers or grenadiers, when trumpet or bugle calls, set your teeth and fight, not for the love of battle which poets — non-combatants mostly — have celebrated in song, and which maddened our Berserker forefathers, — but simply to dree your weird. And having fallen, your spirits will be put to sleep, as Peer Gynt was soothed by Solvejg, as they listen to a Requiem written in direct emulation of Shakespeare’s Dirge for Imogen (‘Cymbeline’ Act. IV Sc. 2):

Wake not for the world-heard thunder
Nor the chime that earthquakes toll.
Star may plot in heaven with planet,
Lightning rive the rock of granite,
Tempest tread the oakwood under :
Fear not you for flesh nor soul.
Marching, fighting, victory past,
Stretch your limbs in peace at last.

Stir not for the soldiers drilling
Nor the fever nothing cures :
Throb of drum and timbal’s rattle
Call but man alive to battle,
And the life with death-notes filling
Screams for blood but not for yours.
Times enough you bled your best ;
Sleep on now, and take your rest . . .

(‘Last Poems’ XXIX.)

Meanwhile let us make the best of things. ‘Our only portion is the estate of man : we want the moon, but we shall get no more.’ There is comfort in nature, though not in the mystic’s way ;²⁾) there is also comfort in com-

¹⁾ I may refer here to an article, in Dutch, on ‘A Shropshire Lad’, contributed by me to *Neophilologus* of 1916. (Pages 218—223.)

²⁾ Possess, as I possessed a season,
The countries I resign,
Where over elmy plains the highway
Would mount the hills and shine,
And full of shade the pillared forest
Would murmur and be mine.

For nature, heartless, witless nature,
Will neither care nor know
What stranger’s feet may find the meadow
And trespass there and go,
Nor ask amid the dews of morning
If they are mine or no.

(‘Last Poems’, p. 76.)

radeship; it saves lads from hell ('Hell Gate', p. 59), it guards their nuptial slumbers ('Epithalamium', p. 47); it provides innocent and wholesome amusement after labour.

Ours were idle pleasures,
 Yet oh, content we were,
 The young to wind the measures,
 The old to heed the air;
 And I to lift with playing
 From tree and tower and steep
 The light delaying,
 And flute the sun to sleep.

 To-morrow, more's the pity,
 Away we both must hie,
 To air the ditty,
 And to earth I.

('Last Poems', p. 79.)

The word *flute* which the poet uses here to characterize his own literary qualities is very apt, a flute being an exceedingly sweet musical instrument not remarkable for its range. What is the instrument I wonder by which we could fitly compare Thomas Hardy? It is certainly neither a violin nor a 'cello nor anything melodiously flowing. Housman could never have written lines like

Torn, leaf-strewn, as if scoured by foemen,
 Once edging fiefs of my forefolk yeomen,
 Fallows fat to the plough

('Late Lyrics &' p. 141.)

And yet there is music of a kind.

There was a singing woman
 Came riding across the mead
 At the time of the mild May weather,
 Tameless, tireless;
 This song she sung: "I am fair, I am young!"
 And many turned to heed.

And the same singing woman
 Sat crooning in her need
 At the time of the winter weather;
 Friendless, fireless,
 She sang this song: "Life, thou'rt too long!"
 And there was none to heed.

('Late Lyrics &' p. 178.)

Would a piano do, an old-fashioned one? Or, perhaps, a xylophone? As regards constructive power, the harmonious building and arranging of stanzas, the two poets are peers. But whereas Housman polishes, Hardy is content to show us the naked bricks of the lofty walls.

VII.

Harold Monro.

He is neither a prolific writer in general, nor a very productive poet in particular. On one hand, as he is of a very introspective turn of mind, the habit of brooding would be enough to prevent him from shedding poems as lime-trees shed leaves in September. But he is also afraid of repeating

himself, afraid of getting into artistic 'grooves'. And so he is continually experimenting, and has in this way been able to score a number of undoubted successes. Several of his contributions to Mr. E. Marsh's successive volumes of 'Georgian Poetry' have decidedly enriched the great store of English poetry.

Is 'Real Property' an advance on his previous work? It would be hazardous to affirm such a thing of Part II, dedicated (for no obvious reason) 'to the Zoo and its Owner', and containing chiefly fugitive poems written at various periods during the past ten years. Among them are such fine poems as 'Dog', 'Goldfish', 'Thistledown', 'Unknown Country'. 'Their subjects are natural; they have no metaphysical background, nor, as those in the First Part, do they form a group'. (page 50.) They do not constitute a new departure. We must therefore turn our attention to Part I, which is preceded by a 'Prayer to Memory', the essence of which is also contained in the poem, or section, called

Earthliness.

How can I tell,
I who now live,
What I have been in the past before I was born?

Memory cries,
Heart can repeat
Echo of echo from cave after cave of my life.

I can imagine,
Stretching my thought
Backward and backward, my fathers, their fathers, and theirs.

And the one long
Faithful desire
Driving through ages to me who am breathing and here.

But as I burrow
Deep into Mind,
Only the dark passage widens: I can't feel the walls.

Oh, there must be,
Somewhere beyond,
Through all that darkness, a light, for there's often a sound

That roars in my ears
Like waves on the rocks
Of an ocean I've known, and when I remember that life

Then in my body,
Or in my heart,
Or in my brain, some quarrel, or hunger or love,

Cruel, too great
To be hidden, too eager,
Too wild for the tame life we live, will arise and cry;

Suddenly shriek,
As one who has been
Buried alive, awak'ning, might shriek in the earth:

Calling and calling,
Shaking my body,
Till I unbury the dead and discover the past.

('Real Property', p. 16.)

Poets of bygone generations used to invoke The Muse or their several Muses. Multatuli, who affected to despise mere verse and, with lifted eyebrows, extolled Poetry with a capital P (greatly troubling thereby the easily disturbed waters of thought), spoke of seeing Fancy face to face. Harold Monro dethrones Muse or Muses as well as Fancy, and swears allegiance to Memory with a capital M. Evidently this is more than a mere figure of speech, and it would seem as if Harold Monro's broodings have led him to a philosophy of life which sees — with Frohschammer¹⁾ — in the imagination the great creative principle:

Soul, oh my soul,
Here is your master,
God and begetter, yes, hundred-fold father. He lives

Deep in your flesh,
Soul of my body, O soul:
You must be faithful to him. He is God unto you.

If he is wild
Is he not you?
If he is wanton, not you? If rebellious, not you?

In the young world,
Out of the sea,
Slowly he crept with you, feeling his way to the sun;

And in the light,
High on the beach,
Laid down your body, and moulded the shape of you, Soul;

All that long time,
Low in your ear,
Whispered the spells of the earth, which you heard not at first.

Slowly, the slow,
Slowly and slowly, the sound,
Sound of his whispering moulded your ear to his voice.

(‘Real Property’, p. 18.)

I do not think the last-quoted stanza a success; to my mind the trick of repeating *slowly* and *sound* and putting in the adjective *slow* as if it were a noun might prove an easy butt for ‘Sitwellian’ ridicule, at any rate it does not come off, in spite of the fine thought contained in the last line. And in some other pieces — ‘Gravity’, for instance — the thought is rather novel, it is true, but quite unconvincing

Fit for perpetual worship is the power
That holds our bodies safely to the earth.

When people talk of their domestic gods,
Then privately I think of you

(‘Real Property’, p. 26.)

Can an abstraction like the law of gravity inspire such devotion?

The title-poem — the root-idea of which is identical with that of Wordsworth’s ‘Daffodils’ — is the finest. As it has been included in the latest instalment of ‘Georgian Poetry’ I do not quote it here, but give instead the last section of ‘The Garden’:

¹⁾ Cited by Ribot, who misspells the name, in his *Essai sur l’Imagination Créatrice*. (p. 63, and in the Appendix.)

An angel with a flaming sword
 Stood large, and beautiful, and clear:
 He covered up his golden eyes,
 And would not look as we came near.

Birds wheeled about the flowery gate,
 But we could never see inside,
 Although (I often think) it stood
 Slack on its hinges open wide.

The angel dropped his hopeless sword,
 And stood with his great pinions furled,
 And wept into his hands: but we
 Feared, and turned back to our own world.

VIII.

Edmund Blunden and H. H. Abbott.

'The Shepherd' is the former's second volume of poetry; 'Black & White' is the latter's first. So we look to H. H. Abbott's little book — mark the harsh initials: there is also a Claude Abbott, whose poems have been published by Mr. Basil Blackwell at Oxford — for a promise, and we get more than this. We look to the author of 'The Waggoner' for a fulfilment, but we get less.

Edmund Blunden is very unequal, and in his opening poem '11th R. S. R.' he is about at his worst. His great sin is a lack of imaginative logic . . .

The land lies like a jewel in the mind,
 And featured sharp shall lie when other fades,
 And through its veins the eternal memories wind
 As that lost column down its colonnades.

(page 10, lines 4—8.)

A jewel is something clear-cut; colonnades suggest mysterious obscurity, cloisters and forests. And what are we to make of eternal memories winding through the veins of a jewel? This kind of figurative language is thoroughly bad. The stanza immediately following is a marvellous muddle:

Flat parcelled fields the scanty paths scored through,
 Woods where no guns thrust their lean muzzles out,
 Small smoky inns, we laughed at war's ado!
 And clutching death, to hear, fell into doubt.
 Christ at each crossroad hung, rich belfries tolling,
 Old folks a-digging, weathercocks turned torches,
 Half-hearted railways, flimsy millsails rolling —
 Not one, but by the host for ever marches.

'Shepherd', the title-poem, suffers from similar defects. In a stanzaic poem each stanza should be an organic unit, otherwise why write stanzas at all? The one I quote, the sixth, has been most violently clamped together:

But May when music grows on every tree
 Too quickly passes, shepherd's roses die —
 New dipt and shorn, they still delight the eye:
 How fast they gather to his "Cub-burree!"
 Even crows and jackdaws scrambling for the beans
 Among their troughs are of his rustic clan
 And know him king of bird and sheep and man;
 And where he breaks his bread the emmet gleans.
 The great sun gives him wisdom, the wind sings
 Clear to his simple heart the hardest things.

I have another, very serious objection to the poem. Such a subject as a shepherd admits of two kinds of treatment, viz. the pictorial way and the psychological way. The former makes us treat it from the outside; when we follow the latter we get into the shepherd's skin. And then we do not see him any longer, since we have identified ourselves with him. But we observe life with the shepherd's eyes, we see the landscape and its different features as he sees them. Edmund Blunden has mixed these styles and the result is a hybrid poem that does not satisfy. He is at his best in his shorter pieces, notably in his sonnets, whose rigorous form imposing rigorous artistic limitation prevents him from shifting his view-point. The following, with its strong sprinkling of local words, gives an unforgettable picture of a Kentish landscape in late autumn:

From the night storm sad wakes the winter day
With sobbings round the yew, and far-off surge
Of broadcast rain; the old house cries dismay,
And rising floods gleam silver on the verge
Of sackclothed skies and melancholy grounds.
On the black hop-pole slats the weazen bine,
The rooks with terror's tumult take their rounds,
Under the eaves the chattering sparrows pine.

Waked by the bald light from his bed of straw,
The beggar shudders out to steal and gnaw
Sheeps' locusts: leaves the last of many homes —
Where mouldered apples and black shoddy lie,
Hop-shovels spluttered, wickered flasks flung by,
And sharded pots and rusty curry combs.

(‘November Morning’, p. 23.)

Edmund Blunden is still a young man. He has plenty of poetical stuff inside. Let him shut his Keats, whom he cannot admire more than I do; let him shut his Keats and also his Wordsworth, for five years, and the gain to English literature is likely to be considerable.

H. H. Abbott is a more adventurous figure, a bolder chap. A *déraciné*, like the author of ‘A Shropshire Lad’, he longs, in the midst of city alarms, for the quiet and primitive freshness of country-life. But he does not idealize it; nor does he pour out gentle and melancholy strains about the land of lost content left behind. And he responds a few times to his new surroundings in bits of telling impressionism:

Saturday Night.

Like a ship, stately, swiftly, the tram floats.
Gathering speed it breasts the billows and surges on.
Indolently I ride and watch,
And listen to its loud melodious warning bell.
White faces gibber at me and scurry past.
Skeleton trees beckon with their bony fingers.
And are gone.

Like a bird, rising, dipping in its flight,
The tram speeds, now hurrying, now wistfully pausing.
Lights, red, green and white, merge,
Intermingle and rush apart.
Through the vast phosphorescent square I pass,
Crowded with men and women, noisy, eager.
That gesticulate and bargain for each other, —
And on into the darkness.

At last the pier and the waters,
 Black, swirling, inscrutable;
 In and out of the piles they run, eagerly lapping.
 Remorseless, devouring, nosing this way and that
 With the noise of iron-shod hoofs on courtyard cobbles,
 And their white, flowing fetlocks flash in the light of the moon.
 Out in the roadstead ride the jewelled ships,
 And the warning light flares, is gone,
 And flares again.

I watch a ghostly oarsman, steadily pulling;
 His spectral oars shine in the light of a lanthorn.
 Yes.

Here are wide spaces, open skies and stars.
 That stud the ebon breastplate of the night,
 Mute strife and whispering silences —
 No compromise, nor any bargaining.

(‘Black & White’, p. 52.)

The country-poems are of three kinds. Some are ballad-like in their suggestively grim and terse story-telling. Such is ‘A Meeting’ (p. 37). Others are lyrics, and very good ones, distinguished by economy of artistic means and by fine imagery. He sees black firs after an April rain waving in the breeze ‘like tentacled seaweed floating in swaying seas’. After the last harvest-waggon has left the field, he sees a cloud hiding ‘the silver birch’s battered coat-of-mail’, whilst ‘Earth, like a prodigal at winter’s sting, reft of her cloak, goes stumbling in her stride’.

And thirdly there are a number of idylls, forcible and full of local flavour, but without any sentimental appeal and without any romantic glamour. Partly they are experiments and show a conscious and consistent striving to combine effectiveness with the utmost austerity of diction. It may be that in these efforts our author sometimes overshoots the mark, becoming bald instead of simple, and too judicious to give way to any enthusiasm. But they are notable poems for all that, and H. H. Abbott succeeds exceedingly well in transferring his vision and his emotion to the reader, which is the great and decisive test. Here follows part of ‘The Farm’ (p. 11):

Go down the lane, and by the watering,
 Then past the mill — it’s shut now — and the forge,
 Up to the top of the hill where the young stoats play.
 At the endway signpost do not turn, but keep
 Straight on. The road rises and winds: at its crest
 The farm still stands, and Beaumains is its name —
 They call it Beemans: if you look upon
 Its great square chimney-stack you’ll see the date —
 Sixteen hundred and eight — upon its bricks.
 Three golden centuries of setting suns
 Have flamed upon its latticed window-panes,
 Those eyes which wear the tolerance of age;
 For it has seen the generations pass
 Not heeding civil strife or change of crown.
 Or frethful rumour of a conquering foe.
 It has the wisdom of the years and knows
 They are but accidents and shows of things.
 Not the necessities of common man.
 Those change, but these remain — the human ties
 That bind the family, the daily work
 That goes from man to boy, harvest and tilth,
 Fall of the lambs and of the leaf and fruit;
 And many secrets lie within its heart. —
 Of love and birth and death, of deeds and wills,
 Of mortgages and hunting jollity.....

I may add that 'Black & White' is a very handy little volume to slip into one's pocket, and this is a very good thing, as its contents will abundantly repay repeated perusal.

IX.

What is to be said of **John Middleton Murry**? An editor of renown, an able theorist, a writer of excellent essays, — is he a poet too? He is on occasion, and when he is he can be exquisite:

Return.

An hour and I shall see you. Delicately
A light will pass across your wakening eyes;
They will be smiling, steady, saying to me:
"There was no parting, all those days were lies.
I left you on the instant." I will hesitate
Whether to kiss you, but a second gone
Since last we kissed: decide when all too late;
Then wonder would a year of love atone.

You, knowing my mind, will smile and touch my hand.
Or did you touch it then? . . . Ah, no, an hour,
A leaden hour, that will not understand,
But moon-faced mocks me from the tall clock-tower
And will not lock the door upon the band
Of devil doubts that hold me in their power.

(Poems, 1916-1920', p. 11.)

But he is not often like this. 'The Opening of a Tale', in stanzas which bear the same relation to the Spenserian as Shakespeare's fourteen-liners bear to the orthodox sonnet, is tantalizing, but leads to nothing. 'To My Dead Friends' sounds forced; it displays the same defects that mar the beginning of Shelley's 'Adonais', namely a *quasi-naïveté* which, combined with the too obvious desire to rise to the occasion, modern readers can no longer stand. And it is entirely without Shelley's impetuous rush, which carries us along willy-nilly. And it is clumsy in places. 'A Bus Ride in Time of War', an excellent subject to treat realistically, has been dealt with in *bardic* fashion, its diction full of 'poetic' forms like *whither*, *brethren*, *murmured*, etc. 'Lovers and Ghosts' is full, not of new wine, but of old Keats. 'Tolstoy', which is very good of its kind, is in the rhetorical vein of much-belittled Byron:

Through what unnumbered ages hast thou sped,
Thou mighty horseman, o'er the Asian plain?
What teeming tribes of nomads hast thou led
To battle and to plunder and to pain?
Slant-eyed watcher of the nights,
Master of creeping fights,
To what god what victims gav'st thou in thy sacrificial rites?

He was thy sire who would not to the tomb,
At whose dark terrors his grim spirit quailed,
Go comfortless; but took to share his doom
A thousand warriors on their steeds impaled,
Who girded him around
In the darkness of his mound
To be his guard against the fang of death's grey, ghostly hound.

(Poems', p. 49.)

John Middleton Murry's poetry is a by-product, which has not received the complete and concentrated attention of an undivided mind. When a man

cannot wait, or cannot afford to wait, patiently for the luminous moment that shall supply the word required, the word which is afterwards recognized as being the only one that could possibly fit in with the context, bardic echoes are sure to come in handy.

(To be continued.)

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Notes and News.

English Association in Holland. Full particulars of the programme for Christmas Term will be found in the *Bulletin* enclosed with this number. We draw especial attention to the performances of English madrigals and folksongs to be given by the English Singers. We are fortunate in being able to insert two notes by their leader, Mr. Steuart Wilson, whose delightful lecture-recitals on *Folksongs* gained him so many Dutch friends in February.

The English Madrigal.

I have been asked to write a few words on English Madrigals for your journal. It is not necessary to introduce the countrymen of Sweelinck and Rolandus Lassus to a Madrigal, nor the lucky hearers of the Amsterdam Madrigal Singers to the manner of performance of this kind of music. However, there are some things which can be said, without impertinence, of English Madrigals by an Englishman. Their distinctive feature is not their sonorous polyphony, but their enjoyment of cross-rhythms. I am right in supposing that not every member of the English Association in Holland is a musician. Let me explain the matter of cross rhythms more simply. Suppose there to be 6 persons in a room together; supposing them to agree to count up to twelve over and over again and simultaneously; if they each sang their figures to a set of tunes which harmonized together *in the same rhythm* they would sing (I mark the accented figures)

1̇ 2 3 4̇ 5 6 7̇ 8 9 10̇ 11 12 and so on, or perhaps
the tune would be a different one

1̇ 2 3 4̇ 5̇ 6 7 8 9̇ 10 11 12.

Now suppose them to sing tunes of a different rhythm simultaneously; you would have

1̇ 2 3 4̇ 5 6 7̇ 8 9 10̇ 11 12

and

1̇ 2 3 4̇ 5̇ 6 7 8 9̇ 10̇ 11 12.

It is this alternation of accents, each rhythm going on steadily in its own way, which is the characteristic of English Madrigals. Is it a characteristic of our race that we do not run smoothly together, but rather bump along side by side, with pitiless egotism for our own tune combined with a purpose to fit in with the tune of the others? This would be a subject for an essay of quite another kind; we will go no further with it.

Now these rhythms are not so much invented at caprice — though occasionally they seem like a little bit of Arithmetic which has escaped into music — as they are the outcome of following the rhythm of the spoken word, and thus avoiding the regularity of accent which is inevitable in measured music such as a chorale tune or a dance rhythm.

The history of the English Madrigal School is interesting and in the history of art perhaps unique. The school may be said to open with the volume by William Byrd published in 1588 and to close in 1627. Thus in a period of 40 years — but half the named span of mankind — there was born, flourished and died this remarkable gathering of musicians. Well we might say that they were *felices opportunitate nascendi*, happy in the chance of being born at that time: England was expanding, she was a nest of poets, rich men cultivated the arts in their private houses. Such was the soil in which they waxed great. They died and left no successors, for times had changed; a new king reigned, the great families were torn with faction and mutual suspicions, no art could flourish in such a soil. Moreover the few people who did sing such music within a few years of its death disliked it already: Pepys notes in his diaries in 1662 that he heard some madrigals and did not care for it because the music ran off into fugues and you could not hear the words, and he prefers one or two voices and the accompaniment.

Now the copies of these madrigals were in most cases in the hands of the musical amateur whose children's taste is not likely to be his own. Our fathers ate Mendelssohn and their children's teeth are turned to Stravinsky. So the music was not only dead but buried securely, so securely that none could find its sepulchre. Its ghost was seen occasionally, but, as ghosts do, it gibbered and spoke words which could not be understood and our great musical historian Dr. Burney (father of Fanny Burney, the authoress of "Evelina") sent the unhappy spectre back to the tomb saying that there was "a total want of rhythm . . . as renders the time extremely difficult to keep with accuracy and firmness". Poor Doctor, what would he have said to our latest music from America! He was like our Charles II who was fond of music, but only the kind to which you could easily beat time.

Madrigal societies have existed for many years, for more than a century in fact, but they took their madrigals as they found them, sang them as if they were part-songs by Mendelssohn and marvelled at the insensitiveness of the Elizabethans to the accents of the words. Discovery came slowly and it is largely due to the labours of the Editor of *The English Madrigal School*, Dr. Edmund Fellowes, that the lost secret has been recaptured, and the Madrigals are now allowed to speak with their own tongues. The followers of Burney were like Quince of *Midsummer Night's Dream* who speaks his prologue with the stops in the wrong place, and makes nonsense of it: Hippolyta sagely says "Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government".

We may fitly end this article by reminding ourselves that in madrigals there are two good things, one is to sing them and the other is to listen to them, the *sors tertia*, to talk about them, is not good; what did Peter Quince say at the end of his prologue (golden words):

"The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know".

STEUART WILSON.

The English Singers.

This will have to be personal, a man cannot write his autobiography as a spectator of his own life.

As the result of a chance meeting while students together, two of the singers attained some renown as duettists and were acquainted with some Elisabethan music. Chance decreed again during the war that another singer should arrange music to be performed at a church in London. After some time upon the tide of war a fourth singer was thrown into their company and for some two years these four sang a good deal of church music of the polyphonic period. A seed dropped in the mind of one of these four took fruit and another chance gave the opportunity to give a concert in London on a favourable day and with every circumstance to help. In former days one of these singers had sung often with another singer, as pupils of the same master they had grown on one tree; so this one was added to make a fifth, and chance coming once more to the rescue converted an unfortunate malady at the eleventh hour to the sixth friend and singer into the fortunate discovery of another who took the place and kept it.

So all six were now found. The party was born but like a good child it was not yet given a name.

It appeared that the hour of its birth had been fortunate too, for it met with approval and decided to live on. Children who intend to live must have a name: that is clear. So after the usual discussion the three god-mothers and the three godfathers gave to the bantling the ambitious name it now bears.

The next season saw more concerts and an interest in our forgotten music which justified the child living on to another year.

The good offices of friends and the generous welcome of the Ministry of Education of Czecho-Slovakia provided an occasion for the English Singers to visit Prague, to assist at two concerts of English Music conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult in January 1921. In April of the same year a return visit was made to Prague with concerts at Berlin and Vienna, where again great interest was aroused, sufficient to justify in April of this year another more extended visit to Berlin and Czecho-Slovakia. The future will no doubt hold greater pleasures still in store, of which our first visit to Holland will be not the least.

Our manner of singing is that we sit round a table. Now it has been difficult to decide whether we were a chorus and should stand or a string quartet and should sit: we felt it was Chamber Music and invented a compromise that we should stand at music-stands. We did not want to sing by heart and the management of music in the hand presents a problem. A visit to Oxford to sing in the noble Tudor Hall of Christ Church settled our determination to sing them as our forbears sang them, domestically, after dinner, seated round a table. The reasons which prompted that decision have continued to appear good, and we sit in comfort, while our audience, we hope, share our comfort and our pleasure.

STEUART WILSON.

Vereeniging van Leeraren in Levende Talen. The *Berichten en Mededeelingen* are now being published for the Association of Modern Language Teachers by Messrs. Van Goor Zonen, Gouda, and have made a distinct advance both in their outward appearance and in the regularity of their

publication. They provide a useful means of communication for students and teachers, and always contain a number of interesting notes and queries.

Membership of the *Vereeniging* is open to those qualified to teach in a secondary school. The annual subscription is f 2.—, but members of the English Association will not feel this as an additional item on their budget, as they will automatically reduce their subscription to this body to f 3.— yearly by joining the *Vereeniging*. Applications for membership, stating whether of Dutch, French, German or English section, should be directed to Dr. H. Sparnaay, Piersonlaan 12, Amersfoort.

Modern Humanities Research Association. The publication of the third annual volume of the *Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, announced elsewhere in this number, leads us to draw attention to the useful work of the M. H. R. A. once again. As set out in E. S. II, 175, its main object is "the encouragement of advanced study in Modern Languages and Literatures by co-operation, through correspondence, personal intercourse, the interchange of information and counsel, and financial support for students engaged in research". Membership is open to graduates (and persons of the standing of graduate) of all Universities, British and Foreign; to other persons, at the discretion of the Committee; and to approved institutions and associations. The minimum annual subscription is 7 s. 6 d. and should be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, Professor Allen Mawer, The University, Liverpool. The international character of the Association is well demonstrated by its choice of Presidents, who have been up to now Sir Sidney Lee (1918—19), Prof. Gustave Lanson (1919—20), Prof. Otto Jespersen (1920—21), Prof. W. P. Ker (1921—22), and Prof. J. M. Manly (1922—23).

Among the rapidly growing activities of the M. H. R. A. may be mentioned: the formation of a number of research groups; the publication of the *Modern Language Review*, which is supplied to members at an annual subscription of 15 s. (non-members 25 s.); the publication of the *Bibliography*, which members may purchase at the price of 3 s. 3 d. (non-members 6 s.); and the publication, to be undertaken for the first time in the session 1923—4, of one or more volumes of a series of *Studies* involving original research to be contributed by its members. A quarterly *Bulletin*, and a *Year Book* of the Association, containing lists of officers, branches, publications and members for the year 1923—4, are distributed freely to all members.

Applications for membership should be made to the Hon. Secretary, Prof. E. Allison Peers, The University, Liverpool.

Translation.

1. Jules had been away from school for a few days owing to severe headaches, which made him very pale and gave to his face an expression of great sadness; but he was a little better now, and feeling bored in his own room he went downstairs to the empty drawing-room and sat down at the piano. 2. Papa was at work in his study, it is true, but surely it would not interfere with papa if he played. 3. His father spoiled him, seeing in his son something incomprehensible which therefore attracted him as this had possibly formerly attracted him in his wife also; Jules could never do wrong in his eyes, and if the boy had only wished it, he would

have spared no money to give him a careful musical education; but Jules was strongly opposed to anything in any way resembling lessons, and maintained besides that it was not worth while. 4. He had no ambition, it did not tickle his vanity that his father had such a high opinion of him and fancied there was so much in his playing; he played for himself only, he played in order to express himself in the vague language of musical sounds. 5. At this moment he felt himself [to be] alone, forsaken in this large house; though he knew that papa was at work in a room two doors off and that he could take refuge on papa's large couch, yet in his heart at this moment there was what almost amounted to a physical feeling of dread at his own loneliness. 6. His thin nervous fingers would wander searchingly over the keys; then he would let himself go, find a single motive, quite short, of plaintive minor melancholy and would caress that motive, caress it till it returned every moment as a monotony of sorrow. 7. He would think the motive so beautiful that he could not leave it. 8. They expressed so well what he felt, those four or five notes, that he would play them over and over again, till Suzette would rush in and ask him to stop or she should go mad. 9. It was thus he played now, and it was pitiful at first; he hardly recognized the notes; harsh discords wailed forth, and pierced his poor brain still smarting from his headache. 10. He moaned as if he were again in pain, but it was as if his fingers were hypnotized, they could not desist, they kept searching and the notes became purer; a short phrase released itself with a cry, which ended on the same note. 11. And that note came as a surprise to Jules, and he was glad now to have found it, glad to have so sweet a sorrow.

Observations. 1. *Jules had been kept from school for a day or two. — Which had made him look pale. — Bad headache. — Gave his face an expression of deep sadness.* The indirect object being the name of a thing requires to be before it. Stoffel's *Handleiding* III. p. 37. This gave to her face an expression of peculiar sweetness. See also Kruisinga's *Handbook* § 1873 (b) and Poutsma, I p. 158. However, the rule is not absolute: This lends his departure strange effects (W. Besant, *All Sorts & Conditions of Men*). Miss Jellaby gave my arm a squeeze (Dickens, *Break House*). — *A trait of sadness.* *Trait* may express a line or lineament of the face: Her face is somewhat altered. The *traits* have become more delicate (Shelley Lett. 15 Aug., quoted O.E.D.) The more usual meaning seems to be "a particular feature of mind or character". — *Boring himself in his own closet.* The reflexive use seems non-existent in English; if it existed at all it might mean *boring his way into* which would make nonsense. *Closet* (= small room) is now known only in the compounds *water-closet* and *dressings-closet*. It is occasionally found in modern novels, more especially historical novels, where it is deliberately used for the sake of quaintness. — *Saloon* in the sense of *drawing-room, room used for the reception of guests* is now restricted to American usage: In all grades of society from the wigwam to the *saloon*. . . Marsh, *English Language*, quoted by the editors of the Oxford Dictionary) — *Seated himself at the piano* is correct. Lady Catherina good-naturedly seated herself at the pianoforte (T. Hook, *Parsons* Dan XI, XIV.). Seating herself, she struck a vibrant chord upon the keys which nearly split my ears. (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1907. p. 669.). *Seat before*: I saw the landlady seat herself amply before a row of baskets. (Lowell, *Fireside Trav.* 245.). *Compare at (before) a window*: One day, when Carfew was sitting at the window of his room overlooking Bloomsbury Square, . . . he was summoned

to the telephone (E. Wallace, *The Admirable Carfew*, p. 112). Dreaming there *at* the window (*Current Opinion*, III. 1920. p. 340). He stood for quite a time in his thin pyjamas *before* the open window (H. Walpole, *Mrs. Comber*). — *Sat at the piano*. Some verbs have three meanings: 1) the action without any reference to time, 2) the beginning of the action, 3) the continuance of the action. *He stood* = Hij stond, ging staan, bleef staan. *He sat* = Hij zat, ging zitten, bleef zitten. Toyler, you *sit* that end = Ga jij aan dat eind zitten (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 129.). You will have the goodness to *stand* in the centre of that form Mr. Bultitude got up on the form and *stood* looking, sullenly enough, upon the proceedings (Anstey, *Vice Versa*).

2. *Papa was working in his study*. — *Studio* = Atelier (of a painter or sculptor). — *His playing would not hinder his father* is good English. You must have a piano. Won't it *interfere* with your writing? (Keble Howard, *Whiphand*, p. 75.). A tightened cord *interferes* with the circulation of the blood. (*London Magazine*, 1911. p. 727.). I am *interfered* with when I want to get on with my work. (*Pearsons Magazine*, 1914. p. 507.)

3. *Spoilt*. Compare *Burnt, Dwelt*, and see *Handbook* § 16. — *Something that was foreign to his nature*: To remain silent was foreign to his nature (*Pearson's Mag.*, Nov. 1910. = lag niet in zijn aard). *Something that was wanting in himself* is correct. — *See in*: I can't make out what you *see in* the man. He makes me sick (*London Magazine*, 1911. p. 411.). — *As probably formerly it had attracted him in his wife*. *Like . . . it had attracted him*. Strictly speaking *like* should not be made to do duty for a conjunction though instances are common enough: I am not prejudiced *like* you are (*Lanoe Falconer, Madame Ixe*, p. 48.). He is resting *like* I am (*Story Teller*, 1912, p. 404). Jack Pearse says if we buck up like we did against Day's last week we shall simply knock the stuffing out of them. See Fijn Van Draat's *Sidelights*, p. 46. — *Could do no harm* conveys a different idea: And then all this talk and gossip about other people's affairs that goes on! Why can't every one be natural, and take pleasure in simple things and try and help each other over stiles instead of *doing* them all *the harm* they can by stealth? (H. W. C. Newte, *A Young Lady*, p. 110.). As these articles increase in number they are unwittingly *doing* untold *harm* to the soul and substance of the Entente (*Times Weekly*, Febr. 13. 1920.). A season in a comic opera chorus will ruin any young voice. It is not the forcing and shouting, but the grinning that *does the harm* (*Daily News*, July 3, 1919). — *In his opinion* = Volgens zijn meening. Very precious objects *in the eyes of* their owner (*Strand Magazine*, Oct. 1903. p. 35). — *Save money* is to put money in the savings-bank. — *If the boy had only been willing*. — *Musical training*. — *Jules opposed himself violently*. *Kicked against* is a little too colloquial. *Object tooth and nail*: Most of us kept mice in the days of our childhood. They were always white and our elders *objected to them tooth and nail*. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1899, p. 631.). *Set his face hard against*. You know, of course it wouldn't be consistent if I was to go and *set my face so hard against* other people's playing, and then kick up a row myself (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 159). — *Anything that savoured of lessons (only remotely resembled lessons)*: Such solicitations from superiors too often *savour of* commands. I have written nothing which savours of Immorality or Profaneness. (Dryden, *Fables*.). — *Pretended that it would not be worth the trouble*. *Pretend* corresponds to Dutch beweren only in the sense of voorgeven. I do not *pretend* to be a judge of jewellery myself. (Oppenheim, *The Game of Liberty*, p. 55.). To *pretend*

that you'd got a chronic case of earache and keep your ears stuffed with cotton-wool. (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1904, p. 566.). Unites herself to a north-country fortune hunter, who *pretended* to be a landed gentleman (T. Wright, *Life of Daniel Defoe*, p. 279.). Don't *pretend* you read Shakespeare for fun. That's simple swank, you know. (*Strand Magazine*, 1910, p. 826.).

4. *Ambition he had none* is more emphatic than the simple statement *He had no ambition*. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee (C. Wesley's Hymn.) See Poutsma, II, 1 B, p. 1152 ff. and Jespersen's *Syntax*, 16, 632. *None* at the end of a sentence to throw the word at the beginning into relief is especially met with after the verbs *to have* and *to be*. — *Meant to hear* is absolutely wrong. When I grow up I *mean* to be a dancing-master (*Little Folks*, 1879, p. 1.). Dulcie snubbed Tipping, who humbly asked for the pleasure of dancing with her, by declaring that she *meant to dance* with Tom. (Anstey, *Vice Versa*, p. 122.). If your friend here is copped (= arrested) . . . he *means to blow the gaff on* (= betray) you and me. (Hornung, *Raffles*, p. 147.). — *Thinks to hear* would mean *expects to hear*. — *Thought so highly of him*. — *To give utterance to his feelings*.

5. *He felt himself (to be) alone*. I should *feel myself* less than a man if I did not sacrifice even your own good opinion by urging your cause. (A. K. Green, *The Leavenworth Case*, Chapter XIII.). He *feels himself* to be injured (W. Locke, *Idols*, p. 94.). And how do you *feel yourself*? (H. W. Newte, *Sidelights*, p. 69.). How are you *feeling*? (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1914, p. 148.). *Feeling* very uncomfortable, like a fish out of water (*Illustrated London News*, Oct. 30, 1909.). — *For the moment* should not be used instead of *At this moment*. Compare Dutch op dit oogenblik, voor het oogenblik (= zoo lang). The man, seeing that it is to be a long business, gives up the problem *for the moment*, and moves in despair to the next customer (Mrs. E. T. Cook, *Highways and Byways in London*, p. 307.). The Bâle-Frankfurt service, which was to have begun some days ago, has been deferred *for the moment* (= for the time being) (*Times Weekly*, Nov. 12, 1920.). — *Abandoned in this large house*. — *Great house*. See Storm, *Englische Philologie*, p. 584 ff: "a great house = ein vornehmes Haus, a large house = ein grosses Haus". Storm points out that many instances occur where *great* is to be taken in a material sense. He thinks that *great* (in the sense of *large*) is often heard in conversational English, quoting some nursery-rhymes to substantiate his statement. Unfortunately nursery-rhymes and proverbs too, for that matter, contain a great many obsolete or archaic words. See Sweet's *Practical Study of Languages*, p. 170 ff where Storm's nursery rhyme "If all the seas were one sea, what a *great* sea that would be!" is rejected on the ground of the archaic word *great*. — *Dread-Fear*. Fear is the general term. Dread suggest *great fear*.

6. *His thin nervous fingers wandered*. *Used to* (only in the past) and *will* (both in the past and the present) express what is repeatedly seen or done. See *Handbook*, § 438 and § 447. For the difference between *would* and *used to* in this function § 455 may be studied. See *English Studies* X, 238: Maar ik was niet altijd bij moeder; ik speelde op de kinderkamer = I *used to* play in the nursery. Compare further: Every one said he was stupid and dull, and this stupidity and dullness grew upon him. He *would* sit without speaking a word, sometimes, for hours; then my father *would* bid him rise and do some piece of work, may be, about the arm. And he *would* take three or four tellings before he *would* go. (Ingilis Arkell, *A Handful of Tales*, III: *The Half-brothers*). Such a dreamer! The

passengers *used to get mad*. He *would forget to pull the rope*. They *missed their corners*. (*Current Opinion*, Jan. 1921, p. 106.). — *Let himself go*: *Let yourself go*, do not think of yourself, forget the talent you may have. (*Century Magazine*, Vol. XLVIII, p. 632.). With friends, with people he likes Tom certainly can *let himself go* to considerable lengths. It isn't often I get angry and *let myself go*, although I really believe it does one good. (H. W. C. Newte, *A Young Lady*). — *Motif*. — *Until it reverted each moment*.

7. *So beautiful that he could not let it go*.

8. The song changed subtly from mood to mood, *expressing* that which nothing but itself could express. (Bennett, *Sacred and Profane Love*, II, p. 29.) She was playing Wagner, Brahms, and Rubinstein, *interpreting* all those passionate voices of the subtlest moderns (Mrs. H. Ward, *Robert Elsmere*). Few, if any artists could rival Dürer in the *rendering* of textures (Harmsworth *Self-Educator*, p. 4117). *Burst into the room* is correct. — *Or she would go mad*. Suzette's own words were: "I shall go mad!" — *Told him that she went mad* would imply that Suzette's brain had actually succumbed.

9. *Thus he played now*. — *Heart-breaking discords*. Hardly suitable. Heart-breaking news, grief (Dutch *hartverscheurend*, *hartbrekend*). — *Wailed up and cut into his poor brain hardly yet recovered from his headache*.

10. *As if he were in pain afresh*. — *His fingers could not desist, they still sought on (continued to seek)*. — *The notes purified*: The intransitive use of *purify*, though recorded in the Oxford Dictionary seems unusual, at least it is not given by the editors of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*. — *A short movement broke forth as with a cry*.

11. *That note was a surprise to Jules*. — *Glad to have such a beautiful sorrow*.

Good translations were received from Sister A., Breda; Miss J. A. B., Apeldoorn; Miss B. M. C., Roermond; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss L. v. I., Waalwijk; Mr. J. W. K., Amsterdam; Mr. J. W. L., Giessendam; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Mr. A. R., Doorn; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Kampen; Miss M. W., Arnhem.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before November 1. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Languit strekte Wiegen zich neer op den heuvel, en vergetende wat op de aarde was, zagen zijn oogen, groot en droomend naar het land, dat voor hem lag, en naar de blauwe lucht, en naar de wolken, die kwamen en gingen.

Waar hij lag op den heuvel, daar stonden twee, drie berkeboomen. Dik en krom gingen de stammen opwaarts, witglanzend met zwarte plekken; tot bovenin hielden de takken dat witglanzende; daar gingen zij bruin over in honderd dunne, fijne, hangende stengels, die de boomen het aanschijn gaven van treurboomen, wat zij evenwel geenszins waren. De vroolijke toon had overhand in stammen en blad, fijn groen blad, dat altijd roerde en nimmer stil hing, pratende, fluisterende over de duizend dingen, die er op de heide gebeuren, en die de berken alleen maar kunnen weten.

„Ja, praat maar, en fluistert maar, ik weet het toch ook”, dacht Wiegen. „Dacht je dat ik het niet wist, dat hier vanmorgen vroeg de konijnen hebben gezeten, en dat zij gespeeld hebben, totdat de twee groote rammetjes elkaar gebeten hebben, terwijl de wijfjes aan den kant gingen zitten? En dat toen de heele troep op eens de pooten ging strekken en wegduikelen, de hollen in, omdat de havik hoog uit de lucht kwam neerschieten? Zeg, wat heeft de havik je verteld, dat ik niet weten zou? Ik weet het alles, en dat hij op een tak is gaan zitten, ver kijkende over de heuvels naar het moeras, en dat jelu toen geen woord hebt durven zeggen.”

En Wiegen keek, languit liggende, al maar naar boven, waar de takjes lachten en geestig deden tegen hem.

„Maar ik weet, wat jelui niet weet”, peinsde hij verder; je kijkt wel ver over de hei, omdat je zoo groot bent en zoo hoog, maar je kunt niet van je plaats; je moet hier altijd blijven; nooit verder kom je! Bij de eenden kan je niet komen, 's morgens als ze zwemmen en duiken en over het water scheren. Ik ben er vanmorgen vroeg geweest, ze zaten aan den kant; en ze staken den bek in de veeren en onder de vleugels; vettig en schoon wilden zij die hebben; de doode veeren haalden ze eruit, die wilden ze niet; op den grond lieten zij ze vallen; de heele kant is er nog vol van. En je hebt het niet gezien, wat ik gedaan heb, jelui langslapers! Zij wisten niet, dat ik aankwam, want ik kan stil sluipen op mijn bloote voeten tegen den wind in, en Sipie had ik „koestie” gedaan; en met een steen heb ik er een geraakt, zóó tegen zijn kop, kijk, hier is-tie, dood; wil je hem eens zien?”

En van zijn liggende houding richtte hij zich overeind, en uit den zak naast hem haalde hij de eend, de groote, de blinkende.

„Ziet jelui het wel daarboven?” sprak hij.

„Neen, Sipie, afblijven, vort!” Want de hond had zijn tanden reeds gezet in de veeren.

„Kijk, een rooden snavel heeft hij met groenen kap, en blauw zijn de vleugels, met wit: dat is een mannetje; en voel je dat dikke van de grauwbroune veeren op zijn borst? Wine zal hem hebben als zij komt!”

En tegelijk stopte hij den vogel weer in den zak. De veldwachter mocht eens sluipen in de buurt.

Maar zijn gesprek met de berken was uit voorloopig. Want hij staarde, rechtzittende, in de verte, over de lage heuvelenreeks; en hij staarde naar den anderen kant achter zich; je kon eens niet weten, die veldwachter had altijd zoo'n stille manier van rondsluipen.

Reviews.

Shakespeare-Wörterbuch von DR. LEON KELLNER. Verlag Bernard Tauchnitz. Leipzig, 1922.

When in 1875 Alexander Schmidt published his *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, which claimed to be “a complete dictionary of all the English words, phrases and constructions in the works of the poet”, he wrote in the preface that what he aimed at was “Beschaffung möglichst zuverlässigen Materials für die seit Samuel Johnson zwar äusserlich sehr angewachsene, aber innerlich mehr und mehr verfallene englische Lexicographie”. Fortunately those times are behind us. For the advanced student the Oxf. Dict. is an inexhaustible storehouse of information and *Bartlett's Concordance* saves him many weary hours by enabling him to compare in a moment all the passages in which a given word or expression occurs. And for the beginner the way has been paved in an admirable way by *Onions' Glossary*. Hence Dr. Kellner modestly claims to have written a reliable book for *German* readers. In accordance with this the words and expressions have been translated into German, thus deviating from Schmidt, who gave his explanations in English “for merely practical reasons”. Unfortunately we do not know what these were, but it would seem that much more cogent reasons than merely practical ones might be given for explaining an author in his own language. However, it is for Dr. Kellner himself to decide in what way he can be of most use to his countrymen, though it may be doubted if it is possible to read Shakespeare in the original to people whose knowledge of English is not even sufficient to understand English explanations. Dr. Kellner evidently thinks it is, for he says: “So soll es gebildeten Shakespeare-Freunden möglich gemacht werden, auch bei elementarer Kenntnis des Englischen den Dichter in der Ursprache zu lesen.”

Of course Dr. Kellner is quite conscious of the fact that a satisfactory explanation can in many cases not be given. He estimates the number of these cruxes at more than four hundred, a number that might well daunt

the lexicographer who has to tackle them single-handed. In his study of these difficulties the author has been guided by the conviction that 'hinter Shakespeare's Wörtern stets eine klare Vorstellung, hinter seinen Sätzen immer ein klarer Gedanke vorhanden ist'. He is not content with "Klang und Farbe" as, he quite rightly says, many modern translators seem to be. In this connection the author points out that Shakespeare's metaphors differ from those of many of his contemporaries in that they are always "frisch, klar, plastisch" and he comes to the conclusion that if the metaphor with the usual explanation of the words is not a clear one, the explanation is wrong. As an example of his method Dr. Kellner quotes the well-known lines from Hamlet III:

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Dr. Kellner rejects the usual explanation of 'cast' as 'shade of colour tinge' and explains it as meaning 'Bewurf' with a reference to 'rough-cast' which the Oxf. Dict. explains as 'a composition of lime and gravel, used as a plastering for the outside of walls'. Now, apart from the fact that the word 'cast' itself is not recorded in the Oxf. Dict. or elsewhere in this meaning, I cannot see that Dr. Kellner's find makes the metaphor so clear as he seems to think. He writes: "dem Dichter schwebt ein Rohbau aus Ziegeln in ihrem natürlichen gesunden Rot vor, das durch die Tünche des Mörtelbewurfs in ein kränkliches Blasz verwandelt wird." But it is difficult to see what 'ein Rohbau aus Ziegeln' has to do with resolution or why plaster should suggest sickness. Even if one may grant that the metaphor is not expressed with the perfection that is usual with Shakespeare, the suggestion of a young man, flushed with his resolutions and ambitions, all of which come to nothing owing to morbid habits of thinking, is not only much more beautiful than Dr. Kellner's explanation but also much more immediately suggestive of Hamlet himself. For cruxes of this kind, let it be remembered, are not only philological problems, but literary problems as well. But perhaps in other cases Dr. Kellner has been more successful. No definite conclusion as to the value of his work can be arrived at before the publication of the book which he announces in the preface: *Der Text von Shakespeares Werken im Lichte der Elisabethinischen Schrift*.

Dr. Kellner does not agree with Schmidt's principle who attempted "to explain the language of Shakespeare by itself" and points out how many important discoveries have been made in the field of Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan English since 1875. English writers it seems saw from the beginning the importance of studying the language of Shakespeare's contemporaries and predecessors. As early as 1822 Robert Nares published his *Glossary* of the language of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and Halliwell in 1846, when he was only a young man of twenty-six, widened the field considerably in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs from the Fourteenth Century*. Dr. Kellner claims that the work of these men is far from complete and mentions a great many words which he thinks he can explain better with the help of Shakespeare's contemporaries than has been done by others. Of course not every one will at once accept Dr. Kellner's new explanation as conclusive. To take the first word of his list: *absolute*, as it occurs in Hamlet V. 1. 148: *How absolute the knave is*. Dr. Kellner explains: "wie vollendet höfisch, feingebildet der kerl ist, d. h. er überbietet sich in Wortspielen, wie es bei Hof Sitte ist", with a reference to Euphues: "A young man so absolute as that nothing may be added to his further perfection". Now for all Dr. Kellner's dogmatic assertion that "die landläufige Auffassung

'sicher, frech, selbstherrlich' (nicht passt) in den Zusammenhang", I doubt both, if the quotation from Euphues is sufficient proof and if the explanation given here is an advance on the usual one. But again it would be most unfair to draw more general conclusions from a single instance, before Dr. Kellner has been allowed to state his case more fully.

Little space has been given to conjectures. Evidently Dr. Kellner agrees with Schmidt, who wrote in his preface: "Das Buch mit dem Ballast falscher Deutungen und Conjecturen zu beschweren, verbot jede billige Rücksicht". This is the exact opposite of the method followed by Onions who has 'given important conjectural emendations, even when these are certainly wrong' and *all* important variant readings. The English lexicographer gives an excellent argument in defence of his method, an argument that is bound to appeal to teachers. His purpose was, he says, "to enable the student to take the first steps in textual criticism" and to "give him an insight into the problems that have to be solved in establishing the text."

Another important difference between German and English workers in the same field is that the Germans, as usual, aim at exhaustiveness, whereas the English writers have more or less practical ends in view. Schmidt wrote in his preface: "Das Vorliegende Werk ist, zum Unterschiede von den vorhandenen Glossaren, welche nur das unverständlich Gewordene alphabetisch zusammenstellen, dazu bestimmt, den gesammten Sprach- und Wortchatz Shakespeare's in sich aufzunehmen". Harold Littledale in the preface to his revision of Dyce's Glossary, 1902, in which he refers with great respect to Schmidt's "monumental work" remarks that "its very fulness of reference in the case of words and phrases that need no commentary is not seldom a positive hindrance to the seeker of light." Dr. Kellner has followed the German practice, Onions has left out all that in his opinion did not call for explanation. It is obvious that for foreigners as well as for students the German method" recommends itself, for the casual reader the "English method" as its advantages.

As might be expected from the author of *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, Dr. Kellner has paid a good deal of attention to syntactical phenomena, again following the footsteps of Schmidt, but fortunately differing from him in that his grammatical remarks are found in the body of the work and not in a separate appendix.

It has been my chief intention in this review to point out the main principles by which Dr. Kellner was guided in the composition of his work and in what respects he differs from others. I may be permitted to add that the book has been constantly in my hands for several months, and that I have tested it carefully in most of the obscure passages of some of the great tragedies and in that most difficult of Shakespearean comedies *Troilus and Cressida*. I have come to the conclusion that Dr. Kellner is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of his painstaking work and that his book may be strongly recommended to Dutch students and, to quote Onions' ironic words, to all those "to whom an accurate and even minute knowledge of the meaning of the poet's words is no bar to the enjoyment of his poetry".

The Hague, June 1923.

J. H. SCHUTT.

Die Briefe Richard Monckton Milnes' ersten Barons Houghton an Varnhagen von Ense (1844-1854) herausgegeben von DR. WALTHER FISCHER, o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Technischen Hochschule zu Dresden. Anglistische Forschungen Heft 57. Heidelberg, Winter, 1922. f 2.40.

The first part of this interesting book is devoted to Milnes' life, his talent and his relation to prominent people of his day. The author does not enter into minute biographical details, which would be out of place in this small volume treating of a politician-poet, and passes without comment the only and curious reference to Milnes' married life made in his letters to Varnhagen.¹

Fragments of some of Lord Houghton's poems are given (e. g. *The Flight of Youth*), some smaller ones (*Strangers Yet*) being inserted in their entirety. But it is especially the author's criticism of Milnes' translations that is interesting; passages are given with their originals (chiefly by Goethe and Heine) and some of these show that, although it was not given to Milnes to render "den sanften Schimmer Heineschen Mondromantik", he had good taste and a finer sense of lyric beauty than his own definition of poetry seems to suggest. For does he not say that poetry "must accord with the conscious, analytical spirit of present men; . . . it must help or pretend to help the mind of men out of the struggles and entanglements of life." ? Most of Milnes' original poetry seems to make good this statement.

Milnes was perhaps in the first place a politician. In his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* (*Political State of Prussia, The Events of 1849*, etc.) he shows himself an acute observer of contemporary tendencies and seen in the light of to-day some of his opinions have an almost prophetic air.

"There are Prussians," he wrote before 1848, "of grave imagination who . . . speak of it (= their country) as thoughtful Frenchmen might have spoken of France in 1789 . . . Royal authority is no longer an object of reverence; and the laws themselves, being considered in no higher light than as the expression of the royal will, are gradually losing their salutary influence . . . Prussia, unconstitutioned, will soon become a country ruled by suspicion and submitting with disgust; and at last . . . political rights [will] be forcibly wrung from the hand that withheld them. The people will enter on the task of self-government without gratitude to their sovereign, — without distrust of themselves — without reverence, as without humility"

A few years will indeed determine whether a man on whom Providence seems to have bestowed all those gifts which should endear a constitutional monarch to his subjects shall accept a life, perhaps of . . . self-denial, but of self-denial consummated by the satisfaction of being the benefactor of millions; or whether the future historian of future Germany shall have to record in the words of Tacitus, how happy, how useful another monarch than the emperor Galba would have been: *omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset!*" —

And after 1848:

"The solid establishment of a German empire on a constitutional and representative basis would soon make European despotism impossible and Europe really secure."

With respect to the occurrences in France in 1848 he writes (in a letter to Varnhagen):

"I do not believe in the rapid transition from the Republic to Monarchy. Few as are the republicans in France, they are the only people . . . who have any political conviction of any kind, and it remains to be seen whether true constitutional monarchy . . . is possible in any country which does not come to it historically."

The hitherto unpublished letters to Varnhagen, which occupy the second part of the book, should be of value to students of the political and social

¹) "So much for the great world; in my microcosm, my wife and child are well, and I find my newer life quite as good as my old one." (!).

state of England in the days of Peel and Russell. With admirable frankness Milnes gives his foreign friend a picture of the state of affairs in his own country:

"The reaction which has indulged itself on the continent in hanging and shooting and flogging and banishing here exhibits itself, especially in the higher circles, in a horror of political agitators of all kinds."

In another letter he refers to the Oxford Movement:

"We remain absorbed in our new (and alas! old) religious asperities.

The no-popery storm threatens to be most dangerous...; his (= Russell's) own best friends will regret that he has not yet learned to tolerate the intolerant. ... We ... are very angry at the stupid anachronism of the whole affair which will throw us back twenty-five years in matters of toleration. The Cardinal holds a little court, where the devotion and prostration of the converts scandalizes the old Catholics. It is remarkable how exclusively these conversions, and indeed the whole Puseyite movement, are confined to the educated and refined and literary classes; the tailors and shoemakers who make public opinion are bitterer Protestants than ever."

There are references to Peel's changed attitude towards free-trade, and the repeal of the corn-laws; to the Chartists' riots; to England's policy towards Ireland; to the attack of another old enemy, the potato-disease.

Those, however, who should expect in these letters details about the great literary men of the day or the reception that their works met will be disappointed. Tennyson is mentioned casually as the gainer of the laureateship; some of the minor novels are mentioned, as *Alton Locke*, *The Caxtons*. Nothing about Browning, nothing about Thackeray or Dickens. It is due to Milnes, however, to add that he edited Keats' *Poetical Works* at a period (1848) when Keats was still little known and less appreciated.

He refers to this edition in the following words:

"I have published a Life and some remains of a remarkable young poet of the name of Keats, little known even in this country. It is the biography of a mere boy, — he died at 24, — and therefore the literary interest is but small... I cannot expect any reputation for the book, when the merits of the subject of it are so little known, but you and yours understand it better than we do ourselves, and thus may see something in it."

Of course he sends his friend in a subsequent letter an autograph of Keats! For both correspondents shared the autograph mania characteristic of the period. Once M. excuses himself for remaining silent so long by saying that he had "felt so ashamed of his little diligence in the autograph line." Another time he regrets that Asher has published Tieck without asking the author to write his name in each book; for this "would have much increased the value and the price." He promises to look about zealously for "a Gibbon" (= an autograph) and asks for a fair autograph of Schelling in exchange for his contributions to Varnhagen's collection.

The letters are accompanied by extensive and useful notes.

The whole little volume (172 pages) is, in my opinion, quite worth reading, and the letters themselves help to form the picture of a perspicacious, amiable and truly modest man. A man who moved in certain political and social circles without being narrowed and prejudiced by party-spirit; a man who tried to look on the difficult problems of the time with an objective eye.

A. C. E. VECHTMAN—VETH.

Brief Mentions.

Englisches Lesebuch herausgegeben von FRIEDRICH BRIE. Neunzehntes Jahrhundert. Heidelberg, Carl Winter. 1923. Price for Holland f 3.75.

In his preface Professor Brie explains that what he offers in this book is really a torso. The original plan of the year 1912 was a reading-book of a purely literary character illustrating English literature from Old English times; the scale was to be considerable, eight volumes being planned. The books were to be compiled with a view to university needs. Of this plan the present volume is an instalment, or rather a partial instalment. For the professor explains that the circumstances of the times have compelled him to cut out a good many of the specimens that had been selected, and all the literary introductions and notes as well as all other additions, such as parallel texts and variant readings.

The result is that we receive a number of texts only. They will be welcome to German students, who have a difficulty at present in procuring foreign books. Other students, however, who do not labour under this difficulty, can obtain the complete editions of most of the authors from whose works passages are here offered for a few pounds, so that it is hardly possible that the book should find a public in the countries with a high rate of exchange. The selections do not seem to deviate considerably from the usual ones. Indeed, the similarity of choice to that in Professor Förster's edition of the old Herrig is often very striking. I do not mean that both books give the same poems from Wordsworth or Coleridge, nor is it strange, perhaps, that both should give Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children*, but I do not quite understand why of the seven pieces of Browning there are four that are also in the *British Classical Authors*, and one of these is the very same passage from *The Ring and the Book*. I do not wish to suggest that the new book has any obligations to the old, but rather that there seems to be a good deal of tradition in these matters which makes it doubtful if there is really any need of more anthologies of this kind. — K.

Phonetic Chart of the sounds of English, French and German.
Compiled by F. E. GAUNTLETT and L. A. TRIEBEL. Cambridge.
Heffer & Sons. 1922. Price Ninepence.

According to the preface the main purpose of these sound-tables is "to provide material for practice in all the sounds occurring in English, French, and German. The book can also be used as a foundation for the study of general phonetics. At a later stage the learner will come to recognize what sounds are distinctive of any of the three languages." Books of this kind seem to be frequently used in English schools. It seems doubtful if they really serve a useful purpose, and we think at any rate that they will not find their way into any Dutch school. One reason is that the teaching of the foreign languages is always in the hands of specialists who work independently of each other, often by absolutely different methods. There is nothing of coordination, a word beloved of English pedagogues. Of course, all this is quite wrong, in theory; but we think that it is also one of the causes that foreign language teaching in Holland is as satisfactory as it is. The authors also think the tables may be used in the middle or upper form of schools for drill in careful pronunciation. I am afraid our boys are little amenable to this sort of drill; I wonder what the effect on discipline would be if a master tried it in the fourth or fifth form of a HBS! — K.

English in Daily Life. By P. J. H. O. SCHUT. Kemink, Utrecht,
1922. Price f 1.25.

This little volume is the outcome of a desire to afford students of English an opportunity of studying English as it is actually heard in the conversation of educated speakers. A brief introduction discussing the chief differences between the written and the spoken language has been prefixed. — P. J. H. O. S.

Bibliography of English Language and Literature, 1922. Edited for the Modern Humanities Research Association by A. C. PAUES. Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, 1923. Price 6 s. net.

This is the third annual issue of the *Bibliography*, the first and second of which were announced in E. S. III, 94 and V, 78. Students of English owe a debt of gratitude to the M. H. R. A. and its staff for thus putting English studies in the forefront of their activities. The amount of labour spent on this volume may be realised on considering that it contains 2943 entries, contributed by correspondents in nine different countries. Apart from mere details, it leaves hardly anything to be desired for completeness and convenience of arrangement. A list of periodicals consulted, and an index of authors' names enhance its usefulness.

The present writer, who is responsible for the Dutch entries, requests those publishing anything within the scope of this *Bibliography*, to send him a copy or offprint, so as to assist him in keeping the Dutch section complete and up to date. He will also be glad to have any errors or omissions in the current issue pointed out to him. — Z.

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POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

Guy of Warwick. Nach Coplands Druck zum ersten Male herausgeg. von GUSTAV SCHLEICH. Palaestra CXXXIX. Roy. 8 vo, VII + 274. Leipzig, Mayer & Müller, 1923.

Pearl, Cleanness, Patience, and Sir Gawain. Reproduced in facsimile from the unique MS. Cotton Nero A x in the British Museum. With introduction by SIR. I. GOLLANCZ. 10³/₄ × 7¹/₂, 44 pp. and plates. For the Early English Text Society. Milford.

This fine facsimile of a notable illustrated English manuscript in verse belonging to about the end of the fourteenth century (produced in loose sheets with portfolio cover), is preceded by a brief textual introduction and a comprehensive survey of scribal errors and other noteworthy points. [T.] 1)

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Edited by EDWARD BLISS REED. (The Yale Shakespeare.) 7 × 4¹/₂, 107 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Milford. 1923. 4s. 6d. n.

Miscellaneous Poems. By ANDREW MARVELL. 10³/₄ × 7¹/₄, 153 pp. Nonesuch Press. 1923. 15s. n.

Poems of Charles Cotton, 1630-1687. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by JOHN BERESFORD. 9 × 6, 420 pp. R. Cobden Sanderson. 1923. 15s. n.

Cobbett: Selections, with Hazlitt's Essay and other Critical Estimates, with an introduction and notes by A. M. D. HUGHES, 7¹/₂ × 5, xv. + 176 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Selected and edited by WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY. 9¹/₂ × 6, vi. + 104 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Milford. 1923. 10s. n.

Collected Poems. By VACHEL LINDSAY. 8 × 5³/₄, xv. + 390 pp. Macmillan, 12s. 6d. n.

This collected edition of Mr. Lindsay's poems is preceded by an "Autobiographical Foreword" entitled "Adventures while singing these songs," giving vivid glimpses of the poet's early influences and education, as well as advice on the way of reading his verses aloud. [T.]

Judas. By T. STURGE MOORE. 8³/₄ × 3¹/₄, 111 pp. Grant Richards. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

The Waste Land. By T. S. ELIOT. 9 × 5³/₄, 35 pp. Richmond: Hogarth Press. 1923. 4s. 6d. n.

The Feather Bed. By ROBERT GRAVES. 9 × 7, 28 pp. Richmond, Surrey: Hogarth Press. 1923. 5s. n.

American Poems and Others. By J. C. SQUIRE. 7³/₄ × 5¹/₄, 71 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1923. 5s. n.

Specimens of Tudor Translations from the Classics. With a Glossary. By O. L. JIRICZEK. 9 × 6¹/₄, x. + 200 pp. Heidelberg: Carl Winter. 1923.

Robert Greene: Groats-Worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance. The Repentance of Robert Greene, 1592. 35 pp. BEN JONSON: Discoveries, 1641, Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. 1619, 28 pp. (Bodley Head Quartos.) Edited by G. B. HARRISON. 7¹/₂ × 5¹/₄, J. Lane. 1923. 3s. n. each.

Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edited, with introduction and notes, by R. F. PATTERSON. 9¹/₄ × 6¹/₂, xl. + 60 pp. Blackie 1923. 7s. 6d.

1) Descriptive notices marked [T.] are inserted by the courteous permission of the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*.

The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe. Translated from the Greek of Achilles Tatius by WILLIAM BURTON. Oxford, Blackwell. £ 3. 3s. net.

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders. By DANIEL DEFOE. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, xiii. + 424 pp. Constable. 1923. 35s. net.

The Fortunate Mistress. By DANIEL DEFOE. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, xi. + 413 pp. Constable. 1923. 24s. n.

Fielding Selections. With Essays by Hazlitt, Scott, Thackeray. With an Introduction and Notes by LEONARD RICE-OXLEY. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, xvi. + 176 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

Selections from "Tom Jones," "Amelia," "Jonathan Wild," and other works, with Hazlitt's, Scott's, and Thackeray's essays on Fielding and an introduction and notes.

The Journal of A Tour to Corsica; and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. Edited by S. E. ROBERTS. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, xvii. + 109 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 6s. n.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By R. L. STEVENSON. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. H. SCHUTT. Utrecht, Kemink, 1923. Sewed f 1.75, bound f 2.05.

Bliss and other Stories. 280 pp. *The Garden Party, and other Stories.* 276 pp. By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$. Constable. 5s. n. each. [Reprints.]

The End of the House of Alard. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 332 pp. Cassell, 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

Captures. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ ix. + 306 pp. Heinemann. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes. Specimens of the Pre-Elizabethan Drama. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by ALFRED POLLARD. Seventh Edition, revised, with a new section on the Interlude. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$, lxxii. + 250 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1923. 8s. 6d. n.

First published in 1890.

A merye playe bothe pythty and pleasaunt of Albyon knyghte. Ed. by H. WEHRL. M. S. Diss., Erlangen, 1923.

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. (The Yale Shakespeare. 7 \times $4\frac{1}{2}$, 120 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Milford. 1923. 4s. 6d. n.

Types of English Drama, 1660-1780. Edited from the Original Editions with Notes. Biographical Sketches, and Airs of *The Beggar's Opera*, by DAVID HARRISON STEVENS. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, vii. + 920 pp. Ginn. 17s. 6d. n.

By the Assistant Professor of English in the University of Chicago, who has included specimens of the drama from Etherege to Sheridan, excluding "Wycherley and the second-rate tragedians of the late seventeenth century [who] have not sufficient historical importance to justify the reprinting of plays quite out of keeping with modern taste." [T.]

The Noble Jilt. A Comedy. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Edited, with a preface, by MICHAEL SADLEIR. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, xix. + 182 pp. Constable. 25s. n.

Robert E. Lee. A play by JOHN DRINKWATER. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 96 pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

The Secret Life: A Play in Three Acts. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 160 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1923. 6s. n.

The Green Goddess. A Play in Four Acts. By WILLIAM ARCHER. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 132 pp. Heinemann. 1923. 6s. n.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

Geschichte des neueren Dramas. Vol. III. By WILHELM CREIZENACH. (Vermehrte u. verb. Aufl. Bearb. u. mit einem vollständigen Register zum 2. u. 3. Bande versehen von Adalbert Hämel.) Roy. 8 vo, xv + 637 pp. Halle, Niemeyer, 1913.

The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney. In Four Volumes. Volume III. — The Defence of Poesie: A Discourse to the Queen's Majesty; A Defence of the Earl of Leicester; Correspondence, Translations. Edited by ALBERT FEUILLERAT. $8 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, xiii. + 438 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 12s. 6d. n.

William Byrd: A Short Account of his Life and Work. By EDMUND H. FELLOWES. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 123 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1922. 6s. net.

This little book is published appropriately at the commemoration of the tercentenary of the death of William Byrd in 1623. It is the first book on Byrd, the only printed information about him up to this being two articles in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" and in the D.N.B. respectively. Dr Fellowes presents a brief summary of Byrd's life and work, making no claim to deal with the subject in a critical or exhaustive manner. He writes of Byrd's history, of Latin church music, English church music, the madrigals and songs, and instrumental music, discussing Byrd's contributions to English liturgical music and other matters. The licence granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1575 to Thomas Tallis and William Byrd to print music and Byrd's will are printed in appendices. [T.]

William Byrd. 1623—1923. By SIR W. HENRY HADOW, C.E.B. Annual Lecture on Aspects of Art (including Music). Henriette Hertz Trust. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. 21 pp. For the British Academy: Milford. 1 s. net.

A short account of Byrd's life and work Sir Henry Hadow concludes by briefly setting forth the grounds on which a place is claimed for him not only among the great composers, but among the very few who stand at the summit of the art. [T]

[The two last entries are of special interest in connection with the visit of the 'English Singers' to Holland. Ed.]

A Reference Guide to Edmund Spenser. By FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, vi. + 333 pp. Chicago: University Press. \$ 3.50; London: Cambridge University Press. 1923. 17 s. 6 d. net.

Shakespeare's Use of Song. With the Text of the Principal Songs. By RICHMOND NOBLE. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, 160 pp. Milford. 1923. 12 s. 6 d.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$, xvii. + 561 pp. Constable, 1923. 21 s. net.

This substantial biography, by the Professor of English, Cornell University, incorporates the materials for a life of Shakespeare that have been slowly amassed by the labour of many scholars in the last two hundred years, paying special attention to the background of contemporary theatrical life. The volume is handsomely mounted with profuse illustrations. [T]

A Sketch of Recent Shakespearean Investigation. By C. H. HERFORD. Blackie, 6 s. net

A summary of the chief investigations into Shakespeare's life and works carried on during the last thirty years.

"Hamlet" Once More. By J. M. ROBERTSON. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 196 pp. R. Cobden—Sanderson. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

The Authorship of "Julius Cæsar". By WILLIAM WELLS. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, vii + 225 pp. Routledge. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

Rise and Fall in Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. By ROMAN DYBOSKI. 29 pp. *The Problem of Timon of Athens.* By PROFESSOR PARROTT. 34 pp. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. Milford: for the Shakespeare Association. 1923. 2 s. each.

The True Text of Shakespeare and of His Fellow Playwrights. By THOMAS DONOVAN. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, 31 pp. Macmillan. 1923. 2 s. net.

Shakespeare's First Folio: A Study. By R. CROMPTON RHODES. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 147 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 1923. 4 s. 6 d. net.

Hamlet: Its Textual History. An Inquiry into the Relations between the First and the Second Quartos and the First Folio of *Hamlet*. By DR. H. DE GROOT. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, 143 pp. Amsterdam, Swets and Zeitlinger. [A review will appear.]

The literary History of Hamlet. Part I. (The early Tradition). By KEMP MALONE. *Anglistische Forschungen* LIX. Roy. 8vo, XII + 268 pp. Heidelberg, Winter, 1923.

Der Weg zu Shakespeare und das Hamletdrama. By LORENZ MORSEBACH. Roy. 8vo, VIII + 111 pp. Halle, Niemeyer, 1923.

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Der 'Chorus' im englischen Drama bis 1642. By H. RAUSCH. M. S. Diss., Giessen, 1923.

Foreign Influences in Elizabethan Plays. By FELIX E. SCHELLING. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, 160 pp. Harpers. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

Scenes and Machines on the English Stage during the Renaissance. A Classical Revival. By LILY B. CAMPBELL. With 8 plates and 15 text-figures. Cambridge University Press. 5/- net.

College Plays Performed in the University of Cambridge. By G. C. MOORE SMITH. Cambridge: University Press. 1923. 6 s. net.

A short guide to the performances of plays in Cambridge University from the fifteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth.

The Worshipful Company of Stationers. A Short Account of its Charter, Hall, Plate, Registers, and other matters connected with its history. By REGINALD T. RIVINGTON. $0\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$, 15 pp. The Company. 1923.

A Concordance of the Latin, Greek and Italian poems of John Milton. By LANE COOPER. Roy. 8vo, XIV + 212 pp. Halle, Niemeyer, 1923.

Das poetische Bild bei Edmund Waller. By T. BAAK. MS. Diss., Münster, 1923.

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Robert Fergussons Anteil an der Literatur Schottlands von F. C. GREEN. 56 pp. Heidelberg, Winter, 1923. f 0.60. [A review will appear.]

Robert Burns. His Life and Genius. By ANDREW DAKERS. 9 × 6, 230 pp. Chapman and Hall. 1923. 10 s. 6 d. net.

Wordsworth in a New Light. By EMILE LEGOUIS. 8 × 5, 44 pp. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: Milford. 1923. 4 s. 6 d. net.

English Childhood: Wordsworth's treatment of Childhood in the Light of English Poetry from Prior to Crabbe. By A. CHARLES BABENROTH. 8 × 5½, viii. + 101 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. London: Milford. 12 s. 6 d. net.

An elaborate series of essays by an American student, based on a dissertation for the doctorate in Columbia University.

The Ecclesiastical Sonnets of William Wordsworth. A Critical Edition. By ABBIE FINDLAY PORTS. A Dissertation presented to the Graduate School of Cornell University in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. 8¾ × 6, x. + 316 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Milford. 12 s. 6 d. net.

By the Instructor in English in Vassar College, who includes to text of the sonnets together with an introduction (containing general discussion and an account of manuscripts and editions), variant readings, notes, and bibliography.

Wordsworth. Lectures and Essays by H. W. GARROD. 211 pp. Clarendon Press, 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

Lamb's Criticism. A Selection from the Literary Criticism of Charles Lamb, edited with an Introduction and Short Notes by E. M. W. TILLYARD, O. B. E. 7¾ × 5¼, xvi. + 114 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 5 s. net.

Carlyle Till Marriage (1795—1826). By DAVID ALEC WILSON. 9 × 6, xvi. + 442 pp. Kegan Paul. 1923. 15 s. net.

The first part of a new life of Carlyle, to be completed in five volumes, by an author who has been collecting material about Carlyle for over thirty years. This volume begins with Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, as it was 120 years ago, and ends with 1826; it contains five illustrations. [T.]

Lord Byron im Spiegel der deutschen Dichtung. By L. SCHNAPP. MS. Diss., Münster, 1923.

Die Figur des 'edlen Räubers' in der englischen Literatur. By H. BINDSEIL. MS. Diss., Freiburg i. B., 1923.

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Ariel; ou la Vie de Shelley. Par ANDRÉ MAUROIS. (Les Cahiers Verts). Paris, Grasset. 9 f.

Shelley and the Oppressors of Mankind. By GEORGE GORDON. (Warton Lecture on English Poetry). 9¾ × 6¼, 15 pp. For the British Academy. Milford. 1923. 1 s. n.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his nephew, THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN. Enlarged and Complete Edition. New Impression. 8½ × 5½. In Two Volumes. Volume I., xi. + 372 pp.; Volume II, viii. + 374 pp. Longmans. 1923. 12 s. n.

A Dickens Atlas, including twelve walks in London with Charles Dickens. Prepared by ALBERT A. HOPKINS and NEWBURY FROST READ. 11½ × 8½. New York: The Hatton Garden Press. London: Spurr and Swift. 25 s. n.

The London of Dickens. By WALTER DEXTER. 7¾ × 5¼, 269 pp. Cecil Palmer. 6 s. n.

The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward. By her daughter, JANET PENROSE TREVELYAN. 9 × 6, xi. + 317 pp. Constable 1923. 12 s. 6 d. n.

Naturgefühl bei Thomas Hardy. By K. MÜLLER. MS. Diss., Jena, 1923.

The Technique of Thomas Hardy. By J. W. BEACH. Chicago University Press. 1922. pp. ix, 255. \$ 2.50

Die englische Literatur des 19. u. 20. Jahrhunderts. Mit einer Einf. in die engl. Frühromantik. By BERNHARD FEHR. Parts I/II. Handbuch der Literaturwissenschaft, Lief. I; IV. 4 to. 32 + 32 pp. Berlin-Neubabelsberg, Athenaion, 1923.

Geschichte der Englischen Literatur mit Einschuss der Amerikanischen. By KARL BLEIBTREU. Roy. 8 vo, 390 pp. Bern & Leipzig, E. Bircher, 1923.

English Literature During the Last Half-Century. By J. W. CUNLIFFE Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 7¾ × 5¼, 357 pp. Macmillan. 10 s. n.

First published 1919, and reviewed in E. S. I, 117.

Bernard Shaw. Eine philos. Studie. By LORENZ NICOLAYSEN. Philos. Reihe, Vol. 67. Small 8 vo, 135 pp. München, Rösl, 1923.

The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton. By GERALD BULLETT. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, viii. + 233 pp. Cecil Palmer. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

Scene. By E. GORDON CRAIG. With a Foreword and Introductory Poem by JOHN MASEFIELD. $12\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$, xi. + 27 pp. and 19 plates. H. Milford. 1923. 25s. n.

The Principles of English Metre. By EGERTON SMITH. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. 326 pp. Milford 12s. 6d. n. [A review will appear.]

Essays by Divers Hands: Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. New Series. Vol. III. Edited by FREDERICK S. BOAS. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, xi. + 120 pp. Milford. 1923. 7s. n.

The Art of Poetry. Seven Lectures, 1920-1922. By WILLIAM PATON KER. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 160 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 1923. 6s. n.

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Der Wortschatz der Ancren Riwle. By A. ZEISE. MS. Diss., Jena, 1923.

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How It Strikes a Contemporary.

A Pageant with Comments.

(Continued.)

X.

George Santayana.

I intend to write about American poetry afterwards, but Santayana cannot well be classed with American poets, and as his 'dialect' is purely literary and as he even eschews American spellings like *center* and *favor*, I have put him here. My last sentences about Middleton Murry are not quite inapplicable to Santayana as poet, though to a less extent, and the illustrious philosopher himself disarms critics quite ingenuously by stating in his preface:

'I... owe an apology to my best critics and friends, who have always warned me that I am no poet; all the more since, in the sense in which they mean the word, I heartily agree with them. Of impassioned tenderness or Dionysiac frenzy I have nothing, nor even of that magic and pregnancy of phrase — really the creation of a fresh idiom — which marks the high lights of poetry. Even if my temperament had been naturally warmer, the fact that the English language (and I can write no other with assurance) was not my mother-tongue would of itself preclude any inspired use of it on my part; its roots do not quite reach to my centre. I never drank in childhood the homely cadences and ditties which in pure spontaneous poetry set the essential key. I know no words redolent of the wonder-world, the fairy-tale, or the cradle. Moreover, I am city-bred, and that companionship with nature, those rural notes, which for English poets are almost inseparable from poetic feeling, fail me altogether. Landscape to me is only a background for fable or a symbol for fate, as it was to the ancients; and the human scene itself is but a theme for reflection. Nor have I been tempted into the by-ways even of towns, or fascinated by the aspect and humours of all sorts and conditions of men. My approach to language is literary, my images are only metaphors, and sometimes it seems to me that I resemble my countryman Don Quixote, when in his airy flights he was merely perched on a high horse and a wooden Pegasus; and I ask myself if I ever had anything to say in verse that might not have been said better in prose.

And yet, in reality, there was no such alternative. What I felt when I composed those verses could not have been rendered in any other form. Their sincerity is absolute, not only in respect to the thought which might be abstracted from them and expressed in prose, but also in respect to the aura of literary and religious associations which envelops them. If their prosody is worn and traditional, like a liturgy, it is because they represent the initiation of a mind into a world older and larger than itself; not the chance experiences of a stray individual, but his submission to what is not his chance experience; to the truth of nature and the moral heritage of mankind. Here is the uncertain hand of an apprentice, but of an apprentice in a great school. Verse

is one of the traditions of literature. Like the orders of Greek architecture, the sonnet or the couplet or the quatrain are better than anything else that has been devised to serve the same function; and the innate freedom of poets to hazard new forms does not abolish the freedom of all men to adopt the old ones. It is almost inevitable that a man of letters, if his mind is cultivated and capable of moral concentration, should versify occasionally, or should have versified. He need not of that account pose as a poetic genius, and yet his verses (like those of Michael Angelo, for instance) may form a part, even if a subordinate part, of the expression of his mind.'

(Preface VII-IX).

I have quoted thus much for its intrinsic importance as well as for the excellence of its phrasing, and it is difficult not to go on quoting. But instead of this I will quote some of these 'Vers d'un philosophe',¹⁾ verses of a rationalist who feels bound to insist that

It is not wisdom to be only wise
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine. . . .

(From the third Sonnet, p. 5.)

What riches have you that you deem me poor,
Or what large comfort that you call me sad?
Tell me what makes you so exceeding glad;
Is your earth happy or your heaven sure?
I hope for heaven, since the stars endure
And bring such tidings as our fathers had.
I know no deeper doubt to make me mad,
I need no brighter love to keep me pure.
To me the faiths of old are daily bread;
I bless their hope, I bless their will to save,
And my deep heart still meaneth what they said.
It makes me happy that the soul is brave,
And, being so much kinsman to the dead,
I walk contented to the peopled grave.

(XXIXth Sonnet, p. 33).

A perfect love is nourished by despair.
I am thy pupil in the school of pain;
Mine eyes will not reproach thee for disdain,
But thank thy rich disdain for being fair.
Aye! the proud sorrow, the eternal prayer
Thy beauty taught, what shall unteach again?
Hid from my sight, thou livest in my brain;
Fled from my bosom, thou abidest there;
And though they buried thee, and called thee dead,
And told me I should never see thee more,
The violets that grew above thy head
Would waft thy breath and tell thy sweetness o'er,
And every rose thy scattered ashes bred
Would to my sense thy loveliness restore.

(XXXrd Sonnet, p. 37).

This is poetry and no mistake. There is something un-English about its

¹⁾ Title of a book of verse by the French philosopher-poet Guyau.

lucidity, and yet its language is as English as can be. Wearing the buskin need not — it is plain from Santayana's example — result in turgidity and opaqueness. And any further comment on my part would be an impertinence. These poems explain themselves and vindicate their own existence.

XI.

The Sitwell Triad.

Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell. — There is a German saying to the effect that whoever wants to understand a poet should first go into the poet's country. The maxim is a good one, although one might retort with some show of reason that it is 'up to the poet' to transport us into his domain. But now suppose a triad of poets have set traps and dug pitfalls for the unwary and venturesome, and that they lurk behind trees and hedges to see you stumble and get caught. Suppose they have engaged Shakespeare's very own Puck to mislead and baffle you, laughing at your harm and bewilderment. Suppose that, having doubled toil and trouble, you have at last found your way into their gardens of delight, and reached the summer-house of singular shape where The Three sit quietly chuckling. Suppose that in their condescension they invite you to be seated and have a cup of tea. Is the barrier down, and Sitwell-land won? Not by a long chalk. You find it impossible to follow the conversation, for The Three have, as every family has, their own domestic dialect, private allusions and little jokes, the key to which they never deign to supply. So you find it may be necessary to frequent their company for months, only to discover, perhaps, at the end that the jokes were no great matter, the allusions not worth troubling about, the domestic dialect much like other domestic dialects. Or you might, patient though you have been, find at last that there is a limit even to your patience. You might wish you had never come. Observing your hosts, and how they never change a muscle or turn a hair, whatever the enormities they say, you might get nettled and show some temper. Just as you were on the point of 'cutting up rough' the unruffled Three might rise from their seats inviting you to come and see their pets, and they would take you to a park alleged to be full of salamanders, phoenixes and unicorns. But, though they would discuss the merits of their respective favourites, and caress them and indicate their 'points', — you would not see any. And you might wax sarcastic, like Betsey Prig over the imaginary Mrs. Harris. Or you might get red-hot mad. In either case you would go, go with a thousand black devils in your heart, and all down the gravel walks the combined derisive laughter of the three would pursue you.

Having reached the gate you would no longer hear it. You would cast one longing, lingering look behind, and find it difficult to bid that enchanted garden good-bye. A beckoning tree, an unknown flower might lure you back. By and by you would familiarize yourself with certain aspects and features of that most extraordinary garden. You might get to like it. And a unicorn — or some other strange fowl — might come and lick your hand.

Here is one, bred by Edith. It is entitled 'Dark Song', but it is clearer than most of her *Façades*, and its imaginative logic will on a second or third reading be found to be unimpeachable :

The fire was furry as a bear
And the flames purr
The brown bear rambled in his chain
Captive to cruel men

Through the dark and hairy wood . . .
 The maid sighed, "All my blood
 Is animal. They thought I sat
 Like a household cat;
 But through the dark woods rambled I . . .
 Oh, if my blood would die!"
 The fire had a bear's fur
 It heard and knew . . .
 The dark earth furry as a bear,
 Grumbled too!

('Bucolic Comedies' p. 59).

Truth compels me to say that as often as not Edith does not reach this level. Too often she lets her rimes write out the poem, accepting their insidious suggestions instead of commanding them, Hardy-like, to do as they are bid. But even when she is at her worst, her doggerel is enjoyable for its quaint whimsicality . . . :

'Each chilly
 White lily
 Has her own crinoline,
 And the seraphs recline
 On divans divine
 In a smooth seventh heaven of polished pitch-pine . . .'

(From 'Water Party', B. C. p. 70)

Few careful readers will be unresponsive to the appeal of the following poem by Osbert:

When Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers
 Ripples the strings that gleam like rain,
 The wheeling birds fly up and sing,
 Hither, thither, echoing.
 There is a crackling of dry twigs,
 A sweeping of leaves along the ground.
 Tawny faces and dumb eyes
 Peer through the fluttering green screens,
 That mask ferocious teeth and claws
 Now tranquil.
 As the music sighs upon the hills,
 The young ones hear,
 Come skipping, ambling, rolling down,
 Their soft ears flapping as they run,
 Their fleecy coats catching in the thickets,
 Till they lie, listening, round his feet.

.
 Unseen for centuries,
 Fabulous creatures creep out of their caverns.
 The unicorn
 Prances down from his bed of leaves,
 His milk-white muzzle still stained green
 With the munching, crunching of mountain herbs.
 The griffin usually so fierce,
 Now tame and amiable again —
 Has covered the white bones in his secret cavern
 With a rustling pall of dank, dead leaves,
 While the Salamander — true lover of art —
 Flickers, and creeps out of the flame!
 Gently now, and away he goes,
 Kindles his proud and blazing track
 Across the forest
 — Lies listening,
 Cools his fever in this flowing water.

When the housewife returns,
 Carrying her basket,
 She will not understand.
 She misses nothing,
 Has heard nothing in the woods.
 She will only see
 That the fire is dead,
 The grate cold.

But the child left in the empty house
 Saw the Salamander in the flame,
 Heard a strange wind, like music, in the forest,
 And has gone out to look for it,
 Alone.

(‘Out of the Flame’, pp. 20, 21).

This admirable piece of rimeless ‘vers libre’ is immediately followed by pages of free verse full of atrocious ‘rimes’, the effect of which is sometimes grotesque — which it evidently is meant to be — and sometimes *nil*. ‘Retinue’ and ‘revenue’ may do, but ‘palace’ and ‘populace’ never can and never will. Neither will ‘turban’ and ‘pelican’, ‘rarest’ and ‘forest’. If they are experiments they are failures. Osbert Sitwell must have been aware of this the minute after he committed them, and his retention of them must be put down to sheer perversity. His artistic conscience sometimes sleeps and this is all the stranger as his heart is not perverse at all. It is a very big and good and sensitive heart and absolutely in the right place. One of his pet aversions are ‘war-horses’, not quadrupeds evidently, but bipeds, most of them females, and called Mrs. Freudenthal (who hopes her nose, however aquiline, will escape detection in a throng), Mrs. Kinfoot (who, though it *did* go against the grain, was doomed after her death to put forth angel’s wings and to lean disconsolately out from the Gold Bar of Heaven, shedding tears like icicles) etc. Some of them are anonymous: ‘the General’ (who disapproves of art), ‘the Bishop’ (who sleeps in the sunny greenness of the close), ‘An Old-fashioned Sportsman’ (who refuses to read a book unless it is a best seller):

There has been enough art
 In the past,
 Life is concerned
 With killing and maiming.
 If they cannot kill men
 Why can’t they kill animals?
 There is still
 Big Game in Africa
 — Or there might be trouble
 Among the natives

(‘Out of the Flame’, p. 85.)

Osbert Sitwell cannot stand *cant*, least of all the cant that, once poetry, has been adopted and been slobbered over by the Philistines, especially the profiteering sort — and is there any other at this moment? Rupert Brooke’s sonnet, defiled and profaned, ‘If I should die think only this of me’ etc., puts him in a rage... What the devil did Rupert die for anyway?

I like Osbert better than Sacheverell, who I verily believe is the most antic and fantastic English poet alive and a confirmed puller of legs. Why, for instance, should he call his book ‘The Hundred and One Harlequins’, when the number of harlequins actually introduced to us is, at most, eleven, occupying four pages of print, the remaining space being allotted to other subjects?

"A glass of milk as white as your hand,
 The foam of seas that lie on the land,
 Their grass runs swift in the wind like a wave :
 A cup of this foam : — and then I crave
 Snow-bread that the hills have ground their gold to!"
 The cheap shepherdess replied,
 Her words still-born — dead drowned by the roar.
 A railway engine ran across the field
 Galloping like a swift horse down the rails.
 As it came quicker the window-panes rattled,
 The roof shook side to side : all its beams trembled,
 Thundering hoofs were upon us — glass chariots.

(The Hundred and One Harlequins', p. 24.)

Why is it necessary to put into the mouth of this 'harlequin', who appears to be merely an overstrung poet, such far-fetched imagery as that contained in the second line? Two centuries ago a Dutch poet, of yeoman stock, waxing dithyrambic, called a cow a 'live butter-tub'. Now behold, cows, white cows presumably — are seas lying on the land! Is the impression any truer, any directer, any better, any more poetical?

This is Sacheverell Sitwell at his worst. We are told, by Harold Monro and others, that in 'The Italian Air' he is at his best, nay that it is worthy of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. I think this a remarkable statement. But I will quote some stanzas, let any one judge :

In among the apple trees
 and on their echoing golden roofs,
 a singing shower rides on the breeze,
 and prints the grass with crystal hoofs.

The sighing music faints and fails
 among the far-off feathered boughs,
 the birds fold up their painted sails;
 but voices sound, until they rouse

the sleeping birds and silent leaves;
 and now a harp once more resounds,
 to utter what her heart believes
 and what her trembling sense confounds.

His daring loudness wakes the house
 that sleeps beneath a staring sun,
 the birds awake : the cattle browse :
 the page jumps down, begins to run

across the flower-beds; now there rings
 another voice of sterner kind,
 the harp still sounds; Figaro sings
 to ease his master's troubled mind.

Her thoughts now hold him in a net,
 he fills the meshes and respire,
 low boughs of fruit-trees, lush and wet,
 drop rain on him, while from the spires

a bell sets shaking every glass,
 rattles the windows in the trees,
 he strains the meshes, tries to pass,
 but now the bells die on the breeze.

(Page 13, stanzas 1—7.)

Now it is very easy to bestow the title of fathead upon a man who while admiring single lines and images, fails to appreciate the whole. I would also be easy to retort in the same elegant strain. But now as

regards this juxtaposition of 'The Italian Air' and 'Kubla Khan', I maintain that the two poems are essentially dissimilar. Who troubles to inquire where Xanadu is situated, or who Kubla Khan was, or whether there are picture postcards with views of Alp, the sacred river and its caverns? We are content to be taken into an imaginary, purely romantic country. But Sacheverell Sitwell does not do this, because a figure like Figaro is as real to us as Napoleon, as Theodore Roosevelt, or as Mr. David Lloyd George. And besides, he pre-supposes this acquaintance, since he also refers to 'the page', and Figaro's 'master's troubled mind', etc., causing us to rack our brains trying to recollect the exact situation in 'Les Noces de Figaro'. Sometimes we seem to remember and then again we are all at sea, and the effect is that of a worn 'movie', whereas Coleridge's poem is Rembrandtesque.

Then again, Sacheverell Sitwell has a rich fund of beautiful images at his disposal. In this respect he surpasses Osbert. But his use of them is casual, haphazard. Writing the second stanza he forgets the first, and so on. This is not an artistic advantage, and it is apt to weary the reader, who, having been told about a singing shower riding on the breeze, something strong, fresh, sparkling, is bewildered on learning two seconds afterwards that this is sighing music which faints and fails. Likewise the birds in the second stanza fold up their painted sails, in the first line of the third they are roused out of their sleep, in the third line of the fourth stanza they awake once more. Is there any method in this? Is there any 'beauty' in this?

The writer of 'The Italian Air' and of 'The Neptune Hotel' may develop into a remarkable poet; he is undoubtedly the greatest of the Sitwell triad. But he has fallen a victim to the specious but pernicious doctrine: that a poet should only write for himself, or at most for a very narrow circle, and should despise 'the public', since the public are fatheads and dullards.

XII.

'Aquarium', by Harold Acton, has the outward appearance of a companion volume to 'Bucolic Comedies', and he does show certain affinities with the Sitwell triad. But he also recalls the earlier Arthur Symons.....

In the nebular effects of cigarette smoke,
The eyes may be closed heavy or drowsing open,
The iris drugged by the wine and the women,
White arms, mouth of carmine, ankles so slender
You might fear that they would snap candy-wise.

(page 20.)

Harold Acton does not think his prospective readers were born to be quizzed and hoaxed. He has something to say, and he says it. And when a man has something to say, he wants to make himself understood by ordinary intelligent fellow-mortals, who may reasonably be expected to meet the speaker half-way. Harold Acton puts it somewhat quaintly, but clearly enough, in his title-poem, which is at the same time introductory to the rest:

If you would view, buy tickets at the door.
Your brain for lucre please! the fishes here
Require some effort on your part, no more,
For comprehension; then the water's clear
And you will see, dimpling in hyaline
Fish, oval, strange, glitter as rubied wine
In crystal goblets.....

The range displayed in this little volume is remarkable. Is it a first book? That would account for it. Wilfred Rowland Childe's volume is not his first, and the fishes in *his* aquarium have a stronger family likeness than Harold Acton's. And the author of 'The Gothic Rose' is first of all an aesthete; the man who wrote 'Aquarium' is a human among humans, smarting, indignant, rebellious, and in addition a poet, gifted with 'strange power of speech.' On one occasion he conveys us, on the wings of his words, to a land that has vanished, as our civilization will vanish some day:

The Pensile Gardens of Babylon.

There beauty's footsteps lingered in the soft
 And poignant semitones that sped aloft,
 In perfumes wavering with finger-tips
 So faint, they scarcely fluttered on the lips.
 There caravans would halt in flame of day
 And many turbaned wanderers would stray
 To cool their brown-limbed bodies in the deep
 And juicy foam of fountains, where would leap
 Eternal jets of water-diamonds
 Limned intricate like myriad leafy fronds,
 Wetting the marble rims with amber showers
 Throughout the endless ballet of the hours....
 There Bedouins with liquid amorous eyes
 Would listen to the piercing notes arise
 From shrilly-vivid parakeets, or pause
 To overhear the chattering macaws
 And watch the cranes with slender, supple necks
 Preening the feathered shadows into flecks
 Of purpled hues and finest, mordant white,
 Or spy the swans ascend in snowy flight
 Over the swinging canopy of leaves;
 Whither the sky suavely interweaves
 A labyrinth of azure-rifted clouds,
 Where saffron-throated birds in whirring crowds
 Would weep celestial music with their wings,
 And tawny monkeys, tiny nimble things,
 Would play their melodramas in the trees,
 And throbbing swarms of honey-sucking bees
 Vibrate the petalled air in droning waves,
 And mingle with the murmuring of slaves.....

(page 49)

Somewhat violent, spasmodic, even forced in places, these poems are full of promise. Mr. E. Marsh might find in 'Aquarium' several pieces that would not have their lustre dulled when placed in the immediate neighbourhood of certain 'Georgian' productions.

I may say a similar thing of 'The Lowery Road', a little collection of chiefly local poems, inspired by Dartmoor. I do not think they owe anything to 'A Shropshire Lad'; one or two may be vaguely reminiscent of Wilfrid Gibson's 'Whin', which celebrates Northumberland. There is often — notably in 'The Poet and the Stars' — a Blakelike quality in L. A. G. Strong's verse. He can write epitaphs and impressions of nature with Chinese terseness. He can give a complete human tragedy in thirty short lines ('Coroner's Jury') and his 'Ballad of the Painter' describing how an artist, disgusted with civilization, ran away and made friends with dumb animals, is something quite out of the common:

The herons would come and stretch their wings
 And stand for his moonlight easels;
 The bittern and furze-chat told him tales,
 And he danced in the mist with the weasels.

He'd sit in the sun on a stone and stroke
 The head of the criss-cross adder,
 And bare his arm to oblige the leech
 Till she swelled herself into a bladder.

He painted the young rabbit's portrait, while
 The blue jay sat by jeering,
 And sang to the ladybird, suiting his voice
 To her delicate sense of hearing.

He'd sit by the river and share his meal
 With clustering friendly fishes,
 While the wagtail made herself waiting maid
 To see to washing the dishes.

Mr. Basil Blackwell is to be congratulated on the publication of this engaging volume, a fit 'number one' of a series called 'Adventurers All'.

Can that glorious name: adventurer, be applied to the twenty-one poets represented in *Georgian Poetry, 1920-1922*? The volume contains many good things, pretty things, even fine things, but the number of poems to which I would unhesitatingly apply the word 'great' is relatively very small. And when I speak of greatness I am not necessarily thinking of 'Ercles' vein'. There is a kind of homely greatness which is none the less great for being as homely as one of Rembrandt's 'Syndics'. And Martin Armstrong has caught its secret, not in 'The Buzzards', which is very fine indeed, nor in 'Honey Harvest', which is very pretty, but in that perfect piece of humorous *genre*-painting called 'Miss Thompson Goes Shopping'. Its inclusion may have been an act of courage on Mr. Marsh's part, seeing that there will be a good number of readers, who, spoiled by aestheticism, mysticism, 'Keltic' twaddle and 'Slavic' moonshine, will wonder whether it is poetical to describe a fishmonger's obesity, or an impecunious spinster's unromantic temptations before a bootshop. But Martin Armstrong's poem is one of the 'features' of the collection. So is 'The General Elliott' by Robert Graves. Any one can write a poem about a sunset. But about a rustic signboard, that's an altogether different affair. Very refreshing, too, are Richard Hughes's contributions, especially 'The Singing Furies', furies of the storm

The sudden tempest roared and died;
 The singing furies muted ride
 Down wet and slippery roads to hell:
 And, silent in their captor's train,
 Two fishers, storm-caught on the main;
 A shepherd, battered with his flocks;
 A pit-boy tumbled from the rocks;
 A dozen back-broke gulls, and hosts
 Of shadowy, small, pathetic ghosts,
 — Of mice and leverets caught by flood;
 Their beauty shrouded in cold mud.

(*'Georgian Poetry'*, p. 98.)

William Kerr, J. D. C. Pellow, Frank Prewett, Miss Sackville-West, they are all new-comers who may one day be numbered with the best. About the veterans, Gibson, de la Mare, Squire, Harold Monro, there is little to be said here. Some figures have been dropped

from the gunnel of the Georgian ship, presumably into the sea of oblivion, and I only regret that Robert Nichols, the famous Hun-destroyer and d'Annunzio-worshipper, should not likewise have been made a Jonah of.

But I regret more. I regret the unwatchful moment when some mischievous demon induced Mr. E. Marsh to hold up for admiration the following clumsy thing by William Davies:

The Captive Lion.

Thou that in fury with thy knotted tail
Hast made this iron floor thy beaten drum;
That now in silence walkst thy little space —
Like a sea-captain — careless what may come:

What power has brought thy majesty to this,
Who gave those eyes their dull and sleepy look;
Who took their lightning out, and from thy throat
The thunder when the whole wide forest shook?

It was that man who went again, alone,
Into thy forest dark — Lord, he was brave!
That man a fly has killed, whose bones are left
Unburied till an earth-quake digs his grave.

(‘Georgian Poetry’, p. 37.)

The fourth line is bad: a sea-captain pacing the quarterdeck is not careless what may come; and whether the lion is careless William Davies does not know. The second stanza owes more than a little to William Blake’s *Tiger*. And the phrasing of the last two lines is ridiculous. How is one to read them without conveying the impression that somewhere the bones of a fly lie bleaching?

XIII.

W. B. Yeats and Padraic Colum.

A Lover Speaks to the Hearers of his Songs in Coming Days.

O, women, kneeling by your altar rails long hence,
When songs I wove for my beloved hide the prayer,
And smoke from this dead heart drifts through the violet air
And covers away the smoke of myrrh and frankincense;
Bend down and pray for all that sin I wove in song,
Till the Attorney for Lost Souls cry her sweet cry,
And call to my beloved and me: “No longer fly
Amid the hovering, piteous, penitential throng.”

(‘Later Poems’, p. 41).

Yeats, artist to his finger-tips, continues to alter his work, to polish and file. In the above-quoted poem (from ‘The Wind Among the Reeds’, 1899) the fifth and sixth lines read originally:

‘Bend down and pray for *the great sin* I wove in song,
Till *Mary of the wounded heart* cry a sweet cry’

The improvement is evident, and several more of the kind might be pointed out. Increasing years have made Yeats grimmer, have soured him and robbed him of the fine exuberance of youth,¹) they have left the artist

¹ ‘My mind, because the minds that I have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late’

(‘A Prayer for My Daughter’, ‘Later Poems’, p. 350.)

complete, entire, intact. The occasional baldness of his work is conscious and intentional:

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they 'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

(‘Later Poems’, p. 233.)

There is more. In Yeats’s earlier work unorthodox or impure rimes are rare. Now he makes a more frequent use of them. *Vers libre* that is entirely rimeless does not appear to suit his genius, but his riming becomes more and more unobtrusive. This is sometimes done by separating rimes by a number of intervening lines, sometimes by making them even less than assonances, since the vowels used are slightly different whilst the final consonants are identical: *roved* and *beloved*, *house* and *ceremonious*, even *yawn* and *one*, *sat* and *wit*, *charm* and *form*, *man* and *undone*, *stones* and *swans*.

Yeats’s book is a collected edition of his non-dramatic work since 1899,¹⁾ Padraic Colum’s ‘Dramatic Legends and Other Poems’ are new. Several of these poems appeared before this, in American newspapers (he lives in the United States), but I never saw them. I did know and like his ‘Wild Earth’, and with the exception of the last title poem — ‘The Miracle of the Corn’, an insipid thing reminding one of Pearse at his worst — this new volume of Padraic Colum’s is worthy of its predecessor. And the strange thing is: that Padraic Colum, who apparently is of pure Gaelic stock, is far less of a ‘Kelt’ — this word being used in its Pickwickian or fashionable sense — than Yeats or George Russell (A. E.) who are Kelts by self-adoption so to say. Like his Gaelic countryman Edward Lysaght, Padraic Colum is anything but a vague dreamer and brooder. He can dream and brood as well as any man, but he does not claim this kind of work as a prerogative. And he can be as hard-headed and matter-of-fact as an ancient Iclander. There is nothing vaguely wistful in:

‘It would not be far for us to go back to the age of bronze:
Then you were a King’s daughter; your father had currachs on shore,
A herd of horses, good tillage upon the face of the hills,
And clumps of cattle beyond them — the black and broad-horned kine.

And I, I was good at the bow, but had no men, no herds

(Page 49).

The vision is grand and simple, here as almost everywhere.

“The blackbird’s nest in the briar,
The sea-gulls’ nest on the ground —
They’re nests, and they’re more than nests,” said he,
“They are tokens I have found”

I heard a poet say it,
The sojourner of a night;
His head was up to the rafter,
Where he stood in a candle’s light.

“Your houses are like the sea-gulls’
Nests — they are scattered and low;
Like the blackbirds’ nests in the briar,” he said,
“Uncunningly made — even so.

¹⁾ The earlier poems are published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"But close to the ground are reared
The wings that have widest sway,
And the birds that sing best in the wood," he said,
"Were bred with their breasts to the clay...."

(pp. 51, 52.)

Rugged sincerity, emotion that is never mawkish, a forcible directness of speech, such are the permanent qualities of Padraic Colum's verse. It deserves readers and will never lack them; and if I told the poet that his poetry is for cottages and not for drawing-rooms, I am certain that he would quietly exult.

XIV.

Poetic Dramas : Yeats, Gibson, Abercrombie.

The poetic drama is the great problem of modern literature, and not exclusively of English literature. There are an abundance of good novels, and an appreciative public to read them. The lyric flourishes (whether every new year brings a song worthy to rank with Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" is another matter) and the epic is non-existent, having apparently delegated its function to the novel. Dramatic art is fighting for its life with the movies, and a literary man sometimes wonders whether, after the ordinary play has been crushed out of existence, there may be chance for poetry to gain admittance into the theatre again. The thing does not seem to be impossible or even improbable. But it would require a thorough simplification of tastes among a considerable part of the public. As regards the poets who are willing to supply poetic dramas, they have recognised the need for simplicity in style, construction, presentation and scenery for several years past. And sometimes there have been little or partial successes, either with the production of new plays or with revivals of pre-Elizabethan moralities and the like. But such performances have been isolated. They have been looked upon as curiosities, as quaint illustrations to University Extension lectures. They have as yet failed to set a fashion, and a fashion, a permanent demand for poetic drama on the part of the public, stimulating a regular supply on the part of dramatically gifted poets, — that is what is needed.

It seems to me that Gibson and Abercrombie are more likely than Yeats to point the way that is to be taken if the poetic drama is to enter upon a new career. They, more than their Irish rival, have broken new ground. Moralities like Yeats's 'Hour-Glass' are exceedingly well, as moralities go, but is there a future for them? Can we expect a stage filled with types, peopled with abstractions, to retain the interest of the average modern man? Yeats disclaims the entire ownership of the plays published under his name, with the single exception of 'The Green Helmet' and 'The Player Queen'. All the rest were written with the assistance of Lady Gregory, who is even responsible for about the whole of 'The Unicorn from the Stars'. Now it is remarkable that in the last mentioned play there are more sharply drawn characters than in any other of the collection, not even excepting 'The Green Helmet' whose characters were suggested by Irish heroic legend. And I cannot help thinking that Yeats, whose thoughts move in a Platonic world of ideal conceptions, must be expected to create types, ideals that smack of eternity, rather than mere individuals. Hence also his fondness of the Japanese Nō-play, and the fact that he has followed the lead of the Japanese in writing 'Four Plays for Dancers', which have been left outside this collection, and in which each player wears a distinctive mask. It is extremely

unlikely that either Wilfrid Gibson or Lascelles Abercrombie would ever try their hands at such a transplanted form of art, not from lack of adventurousness, but from a preference for indigenous growths.

It has been objected to Gibson, too, that he gives types rather than individuals. The objection is mostly based on 'Daily Bread', a fifth edition of which has been published this year. It is an objection which I cannot make my own, least of all after reading the latest edition, which has been re-written — blank verse having taken the place of 'vers libre' except in a number of agitated and passionate passages where the change would have been no improvement — and in which characterisation has been made as telling and as individual as was at all consistent with the limited scope afforded by these simply dramatized 'emotional moments' or crises in the lives of humble folk. There is an individual accent in the sayings of Gibson's characters which is matched by nothing, save perhaps the opening scene in Goethe's *Egmont*. In Abercrombie's work as in Browning's, the personages, in spite of being excellently drawn or self-revealed, speak one and the same dialect, viz. their only begetter's. Gibson's characters speak their own. Hence certain fatheads — I thank thee, Siegfried Sassoon, for teaching me that word — have taken occasion to complain about honest Wilfrid lacking the genuine artistic passion to 'transform' everyday ugliness and baldness into 'beauty', as Cinderella's fairy godmother did with pumpkin, mice and lizards. But in 'Krindlesyke' there is an assortment of imagery sufficient to equip a baker's dozen of 'minor poets'. And yet the language is differentiated, and my only objection to the rustic play is that Phœbe says too little.¹⁾ Bell Haggard, however, isn't she just a treat?

'Life's an old thimblerrigger; and, it seems,
Can still bamboozle me with his hanky-panky:
He always kens a trick worth two of mine;
Though he lets me spot the pea beneath the thimble
Just often enough to keep me in good conceit....'

Her tongue

'rattles in my head
 Like corks in a mugger's cart; but'
 'the devil a chance
 I've ever had of a gossip: and, as for news,
 I've had to fall back on the wormy Bible
 That props the broken looking-glass: so, now
 I've got the chance of a crack, my tongue goes randy;
 And patters like a cheapjack's or a bookie's
 Offering you odds against the favourite, life:
 Or, wasn't life the dark horse? I have talked
 My wits out, till I'm like a drunken tipster,
 Too milled to ken the dark horse from the favourite.
 A slick tongue spares
 The owner the fag of thinking: it's the listeners
 Who get the headache. And yet, I could talk
 At one time to some purpose — didn't dribble
 Like a tap that needs a washer: and, by carties,
 It's talking I've missed most: I've always been
 Like an urchin with a withy — must be slashing —
 Thistles for choice: and not once, since I came,
 Have I had a real good shindy to warm my blood.'

(‘Krindlesyke’, pp. 83, 84.)

¹⁾ I have dealt with 'Krindlesyke' at length in 'De Amsterdammer' of 14th July 1923. As regards thimblerriggers consult Borrow's 'Lavengro'.

If Fate had dealt with Lascelles Abercrombie as generously as with Wilfrid Gibson in supplying him with a rich provincial vernacular, certain incongruities that now mar the utterances of his characters would most undoubtedly be absent. He can be, and often is, as racy as any.¹⁾ And then, without a moment's notice, he drops into 'literature'. Compare the following small passage from 'The Staircase', one of the 'Four Short Plays'; a hungry, bedraggled tramp woman has stolen into a seemingly unoccupied house where a young joiner is at work, and they fall to talking about the former owner. 'I've heard he was a terrible fierce old fellow,' says the woman, who in reality knows this from experience, being the deceased's own daughter.

JOINER. Likely enough.
You 'ld hear, too, of the scoundrel thing he did
Upon his daughter: you could scarce miss that;
The villainous sound of it must be ranging still.

WOMAN. But what seems loud to you among these hills,
And a rough splash in a quiet creek of life,
Will hardly push a little shaking whisper
Into the air of the broad troubled world.

(page 56.)

And two pages further:

JOINER (*catching her anger*). How will a roadster know the lies from truth,
Who has to lie for her eating, lie for her lodging,
And the whole gear of her life is lies?

WOMAN. It's true:
We lie for needs: you for a fleering scoff.

JOINER. You 've had no harm from me; and let your tongue
Make sure of this, so long as we 're in talk:
This girl, and the way the thought of her has grown
Within my brain — O, like rivers pouring
Full from the flooded hills —

Abercrombie's brain is most fertile. He devises strong situations and the characters to match them. In 'The Deserter' he dares to invite comparison with Shakespeare, making a man who is morally responsible for a drunkard's death woo the victim's widow, who loathes him and yet succumbs, as the Lady Anne did to Gloucester (*Richard III*, Act. I, Sc. II). One peculiarity of his characters is very remarkable; it is the aesthetic contemplation of what happens, even when these happenings involve them in disaster. A dowser prophesying the end of the world, to be brought about by a comet, revels, when left alone, in the impending havoc and ruin:

'I 'll blind my brain
With fancying the splendours of destruction;
When like a burr in the star's fiery mane
The crackling earth is caught and rusht along,
The forests on the mountains blazing so,
That from the rocks of ore beneath them come
White-hot rivers of smelted metal pouring,
Across the plains to roar into the sea.....

(page 148.)

Merrick the village-smith remembers his youth:

'When I was a lad
I was delighted with my life: there seemed
Naught but things to enjoy. Say we were bathing:

¹⁾ Colloquialisms and even vulgarisms abound; 'learn' for 'teach', is quite common. But we want the word that fits its setting, nothing more nor less.

There 'ld be the cool smell of the water, and cool
 The splashing under the trees: but I did loathe
 The sinking mud slithering round my feet,
 And I did love to loathe it so! And then
 We 'ld troop to kill a wasp's nest; and for sure
 I would be stung; and if I liked the dusk
 And singing and the game of it all, I loved
 The smart of the stings, and fleeing the buzzing furies.'

(page 154.)

Similar sentiments drop from the lips of Vine, the stupid publican; of Huff the Pharisee, who is always imagining how glorious it must be to be a bold, bad sinner; of the girl in 'The Adder', who dances for joy on discovering that there is a chance for her to learn the meaning of the forbidden word 'scarlet'. There is a touch of cruelty, of ruthlessness, in Abercrombie's keen enjoyment of the spectacular side of human life.

Of the four plays most readers will agree that 'The End of the World' is the best. Its construction, development, dénouement, is perfect, its characterization excellent, save for a strong likeness between the two proud artisans, Sollers the wainwright and Merrick the smith, a likeness which was indeed unavoidable. 'The Adder' opens in Abercrombie's best vein; that self-revealing conversation between two charcoal-burners, one stern, a reclaimed sinner, the other easy-going and humorous, a gentle hedonist, could not be improved upon. But the introduction of the bad squire is stagey, and the dénouement, which reminds one of a silly story by Boccaccio, is childish. 'The Staircase' and 'The Deserter' occupy a middle position, and which of the two I prefer I have not yet been able to decide. One thing is certain, it would be a pity if Lascelles Abercrombie ceased writing poetic dramas, and there are already some overdue.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Appendix: Bibliography.

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Notes and News.

A Note on the Study of O.E. Dialects. In *English Studies* Vol. V (April, 1923), Professor Ekwall published some further notes on the fracture of *æ* before *l* + cons. in O.E., and pointed out some inaccuracies which had crept into an article of mine on the same subject, published in *E.S.* in June, 1922. In so far as these mistakes were real, I should like to thank Professor Ekwall for drawing my attention to them; but I believe they were not of sufficient importance to invalidate my arguments.

With regard to the reliability of the O.E. charters for the study of dialects, it is certainly not possible to assume that every charter represents the dialect of its place of origin with absolute accuracy in every detail. But if they are all carefully analysed, and their principal features set forth in order, the result does reveal a certain definite transition between the dialects of adjoining districts.

This can hardly be mere coincidence. Any scribe who dealt with the very detailed boundaries of land which are found in the majority of the charters, must either have been a local man, or have taken down his information from the dictation of a local man. In either case he would not be likely to trouble to translate his writing into another dialect, especially when his doing so might lead to misunderstanding and confusion of the details of the boundaries.

One of the chief difficulties seems to be in the nomenclature of the O.E. dialects — the still accepted names West Saxon, Mercian, and so on. Probably no one imagines that the same type of Mercian, for instance, was spoken over all the midland counties from Norfolk to Shropshire. What then is meant by 'Mercian dialect'? — that of the Vespasian Psalter, of the early Glosses, of the Rushworth Gloss? Which of these, if any, was the dialect of the chancery of the Mercian kings? It is at present impossible to say; and this makes it difficult to point out the exact influence of the Mercian chancery dialect on the documents from any part of the country. Just as in M.E., and in Mod. E. too, for that matter, we find an infinite variety of dialects shading one into the other right across the country, so we must expect to find the same state of affairs in O.E. times. The dialect spoken in Worcestershire was not 'Mercian' and not 'W. Saxon', but a Worcestershire dialect with special characteristics of its own; and if we find the same group of dialect features appearing in documents from, and relating to, Worcester and the neighbourhood both in O.E. and in M.E., it certainly seems permissible to conclude that this grouping represents that of the local spoken dialect. The same combination of dialect features appears, for instance, in the O.E. Worcs. charters, in M.S. D. of the Chronicle, and in *Lazamon*.

The boundaries of the settlements of the invading races cannot be taken as dialect boundaries. Luick (*Historische Grammatik*, p. 29) says: "Dass die alten Stammesgrenzen auch Dialektgrenzen waren, ist nicht zu erweisen", and further: "Die sprache der Angeln und der Sachsen war wohl schon auf dem Festland etwas differenziert Aber die Hauptmasse der Unterschiede, die uns in den überlieferten Texten entgegentreten, ist erst in Britannien erwachsen". The tribes of England cannot all have been fighting each other all the time from the 5th to the 11th century. There must have been considerable intervals of peace during which communication between neighbouring villages was uninterrupted, and the dialects developed

naturally, varying, it is true, slightly from village to village, but forming an unbroken series of gradations from Kent to Yorkshire and beyond. Whatever their ancestors may have been — Saxons, Angles, Jutes, or tribes of less importance — the inhabitants of England in the 7th, 8th, 9th, and following centuries, were 'English', and spoke 'English'.

We find that O.E. charters apparently written in Surrey show some dialect features which are shared by the dialect of Kent, some shared by the dialects of Hampshire and Berkshire, others resembling those of the dialect of the London area. Thus an analysis of the chief phonological features of the dialect of the Surrey charter of 871-889 (O.E.T. 45) gives the following details: 1) O.E. \ddot{a} > *e*: *ðet*, *dege*, *ęfter*, *hębbe*, etc.; 2) O.E. *æ*l + cons. > *al*: *allum*, *haldan*, *almahtig*, etc.; 3) O.E. \bar{a}^1 > \bar{e} : *megum*, *wępnedhades*, etc.; 4) O.E. \bar{a}^2 > \bar{e} : *gemene*, *ęrestan*, *clęnnise*, *Huętedune*, etc.; 5) O.E. *e* (*i*) before *u*, *a*, > *eo* (usually): *begeotan*, *breoce*, *ageofan*, etc.; 6) O.E. \ddot{y} remains: *mynster*, *forðcymeð*, *gebygcge*, *getrymed*, etc.; 7) O.E. *ea* -*i* > *e*: *erfeweard(um)*, *neste*.

Of these dialect features, Nos. 1 and 4, are found in Kentish, 2, 3, 5 and 7 probably in London and Kentish, 6 in the dialect of Hampshire.

These and other dialect features of the same charter may not all survive in M.E. The majority of them do; at any rate, the transition from the combination of dialect features which is characteristic of Kentish to that which is characteristic of the Hampshire dialect, is still discernible. The dialect spoken in Surrey was neither Kentish, nor Saxon, nor Mercian. It had a combination of features found only in the Surrey dialect; and the differences that exist between such Surrey documents as the O.E. charters, the Chertsey Chartulary and *The Owl and The Nightingale* are either chronological, or due to dialect boundaries within the county.

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

MARY S. SERJEANTSON.

November 1923.

English Association in Holland. This Christmas Session has surpassed its predecessors both as regards the intrinsic value and the success of the programme carried out. The concerts of the *English Singers* are the most important event in the history of the Association thus far. It is not too much to say that they were an event in Dutch musical life. The light they shed on Tudor art was reinforced by the first part of Arthur Stratton's lectures on *Tudor Domestic Architecture* and later developments due to foreign — chiefly Dutch — influences. Literature has been represented by Miss Dobson's readings from the works of Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley; and by the eminently Dickensian Dickens Recitals of John A. Stelling.

New branches have been founded at Enschede and Dordrecht, so that the Association is now composed of eleven local branches and two affiliated bodies (the *Vereeniging van Leeraren in Levende Talen* and the *Engelsche Bibliotheek*).

The programme for Easter Session includes a series of lectures on *The Contemporary English Drama* to be given by Sidney Carroll, dramatic critic of the Sunday Times, and another series of Dickens recitals by John A. Stelling.

Horn's Grammar. We are informed that the *Historische Neu-Englische Grammatik* by Professor Horn, a book that is much valued here as an introduction to the study of English sounds, will appear in a second edition next summer. The book has been out of print for some time, and the appearance of the new edition is eagerly looked forward to.

Translation.

1. Reinout Meerwoude was the child of a so-called misalliance. 2. His father, though he was descended of an old and honourable house, could not be said to belong to those powerful families that made the nobility so formidable; his mother on the other hand was (the scion) of a patrician house which claimed equality with princes and contracted princely alliances. 3. She had married the nobleman in spite of her kinsfolk, and her son was therefore related to those aristocratic families the Croys, the Egmonds, the Brederodes, who at first had turned away in disdain from the scion of so undesirable a union. 4. In course of time, however, they had made a distinct movement towards closer acquaintance. 5. Meerwoude was rich, his face possessed the high-bred beauty of his mother's features; he was a person who was sure to be no burden and might prove very useful. 6. Besides, Brederode's sister, Helena, was married to a brother of Granvelle's and (the) one misalliance might be overlooked as well as the (an) other, particularly as Meerwoude boasted an ancient and illustrious cognizance, though not surmounted by an earl's coronet. 7. Soon Aerschot, head of the House of Croye, invited him to his house and Brederode called him — in private that is — his dear kinsman. 8. Their example was all but generally followed: Reinout was received into their circles. 9. His indifference to this high honour had a certain piquancy for them, they liked (enjoyed) the ease with which he poked fun at (= ridiculed) their foibles. 10. They treated him as their equal though Reinout never ceased to feel the distance between them. 11. Mansfeld might familiarly link arms with him, or Brederode, flushed with wine, overwhelm his "dearest Reinout" with endearments and confidences, he knew that as soon as he was out of earshot (his back was turned) they would remark compassionately what a pity it was that such a charming boy had not a high-born father. 12. He also knew that if he were to lose his large estates this circumstance would considerably increase his friends' family pride.

Observations. 1. *The child from a so-called mésalliance.* The preposition *of* is generally used to express racial descent or local origin. *Mésalliance* is French and should be italicized. There is the anglicized form *misalliance* (N. E. D.) See Fijn van Draat's "Outlanders" i. v. Some even went so far as to assert that he was already married and that it was in order to escape the consequences of an early *misalliance* that he had buried himself at Bishop's Crossing. (Conan Doyle, *Round the Fire*). Her marriage was regarded as a "mésalliance". (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1904. p. 542).

2. *Though the scion of an ancient and honourable house. — Was not descended of those powerful houses. — Was not reckoned (ranked) among hardly suits the context. — Which made nobility so powerful.* In the text the word *nobility* is not used as an abstract, but as a collective noun,

meaning the body of persons forming the noble class, hence the definite article should have been used. The omission of the definite article before the collective noun is obsolete or rare (N. E. D.) Royalty, *nobility*, and state. Are such a dead, preponderating weight (Cowper, *Truth.*). *Nobility* without an estate is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frieze coat. (Sheridan, *Duenna*, II, 3). In both quotations the term is used in an abstract sense. In our system the theory of *nobility* of blood as conveying political privilege has no legal recognition. English *nobility* is merely *the nobility* of the hereditary counsellors of the crown (Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, § 188). In both cases we have an abstract noun, the definite article in the last example being required because of the following adjunct. But we have a collective noun in the following quotation: Their fate was shared by Alençon and the flower of the French *nobility* (Smith, *Smaller History of England*, p. 83.). — *His mother on the contrary. On the contrary* introduces a statement quite the reverse of what has gone before [Du. integendeel]. *On the other hand* merely sets forth another side to a question. Cf. *On the one hand . . . on the other hand*. "Is her mother a very bad woman?" "No, *on the contrary*, she is one of our best prisoners." (Sims, *Tales of To-day*, p. 304). "You scarcely looked at me!" "*On the contrary*, I scarcely took my eyes off you, but you didn't know it." (Fred. Arnold Kummer, *The Devil and Angela Forbes*.) The Library Edition of Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night" is not a foul book, but *on the other hand* it is not a book for children (From the Preface). When we put all these things together we may form a faint idea of the immense value of that vast body of facts which we now possess . . . But if, *on the other hand*, we are to describe the use that has been made of these materials, we must draw a very different picture. (Buckle, *History of Civilization*). — *His mother was the scion of a proud house*. Herself the solitary scion left Of a time-honour'd race (Byron, *Dream*, II). Paul Vandamme was a *scion* of an old family of the Languedoc province. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Jan. 1901, p. 562).

3. *Contrary to the wishes of her relations. — So her son was related. — First-class houses* would be taken to mean *first-rate firms*. — *The family of Egmond*. We could find but a single instance of this construction: Of the twenty-four scholarships, sixteen shall be reserved to candidates who can prove kinship to the *family of Smith*. (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 74). The proper name generally precedes the word *family*: The *Brown family* (Mrs. Gaskell). Bayreuth festivals are to be revived by the Bavarian Government, which is to negotiate with the *Wagner family* for this purpose. (*Times Weekly Edition*, 5. 3. '20). See Kruisinga, *Handbook*, § 1474 and § 1843. — *Held themselves aloof from the offspring of so undesirable a union* = *hielden zich op een afstand*. Wilson realizes fully how much he loses by lack of assistance and by *holding aloof* from consultation. (*Current Opinion*, March 1920, p. 328). *Holding themselves aloof* (*Strand* 1909, 774). He chose to *keep aloof*, seemingly content with the society of his daughter (Cooper, *Prairie* p. 141). *Turned away coolly. Coldly* seems more suitable, as "*coolly*" might mean *dispassionately, calmly*. —

4. *They had begun to make distinct advances*. Frederick had some time before *made advances* towards a reconciliation with Voltaire (Macaulay, *Essays*). Rafella's suspicions and shyness succumbed to these friendly *advances* (A. Perrin, *Woman of the Bazaar*, p. 42). It could not be said that Mrs. Perrow was a great talker. But though she would not make *advances*, civility drew her into a discussion of things in general. (*Pall Mall Magazine*, Jan. 1903, p. 56). — *To make the first move*: I would not submit to being

snubbed like that again. She could *make the first move herself* [de minste zij n] (*Pearson's Mag.*, June 1909, p. 604). Ridson said nothing, but his brows were contracted and his eyes glowered. Adela willing to give him time and even to *build him a golden bridge*, went on quietly: "We had an excellent dinner at the Riche" (*Strand Mag.*, Feb. 1914, p. 182). — *Rapprochement*. —

5. *Rich-Wealthy*. *Wealthy* suggests a larger share of worldly goods than *rich*: She was indeed *rich*, according to the standards of the Square, nay *wealthy* (A. Bennett). She is *rich*, almost *wealthy* (J. D. Beresford. Quotations given by *Günther*). — *Highbred*: One of those *high-bred* faces (*Strand Magazine* X, 147). Shelley's kindly or fantastic familiarities with persons of a humbler position than his own were helped, not hindered, by his *high-bred* courtesy of feeling and of manner. (Dowden, *Life of Shelley* p. 38). — *He was somebody who*. Dutch *iemand* referring to a person mentioned before or understood had better be rendered by *a person*, *a (wo)man*. He is *a man* who knows everything. (Roorda, *Dutch and English Compared* § 151 Appendix.) The rule laid down by Roorda, that *iemand* followed by a qualifying adjunct is to be translated by *a (wo)man* etc. is too strict. You ought to have married *somebody* with manners and a conscience — *somebody who* could at least pretend to behave decently. (Nesbit, *Red House*, p. 112). See Poutsma II, p. 981: "The usual relative after the prop-words *body* or *one* is *who*: Please talk of *somebody who* is successful (Marion Crawford, *Kath. Laud.*, I Ch., VII)". — *Of whom one might expect many a service*.

6. *Moreover* is correct, but it should be borne in mind that the word is seldom used in conversation. — *It is true, Helena was married to a brother of Granville's*. The particle *wel* does not express concession here as it does in *Hij is wel rijk, maar niet gelukkig*. It merely states a fact and has no exact equivalent in English. — *(The) one misalliance might be condoned as well as the (an)other*. As a matter of fact *one* husband was just then bashing *the other* over the head. (*Wide World Magazine*, April 1911, p. 33). Strange how he came and went, this leopard, never twice in succession to the same place, visiting first *one* farm and then *another* (Stephen Black, *The Tiger*). An elderly clerk had assaulted the firm's best customer in the private office. Could the City of London continue if such things were *condoned*? (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, *Lanternbearers* Ch. XX). It has been decided to *pass over* your refusal (*Strand Magazine*). 'T is against my conscience to curse and swear in company and I hope any woman here will *overlook* it. (Hardy, *Return of the Native* p. 33). I have really to apologize, sir, for a most regrettable error . . . I hope Lady Gwynne will *look over* it. (John K. Leys, *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, 154-155). — *An illustrious weapon* is a glaring blunder. — *Countal crown* may be good English, but is not recorded in N. E. D. or any other large dictionary. Have worn ducal *coronets* (Hardy, *Return*, I, p. 222). On the top of the canopy were two *coronets* [kroontjes] (Scott, *Kenilworth*). With a *coronet* on her coach. (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1909, p. 140). English maid-servants often wear *coronet-caps* of muslin and lace. — *Though it were without an earl's coronet*. The subjunctive is improperly used because we have a statement of a fact.

7. *Aerschot, the head of the Croyes*. The definite article is usually absent before nouns in apposition to proper names of persons. See Kruisinga's Handbook § 1266 & § 1267. Mr. Max, burgomaster of Brussels (*Times History of the War*, I, p. 383). Miss Rose Dawson, daughter of Mr. John Thomas Dawson, ironmonger, of Mudbury. (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, Ch. IX). — *At least in private*. I think I should like to have my share, *that is* if you don't mind (Hardy, *Return*, II, p. 13). He knew the word — in the Tomeavesian

way, *that is*. (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, p. 415). — *Called him face to face his worthy kinsman*. [van aangezicht tot aangezicht]. We shall see God *face to face* (Manning, *Mission H. Ghost*, IX. 260.). The painter and the customer might never come *face to face* after all. (T. A. Trollope, *La Beata*, I, VII, 155.). — *To his face* = in zijn gezicht; waar hij bij was. He never abused him *to his face* (Rudyard Kipling, *Plain Tales*.). She praised the lad *to his face* (*Vanity Fair*).

8. *Reinout was made free of their order*.

9. *High honour*. "I want you to come and dine with me and smoke a cigar afterwards" This was a *high honour*. (*Royal Magazine*, Nov. 1902, p. 68.). — *Provoked (roused) their curiosity (Inspired them with curiosity)*. — *Piquant, Piquancy*: Awful heresy as it sounds Francis Thompson possesses one quality in which no other poet can rival him — he is the supreme poet of creative evolution, and so (with a due sense of the *piquancy* of the situation) I ask "Why is not this first and grandest of the Catholic poets upon the index?" (*Athenaeum*, 3. 2. 1923.). Often a drop of irony into an indifferent situation renders the whole *piquant* (Hardy, *Return*, I, p. 147.). — *The freedom with which he ridiculed their weaknesses*. Laughed and joked with every one with the utmost *freedom* (F. Darwin, *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, I. 18.). Ignoring human frailties and *weaknesses* (Quoted from *Kruisinga's Handbook* § 862.).

10. *Though Reinout remained feeling the distance*. Impossible. *To remain* may be followed by a complement in which case it expresses the idea of continuity: Amid the conflict of ideas . . . the impression of sense *remained* certain and uniform. (Jowett, *Plato*, IV, 256.). The words he would have spoken *remained* unsaid. (Oppenheim, *Lighted Way*, p. 124.).

11. For *might* denoting a concession see *Handbook* § 386, 2 b: Outside the assembly, as well as within it, all freemen were equal, however much they might differ in influence and wealth. — *Flushed with wine*. Flushed with the wine I was drawn on from story of story. (*Strand Magazine*, April 1903, p. 364.).

12. *Properties*. In the sense of "possessions" the word had better be used in the singular. The *properties* of gases (eigenschappen). The plural form is also used to render Dutch *tooneelrequisieten*. However this rule is occasionally departed from: With the object of preventing a sale of oil wells to foreigners an association has been formed of Polish owners of oil-*properties* (*Times Weekly Edition*, 5. 3. 1920). The *properties* connected with a rectory are the freehold of the house, the glebe, and tithes (*Everyman Encyclopaedia* i. v. *Benefice*.). — *If he should (were to) lose*. Lloyd, *Northern English*, § 222 says that *If I should see, If I were to see, If I saw* represent a rising scale of improbability.

Good translations were received from Miss A. H., Flushing; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Miss M. W., Arnhem; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before January 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

1. Eindelijk mocht Ida dan uitgaan en werd, goed ingepakt, door Juf vergezeld op een korte wandeling voor haar gezondheid. 2. Het was niet erg prettig, maar de lucht was frisch en de verandering was wel aangenaam voor haar, ofschoon de straat niet zoo vroolijk bleek te zijn als ze vanuit het raam van de kinderkamer geschenen had.

3. 's Avonds werd Ida bij haar oom geroepen. 4. Ze was sedert ze ziek geworden was niet beneden geweest. 5. De gesprekken met den terughoudenden ouden heer waren altijd vormelijk en onbehaaglijk, waaraan Ida met een gevoel van verlichting ontsnapte en daar ze dien avond nog zwak van haar ziekte was, steeg haar zenuwachtigheid bijna tot angst. 6. Juf deed haar best om haar moed in te spreken: het was waar, Ida's oom was nu niet zoo'n opgewekte heer, maar denk eens aan dat lekkere toetje! 7. Wat kon een nette jonge juffrouw meer verlangen dan haar beste jurk te dragen en in de eetkamer studentenhaver te eten alsof ze de vrouw des huizes was? 8. „Toch vind ik het jammer voor het kind”, vertrouwde Juf de oude knecht toe, nadat ze Ida bij haar oom gebracht had, „want zijn uiterlijk zou een groot mensch schrik aanjagen, laat staan een kind. 9. En ga jij nu straks eens naar binnen, als je een excuus kunt bedenken, en laat haar een opgewekt gezicht zien, dan doe je een goed werk”. 10. Maar vóór de goedhartige bediende een aannemelijk voorwendsel kon vinden om de eetkamer binnen te gaan, en Ida bemoedigend toe kon lachen van achter zijn meester's stoel, was Ida weer in de kinderkamer terug.

11. Ze had heusch getracht zich aardig voor te doen. 12. Ze had een onberispelijke nijging gemaakt bij de deur — zoo zwak als ze was, — ze had heel waardig haar plaats aan het hoofd van de tafel ingenomen, en had vrij netjes geantwoord op haar oom's vragen naar haar gezondheid, en, verlangend het gesprek aan den gang te houden, hem verteld, dat de heg knoppen kreeg. 13. „Wat is er met de heg?” had hij tamelijk bits gevraagd: en toen Ida haar lentenieuws herhaalde, scheen hij niet veel belangstelling te toonen. 14. Het hoorde niet tot het werk van den tuinman. 15. Ida zweeg verder maar en haar oom eveneens. 16. Hij had scherpe oogen en borstelige wenkbrauwen, van waaronder hij Ida vorschend op kon nemen, op een manier, die al haar tegenwoordigheid van geest deed verdwijnen. 17. Juist dezen avond vond ze zijn oogen meer op zich gericht dan anders.

Points of Modern English Syntax.

66. All my drugs were in the cabinet — a long journey, down two pair of stairs, through the back-passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Explain the use and the singular form of *pair*. Handbk. 853 and 865.

67. There was a Noah's flood of oratory yesterday. *Observer*, 5/11, 1922.

Is *Noah's flood* a compound or a combination of a noun with an attributive genitive? Handbk. 902 ff. and Poutsma, on the individualizing and the classifying genitive.

68. "Never mind looking at the desk now. We'll do him to-morrow . . ." De Morgan, *Joseph Vance*, ch. 36 p. 364.

Account for the masculine gender of *desk*. Handbk. 964.

69. Autumn is here and it is already late. He has painted the hedges russet and gold, scarlet and black and a tangle of grey. Michael Fairless, *Roadmender*, VI p. 55.

Account for the masculine gender of *autumn*. Handbk. 966.

70. He will have if that Hamlet suffers from mental disorder. *Times Lit. Suppl.*, 18/5, 1922.

What is the function of *it*? Handbk. 1002.

71. Himself in revolt against the institution of marriage, Edwin could not bear that Ingpen should attack it. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk. 3. ch. 17.

Why is there no provisional *it* after to *bear*? Handbk. 1011 ff. Would the meaning be the same if we said *could not bear Ingpen attacking it*? Handbk. 674.

72. You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick light way with it. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

It seems hardly correct to account for the simple personal pronoun *it* in a reflexive function by the rule of Handbk. 1020. The attentive student is sure to meet with more examples. It is a point that requires renewed consideration.

73. He who gave three hundred and fifty pages to the Roman Republic and the Defence of Rome, a story of a few months, now gives only four hundred to the story of England during a whole century. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 25/5, 1922.

Is *he* an antecedent pronoun? Handbk. 1022—4.

74. From such beginnings as these the eventual reconstruction of the archives can be hopefully expected and the significance both of past and present contents revealed. Let us not suppose, however, that this fortunate consummation would be of moment to the historian or antiquary alone, for the nation itself is intimately concerned therein. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 1/7, 1920.

Does the pronoun *us* refer to a definite group of persons? Handbk. 1026.

75. While our labourers are treated and housed more like dogs than human beings, . . . neither I nor mine are going to rest. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 22 p. 260.

What meaning is expressed by *mine*, and when can these pronouns be used in that way? Handbk. 1103.

76. "You're all very devoted to that child," she said

"I don't know that Maggie's so desperately keen on the infant!" he said.

"She's not like you about him, that's sure!" Mrs. Hamps admitted. And she went on, in a tone that was only superficially casual, "I wonder the mother doesn't come down to him!"

Not "his" mother — "the" mother. Odd, the effect of that trifle! Mrs. Hamps was a great artist in phrasing. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, IV ch. 10 (Tauchnitz II p. 312).

A quotation by way of information. Compare Handbk. 1108.

77. With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *that* before *citadel*? Compare *the* before *great Dr. Lanyon*. Handbk. 1185 and 1228.

78. There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *that* in *that which*? Handbk. 1199.

79. *Tramps* slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; *children* kept shop upon the steps; *the* schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Account for the use and the absence of the article before the nouns in italics. Handbk. 1220 and 1257.

80. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Why is there no indefinite article before *building*? Handbk. 1286 and 1454.

81. The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door, they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Account for *cobweb* without an article. Handbk. 1262.

82. In the year 1892 Bleakridge, residential suburb of Bursley, was still most plainly divided into old and new. Bennett, *These Twain*, first sentence.

Account for *residential suburb* without an article. Handbk. 1266.

83. Colonel Rannion was brother of the wife of the man for whom George had built the house at Hampstead. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part II, ch. 31 (T. Vol. II, p. 205).

Explain *brother* without an article. Handbk. 1271.

84. All too slowly for Sheila the supper dragged its course. Stephen McKenna: *Sheila Intervenes*, ch. 14.

What is the function of *all* here? Handbk. 1319.

85. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *no*? Handbk. 1344.

86. Though there had been much enclosure of land, there had not yet been a wholesale sweeping of small farms into big. Trevelyan, *British History 19th Century*, ch. 1 p. 2.

Why is *big* used without the prop-word *one*? Handbk. 1388.

87. There was in her none of the detestable ignorance and innocence that, for Edwin, spoilt the majority of women. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk. I ch. 9 (T. Vol I, p. 169).

Could *no one* be used here instead of *none*, and if not, why not? Handbk. 1425.

88. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the relation of *forehead* and *wall*? Handbk. 1454.

89. Indeed, there is something of the artist in every clear thinker. *Times Lit. Suppl.*, 2/11, 1922.

What is the relation of *something* and *artist*? Handbk. 1460. Has *artist* the function of a noun or of an adjective? Compare Hdb. 1272.

90. The only other occupants of her third class compartment were a friendly looking man, and his thin, dried-up, black-clothed cottage woman of an old mother. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 28 p. 357.

What is the relation of *cottage woman* and *mother*? Handbk. 1467.

Reviews.

Grammatik des Heutigen Englisch von DR. G. WENDT.
Heidelberg. Carl Winter. 1922. Price for Holland f 3.50.

The author of this book, who is probably best-known in our country by his book on English 'realia', now appears as a grammarian. His new book is an adaptation and abridgment of the *Syntax* which appeared a few years ago, but does not seem to have met with much success outside Germany. The present book seems to be intended for undergraduates who are beginning their systematic study of English syntax on the basis of the knowledge gained at school.

Dutch readers will soonest understand the scope and outlook of the book if I state that it is a German edition of Günther's well-known *Manual*, except that it does not include Sounds. The author himself declares in his preface that the book is unsuited to those teachers and learners who think that a language can be learnt by the translation-method. It seems strange that an author should go out of his way to discourage any class of readers from using his book. The remark is still more extraordinary when we consider that the book treats of idiom far more fully than some grammars: out of a total of three hundred pages no less than forty are devoted to prepositions (forty-three to the verb); adjectives occupy half the space of the verb. If the author is an advocate of the direct method it is difficult to understand why the book is not written in English. And the treatment of purely grammatical questions is often such as one would expect from a 'translationist'. Thus in treating of the difference between *each* and *every* (p. 123), the author says: "*Every* verallgemeinert und zählt, *each* sieht auf das einzelne und bestimmt. Dieser bedeutungsunterschied trifft aber nur im

allgemeinen zu, und ist auch häufig *belanglos*." And to illustrate this 'belanglosigkeit' he quotes: "Ben Jonson brings in a chorus at the end of every act. Gleich darauf in demselben artikel: I suppose, after the curtain fell at the end of each act, an actor came forward, and recited his moral comment upon what had occurred or was going to occur." — These quotations are excellent, but only if they are used to show the real difference between the two words.

The size and scope of the book do not allow of many explanations of the causes of grammatical facts. Here and there, however, the author has allowed himself to be influenced by historical considerations, perhaps unintentionally. Thus on the first page, he treats the endings of the third person of the present tense as one: "s hat dreifachen laut", etc. If a historical statement is wanted it should surely rather be: the ending is [iz], which is shortened to [z] when possible, i.e. after all sounds except hisses; after breathed consonants [z] is assimilated to [s]. A similar statement is required for the ending *-ed*. — On p. 26 the author calls *happen* a subjunctive in *Happen what might*. Historically speaking, this is the origin of the construction. But if *happen* in *this* sentence is to be looked upon as a subjunctive, it should be explained why there is no concord of tense between the two verbs. It is this absence of concord which inclines me to look upon *happen* as a non-finite verb (an infinitive). — On p. 44 we find the statement that nouns in *-th* have a voiced final consonant-group after long vowels. Historically the rule is correct; but it is of little use in stating the facts of the present language and it is wrong if a word like *birth* is included. — On p. 25 the indicative is defined as a form expressing fact statements; it is hardly a novelty to call it a neutral mood, and this accords with the facts. — Perhaps it is also due to historical grammar if the author explains the accusative and infinitive as a noun 'welches zugleich objekt des satzes ist', and a predicative infinitive. Although the accusative was originally an object it will hardly occur to anyone to treat it as such in a sentence like *He wanted her to run away with him*; still less in *She wanted him to go away*; or *I hate you to talk like that*. And, although the infinitive can (or must) be looked upon as a predicative adjunct in *I believe that to be true*, this analysis is surely impossible in *I persuaded him to go*. After verbs of will (not after those expressing wish, such as *to wish*, *to like*, also after *to hate*) the infinitive is quite clearly an adverb adjunct of purpose in its origin.

Among the least satisfactory chapters of the book I reckon the one on the verbal form in *-ing*. The author distinguishes the gerund 'als verbaler satzteil', the gerund 'als nominaler satzteil', and the present participle; I must confess that the whole of this chapter seems to me a hopeless muddle, and I must leave it to the readers of the book to judge whether it is the author's fault or my own. — On p. 23 there is an unfortunate sentence that seems apt to mislead a beginner: "Bem. *The letter is written* kann sowohl *is being written* als auch *has been written* bedeuten." — The perfect infinitive is illustrated by the following sentence: 'But I know some family secrets they wouldn't care to have told, young as I am'. In spite of the absence of any context I venture to say that the meaning intended must be different: *to have* is evidently used here with an accusative and past participle in its meaning 'to experience'. — On p. 85 I find *The Rev. Goldsmith*; I do not think an Englishman ever uses the title before the plain surname; *the Rev. John Goldsmith* or *the Rev. Canon Goldsmith* is correct.

Do I recommend the book to foreign, i.e. non-German students? In my opinion, advanced students should either use a book in which the native

language is systematically compared with English, or they should use a book (written in English) in which English is analysed without any reference to the native, indeed if possible, without reference to any special language or even family of languages. The present book does not seem to be adapted to either of these functions, which represent two successive stages in the study of a language, although Dr. Wendt and many teachers with him may refuse to agree with this. It is a question that each (or every!) student may solve for himself.

E. KRUISINGA.

Engelsch Handwoordenboek, door DR. F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY. 1e deel, Eng.-Ned., 810 pp. f 4.50, 2e deel, Ned.-Eng. 882 pp. f 4.50. Compleet in één band f 7.50; id. in twee banden f 8.25. G. B. van Goor Zonen, Gouda, 1923.

We have nothing but praise for the new edition of Dr. Prick van Wely's Dictionary. On comparing it with its predecessor we are struck by the number of improvements and additions. Paper, type and arrangement leave nothing to be desired; Americanisms, slang terms and colloquialisms of all sorts are freely included. Even Scotticisms such as *dree one's weird* may be found explained. As a running commentary on the whole of the work would take up more space and time than either this journal or the present writer have at their disposal, a few random notes which may be acceptable for a future edition are all that can be offered here.

Baggage, in volume I, can no longer be regarded as an Americanism; the word has by now become naturalized in England. *Movies*, on the other hand, undoubtedly hails from across the Atlantic, English people preferring 'the pictures' or 'the cinema'. *Manslaughter* had better be rendered by *doodslag*, 'manslag' seems a bit old-fashioned. *Well-accustomed shop* (= *welbeklante winkel*). Murray marks this sense obsolete (*Well-patronized shop*.) *Foster-mother* may also correspond to our "kunstmoeder": Foster-mothers and all other necessities should be well examined and cleaned (*Self-Educator*, p. 5264 i. v. *Incubator*.). The common or *purple loosestrife* is called *kattestaart* in Dutch. *Pencil-case* may also mean *griffelkoker*; *handy-man* may have the technical meaning of our 'hand-langer' (Van Dale's *Wdbk.*): a skilled labourer who serves as assistant to a mechanic or artisan. (*Century Dictionary*).

As to volume II: *Aanhouden* (doorgaan, blijven, duren) hold (of the weather). Add *last* (of heat, etc.) *Aanvangssalaris* = commencing salary. *Aanvangssnelheid* (military term). Add: muzzle velocity. *Aanvullingsexamen* = supplementary examination. *Aanzetstaal* = (table) steel. *Aanzwemmen* = swim up. *Academisch*: Also: academic education (*Strand M.* 1919. p. 427). *Alick* for *Ach* is no longer in living use. *Achter*. Add: They shut the door *after* them. *At the far end* (*at the back*) of the room. He wears a pen *over* each ear (Pett Ridge, *Wickhams*). A pen *behind* his ear (*Nicholas Nickleby*). Hat *well back* upon his head. Q. 3007 is *behind* with his work. He'll lose marks *over* it (Galsworthy, *Justice*). I've got awfully *behindhand* with my work. I've got a lot of lecture-notes to look over (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 98.). Er zit meer *achter*: There is something more in this than meets the eye (Oppenheim, *Game of Liberty*, p. 95.) Your photograph, with the inscription "Raina to her Chocolate Soldier, a Souvenir". Now you know there's more in this than meets the eye (Shaw, *Arms and the Man*). You seem to think that there is something *behind* all this

(*Windsor Mag.* 1899. p. 458). Achter...aan. Having a teacher always at one's heels (Webster, *Just Patty*, p. 123.). Achteraankomen (met een felicitatie). It is very late in the day to congratulate you on your marriage. Achterblijver in the sense of a person who has outlived his usefulness, a mere 'backnumber': *Also Ran.* (Amer.): It is a race against Time, with wealth as a prize for the victor, and for the '*Also Rans*' oblivion. (*London Magazine*, XVI. p. 420.). This descriptive slang phrase probably originated in America among frequenters of the ring and bookmakers. Achterbuurt-kind = Slumchild. Achterlijk = *Backward* need not necessarily mean 'mentally deficient' or feeble-minded: Your report says: *Very backward* (*Grand Magazine*, 1907. p. 306.). In a class of seventy, spare time is not allowed for the bringing up of the *backward*. (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1901. p. 258.). Your grandmother wishes Penny to get on with her music; she is rather *backward*, you know. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, III. p. 378.). The doctor examines about 300 *feeble-minded* children before their admission into the defective schools (*Rapid Review*, 1906. p. 162.). Achterkam backcomb (for ladies). Achter op komen. In passing others in front a detour is made to the right. [rechts uitwijken] (Madge, *Manners for Men*, p. 43.). Achteroverhellen (*leunen*). The stout gentleman *tilts back* in your frailest chair. Achteruit. Add: *Stand away*. Achteruitgaan. Since then phonetics has made no progress in this country — has indeed rather *gone back* (Sweet, *Primer of Phonetics*). The child seemed to have *gone back* dreadfully (in its studies). The food had *fallen off* in quality and in quantity (*Ships that Pass*). In all his (i. e. Scott's) other poems a distinct falling-off is visible (Mac Donnell, *XIX Century Poetry*. p. 35.).

P. J. H. O. SCHUT.

Brief Mentions.

The Problem of Grammar. Pamphlet no. 56 of the English Association. 1923. 1/—.

This pamphlet is a report of a meeting of the English Association held at Bedford College, 27th May 1922, to discuss a question that had caused considerable commotion, indeed, as the introduction expresses it, 'something approaching consternation' among its members. Some of our readers will probably remember the letter in the Times Literary Supplement by Professor Sonnenschein to defend the findings of the committee on grammatical terminology and its report of 1911. It was followed by a letter of Professor Allen Mawer, and, we believe, some further letters that left the matter pretty much where it was.

The real question at issue was the introduction of modern linguistic ideas into the teaching of English grammar both at schools and at universities. Anyone who has some acquaintance with what passes for grammar in English schools will agree that there is room for improvement. We are perfectly convinced, however, that the desired result will not be attained by a meeting or by a hundred meetings. The report will convince those who did not yet know it, that the only thing for English schoolmen, both at the universities and at the secondary or elementary schools, is: to study the subject. When English professors shall have studied the subject, they may in the course of years succeed in training a sufficient number of teachers to exert an influence that will make some impression on the inert mass of tradition and ignorance that is paramount at the present day. The results will be generally apparent only in the next fifty years. This is, in my opinion, what the experience of other countries where the study of language is taken seriously has taught.

For a continental reader there is nothing to be learnt from this report, except that it may show those who are inclined to doubt the use of a thorough study of language, what the results are of its neglect. — K.

Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century. By HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR. 2 vols. XI + 427 and 432 pp. New York, Macmillan Cy. 1920. 50/-- net.

Though the greater part of this book on various aspects of the sixteenth century does not call for comment in this journal, we draw attention to it on account of its very useful section on *England*. If the price does not prove deterrent, it should be a great boon to the student of 16th century literature who seeks enlightenment about the historical background. The author provides a clear survey of the various stages through which the Reformation passed in England, and puts much first-hand evidence before the reader. Through chapter after chapter it is demonstrated that "the so-called English Reformation was not predominantly a religious movement having to do with the saving of souls and their lot in the world to come. Its chief dramatic incidents sprang from the political constitution of England". There are also sections on *Raleigh*, *Sidney*, *Spenser*, *The Dramatic Self-Expression of the Elizabethan Age* and on *Francis Bacon*. — Z.

Shakespeare: the Man and his Stage. By E. A. G. LAMBORN and G. B. HARRISON. The World's Manuals. Oxford University Press, 1923. 128 pp. 2/6 net.

A splendid little volume, warmly recommended to those about to take up the study of Shakespeare. It contains the ascertained and traditional data of the poet's life, mostly taken from the sources *verbatim*; a description of the life and spirit of the age he lived in; an account of the condition and growth of the theatres and their companies; and a survey of the literary influences that affected Shakespeare's work, with passages for comparison from *Gorboduc*, Marlowe's *Faustus*, Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Holinshed's *Chronicles* and Plutarch's *Lives*. There is a profusion of facsimiles and other illustrations. — Z.

Revue Anglo-Américaine. Paraissant tous les deux mois. Directeurs: Angleterre: L. CAZAMIAN. Etats-Unis: C. CESTRE. Paris. Presses Universitaires de France. Abonnement annuel, papier ordinaire, France 35 fr., étranger 45 fr.; papier alfa, France 80 fr., étranger 100 fr. — Première année, no. 1. Octobre 1923.

As from January 1, 1924, the *Revue germanique* will cease to occupy itself with English and American literature. A separate journal, the *Revue Anglo-Américaine* has been started to inform the French public about English and American literature, art and social life, including such subjects as philosophy, economics, music, painting and sculpture. The first number includes articles on *William James Bergsonien* by Floris Delattre, *La Politique monétaire des Etats-Unis* by G.-E. Bonnet, *H. G. Wells et l'Action* by G. Connes, *Artistes américains en France* by J. Guiffrey, *Le Beggar's Opera à Paris* by A. Coeuray, *Nouveaux renseignements sur Wordsworth et Annette Vallon* by E. Legouis, a number of book reviews, and a *revue des revues*. — Z.

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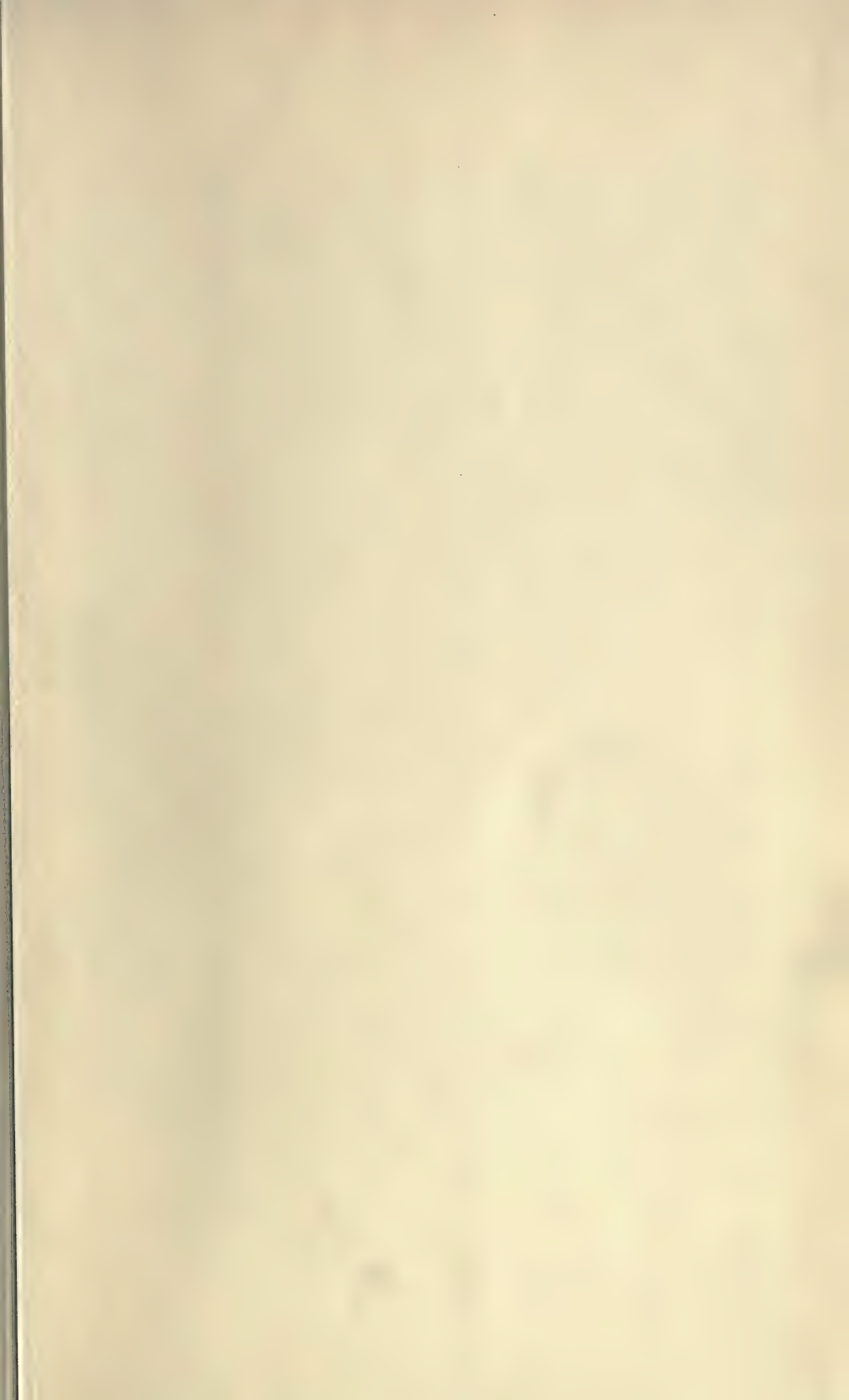
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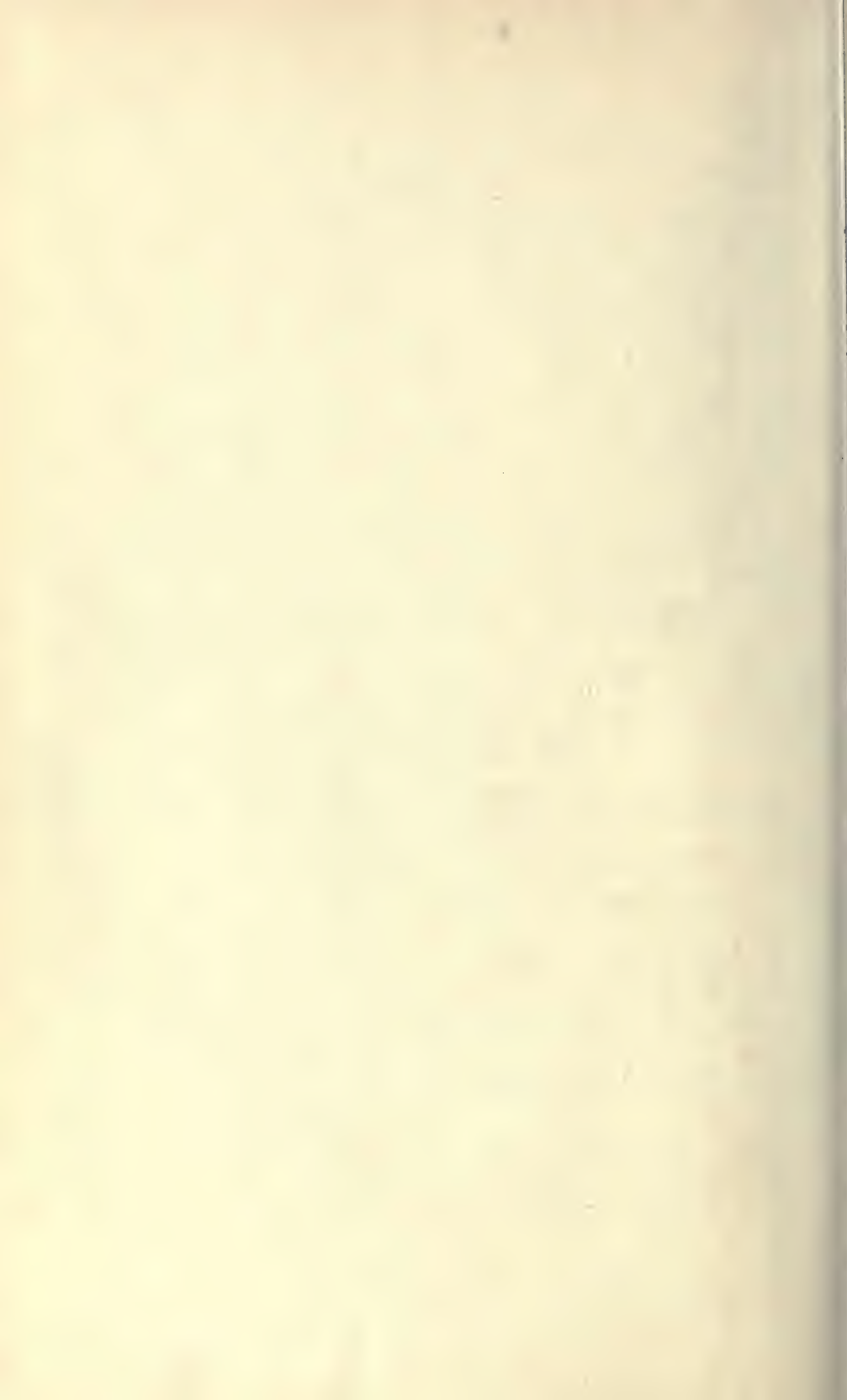
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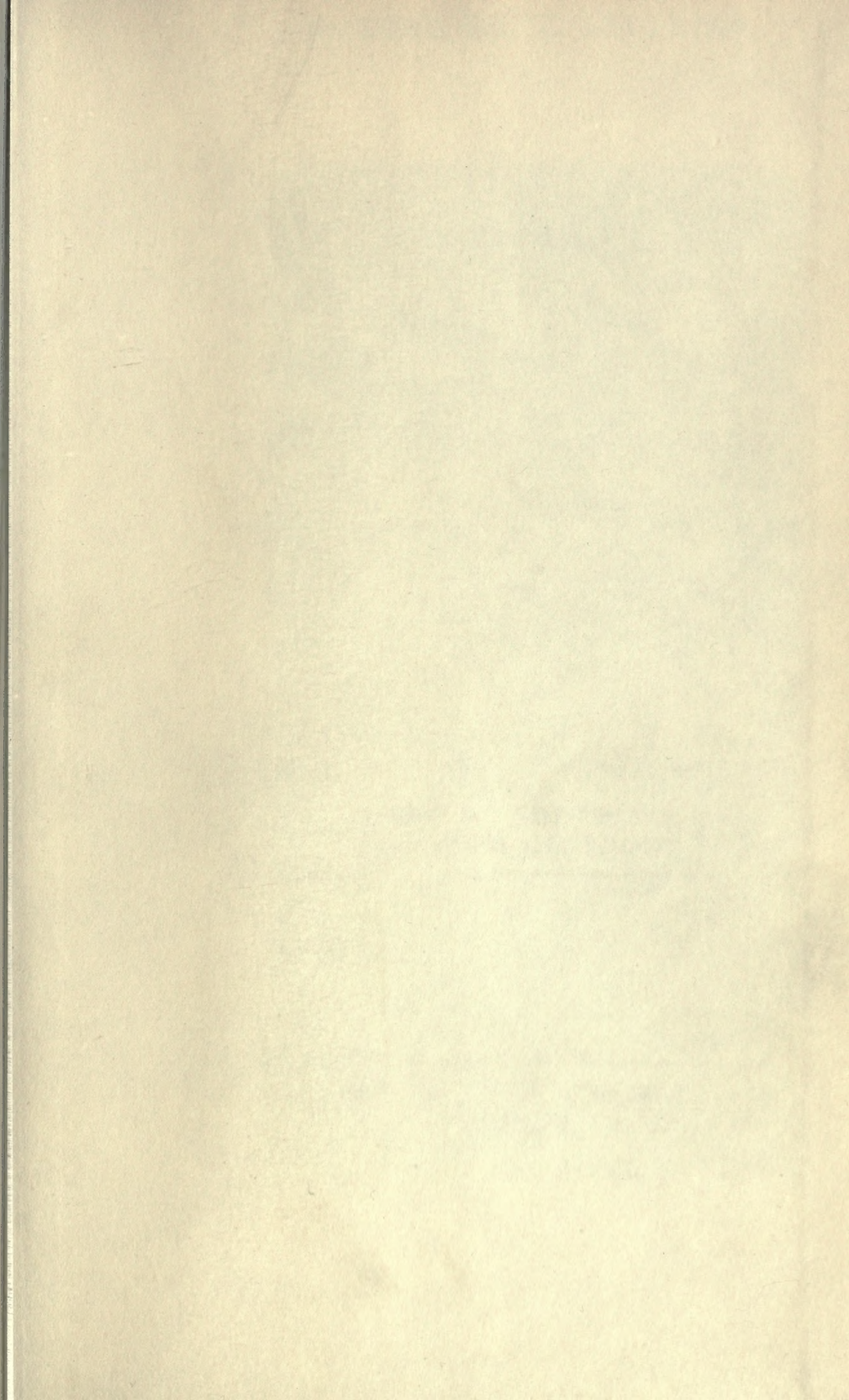
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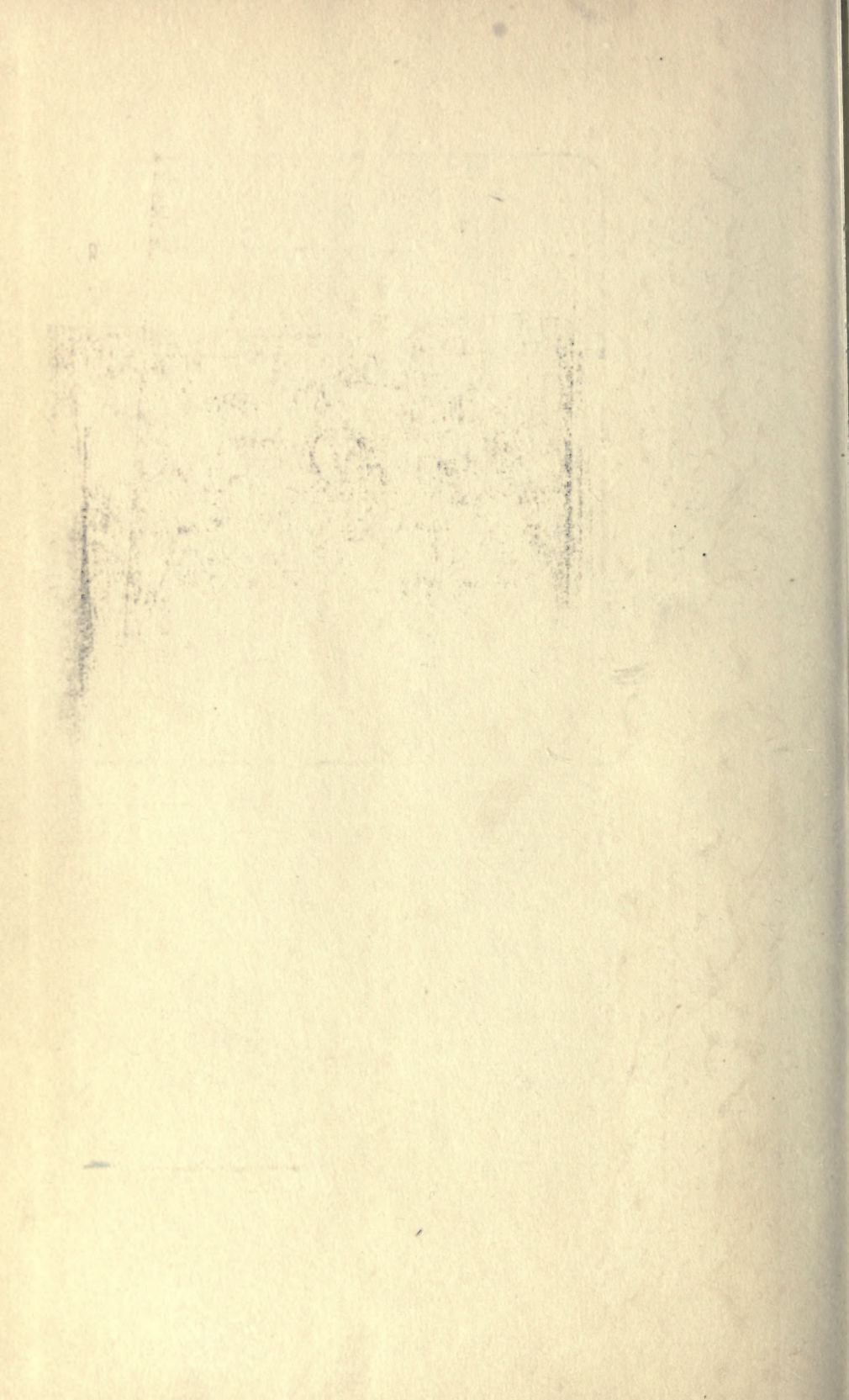
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